Ours

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Ours

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

“I don’t like it when you insult yourself, and if I ask you to sit with me and pay attention, I expect you to do as you are told.” Hannibal’s words flew stiffly and emphatically from his lips and he had a hand on each of his own knees. He was tense, nearly as tense as Will.

“Okay. What else?”
“Come here. Don’t walk. I want to see you crawling to me on your knees.”

Dr. Lecter asks an overworked, stressed and infatuated Will Graham to be his very good boy and let Daddy take care of simply everything. This causes new awakenings in the younger man even as Hannibal's own vulnerability surprises him. Their new bond slowly builds to obsession as they become insatiable for each other, but Hannibal's keeping secrets and a lock on his heart. What will it take for Hannibal to give Will the same emotional openness he demands from his boy?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

A proposal

"*it's not theirs to speculate*

If it's wrong, and your hands are tough

But they are where mine belong" - Taylor Swift

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"Will, are you aware that you have not sat down once since arriving for our session a half hour ago?"

Will, who was pacing Hannibal's office in something of a slow motion frantic ritual, turned back during his latest loop that left him on the other side of the doctor's desk. Dr. Lecter remained utterly composed in his properly designated seat, his hands in his lap, long legs crossed and regarding Will with a subtly reproving expression.

"I'm sorry," Will muttered, going to his chair and sinking into it with a helpless sigh.

"No apology needed, and nor was that a reprimand intended to send you to your seat." Hannibal's voice had a sweet, gentle laugh in it and when Will summoned the nerve to meet his gaze, he found it welcoming. "However, you did obey me with perfect manners. No one could call you rude, if that was your concern."

Heat prickled at the back of Will's neck and a confused, but definite arousal built steadily in his stomach and heartbeat, the dopamine rush he hadn't felt in ages suddenly hitting him so intensely he was glad he *had* taken his seat. It made him feel a bit faint, but he forced a weak laugh.

'you obeyed me with perfect manners.' the words played over and over in Will's mind, a needle circling a smooth record, instilling him with a strong sense of security, a craving for more of Dr. Lecter's affection, more and more of his time, perhaps most of all, his approval… his praise.

He had no idea where this was all coming from. Not only did he dislike therapy, which meant he ought to dread these sessions out of duty to his own code of cynicism, but he was straight, dammit. So why was he putting so much attention into his clothes and appearance, even his scent when he came to these sessions that he anticipated with a fast-beating heart, why couldn't he seem to stop wanting those compliments which the older man was simply *so* good at paying him?

Hannibal's approval never felt false or a mere attempt to keep him in one piece, the way it always seemed with others, even those he considered friends, even Beverly. It was completely real, and the only aspect of the doctor's personality which did not resonate in heady mystery. The truth was, he genuinely liked Will for…*Will.* And made no attempt to

hide it. This was a new twist in his life which he had not anticipated, that he should start to feel addicted to that warmth which only radiated from this *man*.

”Thank you, I was a little worried that you would mistake my restlessness for disrespect or inattention,” Will admitted. He did this on purpose to try and get more special attention from Hannibal, and it worked like a charm.

“Certainly not,” Hannibal answered, a playful smile on his face. “You? Attempting to evade a close psychoanalysis?" He clucked his tongue. "Surely it is impossible for me to draw *that* conclusion.”

Will laughed so hard his ribs hurt and it embarrassed him, and it made him restless all over again. He worried about Hannibal looking at him while he festered in this ill-advised and slightly terrifying infatuation, so he hid, pacing again.

“I trust you by now,” he explained, patting the ladder when he passed it, dragging his hand over the back of Hannibal’s leather desk chair, briefly cherishing the firm smoothness, the manly sophistication in every thread and board of the room. He really did feel safe there.

“I’m pleased and singularly flattered to hear it. I know trust does not come easily to you.”

“Ah – no,” Will said with a calmer but equally sincere chuckle.

His blue eyes lit up brightly when he spoke with Hannibal in this easy-flowing, friendly way, when it was so damn *easy* for them to relate to one another. He knew that all too soon, the appointment time would run out and he would have to leave. It made him feel pathetic that he wanted to grab onto his therapist and beg petulantly to spend the night with him, perhaps just to hold him and be held, have more compliments poured out over him in a low and husky tone while large hands stroked his back and played with his hair.

He hated the idea of being just one more lame patient with a predictable crush on handsome Dr. Lecter. Coming and going, passing through the waiting room and parking lot, he’d seen many such specimens, obviously besotted with no hope of a return, consistently returning anyway simply to breathe the same air as he did for forty-five minutes. So stupid, and now he was one more in the firing line.

Aside from the gay aspect, which came as a confusing surprise, it wasn’t so different from his previous crushes. They had been few and far between but of course, never requited and always ending in a crushing rejection or numb slow fade of disappointment when the person ended up not being anything like he painted them in his mind.

It was too hard to tell his own feelings from those of the people he encountered, which was why he hardly ever dated.

“Given that we have established trust, perhaps you could open up to me: why do *you* think you have developed such a habit of pacing?”

“Well. Because I never feel like I’m doing enough, at any given moment – right now, for example, I should be working the case, completing reports on closed ones, writing up lecture

notes, preparing slides, making the dogs' food...their dinner is ready but I need to make their meals for tomorrow...my neighbor asked me to help him fix a broken motor on his boat...and God, Jack wants me to testify at an upcoming trial...I should be--"

"And what will you do for yourself?" Hannibal asked, frowning.

Will paced onward, occasionally scruffing up his face with his open palm or touching with gentle curiosity the many intriguing decorative flourishes in the office. "I don't know. What to do for myself. Not that I have spare time to begin with, but if I did. Maybe I'd go fishing or take the dogs for a long hike. There's a few books I had been wanting to read, I could try a few chapters along with a whiskey, put my feet up for a while. Aside from that?" He shrugged. "How do people know what they want?"

"It's a good start that you are here," Hannibal assured him, smiling again, the affirmation sending joy coursing through Will like a drug had just been squeezed from a needle into an invisible iv with a direct line to his heart and sex drive. "No better place to examine your own wants and needs, then decide what you would like to do about them. My main concern is that you do recognize the importance of those wants and needs. If you keep on putting everyone else around you first and never resting, working too much and too hard, you run the risk of–"

Will had been listening intently to the speech and blushing, feeling every word like a hand slowly massaging his spine, then tiptoeing fingers up it to tangle in his hair. And at the same time, he'd been fiddling with a porcelain ornament on the glass shelves between the desk and bookcase. It was a small, shining black figurine of a stag that reminded him of a shadow. It looked so unreal that he couldn't help reaching for it, and then it was so cool to the touch, so sleek, it fascinated him further and he went on running his fingertip over the shape of it.

"Will," Hannibal warned more firmly. He had quickly left his chair and crossed the room, reaching out to grab Will's hand as the figure he was touching wobbled and almost crashed to the floor, where it obviously would have shattered. "Please be more careful. Your restlessness is understandable but detrimental to your well-being, and your distracted state is often downright dangerous to the world around you. That, for example, is a priceless antique. I give you free reign in my space, but not a free pass to be careless with my belongings."

His voice remained soft in that luscious accent, but he'd gone suddenly so strict and disapproving, so reprimanding, that Will shattered into more pieces than the ornament ever could have.

He dropped his face in his hand and burst into tears, shocked beyond any capacity to understand why, and began sobbing harder than he had in years. "I– I'm s-sorry," he stammered boyishly, "I should know better than to be careless with something so delicate."

"Will." He heard the surprised dismay in Hannibal's voice and it only made him cry harder because he had humiliated himself in front of this flawless, brilliant man. This man who was the only one that made Will happy lately, and now he was ruining it like he ruined everything else.

"Will, please listen to me. Are you listening?"

Hannibal was close enough that Will could feel his body heat without having to look up. He nodded into his hand, preferring blindness to facing that aristocratic face under these circumstances. What if he messed up again and made things even worse?

“Would you be amenable to accepting an embrace?” Hannibal murmured fondly, unmistakably fond. Will’s heart squeezed painfully as another sob broke from his throat.

He nodded and Hannibal brought him into warm, strong arms, holding him very tightly. Will melted against his chest and cried, wishing he could take it even further, because he was dying to rub his face into Hannibal’s shirt and feel the firm muscles beneath with more clarity, breathe in the fancy cologne that had him immediately drunk on deepening attraction.

For all the sadness that had drowned him every day over the months since he killed Garret Jacob Hobbs he had never cried it out like this. He was afraid of how powerful his emotions were, a maelstrom of conflicting instincts and desires which he couldn’t begin to understand.

“There now,” Hannibal sighed, his deep voice creating a rumble in his throat and chest when he spoke. Will moaned.

“There now, Will. Take all the time you need.” He rubbed his hand in slow circles up and down Will’s back.

“Were you angry with me?” Will asked when shame made him finally draw back from the hug. He knew he must look horrible, red-faced, snotty, eyes bloodshot and face streaked with excessive tears.

“Oh, heavens, no,” Hannibal smiled, dark eyes glittering. He leaned down slightly, making it easier for their eyes to connect directly, and this emphasized the difference in height and body type between them. Will had never felt quite so small, and yet so safe.

“You will have to forgive *me,* I’m afraid. The truth is, I have been a solitary and particular man for so many years that I often catch myself in a regrettable fit of snobbery. It wouldn’t have mattered if you had knocked the figure over, and I still wouldn’t have been angry with you.”

“You…” Will sniffled and felt his mouth quirk into an awkward half-smile. “*Sometimes* catch yourself in a fit of snobbery?”

Hannibal laughed, the sound quiet and tender. A sound that held Will, as if a man’s deep but gentle laughter could manifest in the air like expanding molecules forming a shield that protected him from his worst feelings. Just the defense he had always secretly wanted, but nothing he’d ever been able to put into words before.

“There you are, Will.” Hannibal gave him that specific smile that always felt a tiny bit devilish and entirely fond. He squeezed Will’s shoulders, causing the younger man’s knees to go weak and his eyes to go very wide. “I believe this incident has clarified an important facet of your neurosis.”

Will laughed too, nervous as Hannibal's large hands lingered on his shoulders, stroking back and forth. He knew this had crossed boundaries and that his unofficial therapist was being distinctly inappropriate. Yet he wanted the inappropriate attention to continue, so badly he just didn't care that they weren't supposed to be lingering in each other's personal space; that Hannibal wasn't supposed to touch him so often, and so familiarly.

"It's clarified an important facet of our relationship," he countered wryly but honestly. "You're a kind and patient friend, Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal tilted his head slightly to one side and examined Will's face as if his eyes were spotlights, no – x-rays, as if he had to understand every working part that made up Will Graham. If Will's instincts weren't pitifully thrown off by his still-fresh emotional upset, he would actually say it looked as if the therapist was confused by his own feelings in regard to being called by Will "a kind and patient friend."

Dr. Lecter's lips parted a little and his breath caught; his eyes burned, the amber fire yet inscrutable, and Will felt even hotter all over than he usually did. What a beautiful thing, to fall like Icarus into that strange blazing mystery and lose himself, quite possibly forever. What was there about him that should cause him a moment's hesitation? Compared with the idea of fully knowing and seeing Dr. Lecter, knowing himself was a distant afterthought.

The glimpses he had caught in the mirror of a desperately tired and overworked young man who wrestled with untenable demons within – that wasn't anyone he cared about. But somehow, Dr. Lecter seemed to care about him a great deal. He'd never believed in miracles until this fully dawned on him.

"I assure you," Hannibal said, delicately patting Will's flushed cheek, "You are just as cherished a presence in my life. Since we met, I've found myself…but that is a personal remark and this is a session. I meant to illuminate that you burst into tears just now for a reason, and that if we were to look carefully into that reason and begin resolving it, I believe you will be able to feel a great sense of relief."

He gestured with his usual gentlemanly "host" style that they were to return to their places like figures on a chessboard, as if he had not just been holding Will so very tightly that the profiler could hardly breathe, and quite as if Will had not been a few breaths and staggering heartbeats away from digging his fingernails into Hannibal's back and grinding against him, finding an instinctive rhythm which seemed somehow to have always been there, waiting for the right partner in the bizarre dance of lust which he had previously regarded with alternating annoyance and bewilderment.

"What's that like?" Will blinked slowly. He returned to his chair like a child released from the best "time out" ever. "A great sense of relief."

"I wouldn't know either," Hannibal confided with a coy smile, his eyes still shining as if he was having the time of his life.

Will felt so bolstered, he tried to flirt just a little. What could it hurt, to test the waters.

“How could you find out?” he smirked, surprised but even a bit aroused at his own sudden forwardness.

Hannibal sat down in his chair and picked up his glass of wine, a ritual which he had long since taken to sharing with Will anytime they were so inclined, during the sessions or afterwards. Will hadn’t mentioned the therapy nightcaps to Jack, and he certainly never intended to.

“You’re a very clever boy, Will. Without even being aware of your remarkable power, you seamlessly read the emotions of any given companion and offer them what they seem to need. I’m not ungrateful that you have discovered my fondness for being intelligently teased.”

Will touched his face, trying to tell if he had turned candy apple red or full-on fuschia. His skin felt like lava, like it would all fall off his muscle and bone and slide away and Hannibal would still sit there and say he looked fine. An undercurrent of suspicion regarding his not-quite-therapist recurred, and he didn’t care. Everyone made him suspicious and he never relaxed.

This wasn’t unusual for him, and even Dr. Lecter, of course, had plentiful secrets. He wanted them all, offered to him on a silver platter of unprecedented vulnerability on the part of the eerily serene doctor, but he expected them to be harmless.

Past heartbreaks, he expected, based on the constant armor, the reticence to ever talk much about his own life and past. He had no reason to think there was anything more menacing in his friend’s unknown layers, except that somehow he knew that Hannibal Lecter was dangerous. It did not make him want to run. Where, exactly, would he run to, in an effort to escape the only place he wanted to be?

“Okay, doctor,” he said with a smile that seemed to tug his weary features too hard. “Where is this going?”

Hannibal uncrossed his legs and recrossed them, pressed his fingers to his lips briefly. “I realize now that despite my earnest desire to offer you therapeutic relief and important validation which you clearly have not, and are not receiving elsewhere…it is not my place to provide this. That is, unless we were to alter the roles within our relationship.”

Will’s eyes were riveted to the spot where Hannibal was trailing his fingers down the arm of his chair, looking anywhere but into that electric blue gaze.

“You want to help me,” Will concluded, “You know how to help me, but at the same time…”

“If I am, even unofficially, your therapist, Will, I simply can’t give you what you need. I should add that a serious conflict has entered into the matter. I don’t think it would be appropriate for me to see you for therapy anymore, even if…we remained strictly above board in our contact. My thoughts, where you are concerned, won’t seem to hear reason.”

“I’m not sure I understand,” Will said, starting to feel nauseated, wretched. He didn’t grasp Hannibal’s meaning much except for not wanting to be his therapist anymore.

“You’re that insecure and unaffected,” Hannibal answered, quick and sure. “You can’t imagine how that provokes me.”

“I’d like to know,” Will volunteered so eagerly, immediately regretting his over-the-top fascination with every word that fell from not-his-therapist’s full and tempting lips. “I mean…”

“Why do you believe you spend so much time feeling badly for every small move you make, each decision you potentially fumble with the best intentions and near saintly virtue? Why do you never rest, nor congratulate yourself on the lives you’ve saved or provided justice to?”

“Guilt complex,” Will shrugged. “Natural side effect of a Southern fried upbringing mostly spent on the road. The bible thumpers are everywhere, and they get to you, no matter how unreligious your family may be. Don’t ask me how, but their moralism gets all fused with your spine. And. Too much isolation, distant parent, fleeting friendships hard won and rapidly ripped away. I didn’t get to stay anywhere so I got the sense I wasn’t built to fit in. A childhood like that develops a confused personality.”

“Of course.” Hannibal’s face was a wonder to behold when he was nervous, which he was if Will read him right. “I don’t want you confused. And yes, I have a decided belief on a form of therapy which would alleviate your tension and give you a remarkable freedom of thought, happiness in body, a way to shed old, mean messages from others that have held you back.”

“Everyone has their–”

“I’m not talking about everyone because to me, you have ceased to exist within the mindless ether of the everyones of the world. You are not to keep using excuses of your own inadequacy to push away my attempts to calm and soothe you, or to explain myself. Is that clear?”

Will put almost his whole fist in his mouth and bit down. The world seemed fuzzy, only Dr. Lecter made sense. And his words made so much desire spin the whole world off its axis, he just couldn’t think clearly. His headaches and fevers and sleepwalking all seemed to revolve around the fever of his growing need for this man’s affirmations. It didn’t make sense, but it was all that mattered.

“It’s quite alright, Will.” Hannibal had watched his friend’s nearly toddler-level oral fixation and erotic anxiety manifesting with inviting acceptance. “But I do need you to answer me.”

“I’m sorry that I kept putting myself down to deflect your compliments,” Will said softly, “Very sorry, Dr. Lecter.” He stared down at his own hands and the fresh red bite marks on one of them. His legs were shaking, sweat caking his skin, his heart racing too fast. He thought he might pass out. But he meant every word from his soul.

“Does it feel so very good, giving me your obedience, your pliant and supplicating responses when I am stern and correcting?”

Will nodded. “I don’t know why. I catch myself doing it and I hope you won’t find me… Sorry. I started putting myself down, I didn’t mean it…”

“Yes you did,” Hannibal responded almost coldly, “You always do it and you can’t seem to stop. But the sight of you so resolutely unaware of your own loveliness and countless other merits has pulled something out of me. If I give it to you, I wonder, will you take it?”

“Try,” Will gasped.

Dr. Lecter was so gorgeous in that moment. His emotions were so enormous, epic, painting him on the backdrop of his distinguished office like a greek god or the king of the underworld.

“I don’t like it when you insult yourself, and if I ask you to sit with me and pay attention, I expect you to do as you are told.” Hannibal’s words flew stiffly and emphatically from his lips and he had a hand on each of his own knees. He was tense, nearly as tense as Will.

“Okay. What else?”

“Come here. Don’t walk. I want to see you crawling to me on your knees.”

Will’s jaw dropped but Hannibal didn’t stop there. He plunged on with a kind of aching confidence that felt like teeth biting Will’s clothes off, then sinking bite by bite into his skin from head to toe until he was nothing but a thousand small openings begging to be filled with Hannibal, Hannibal, his Dr. Lecter, his…the world spun. He found himself swallowing thirty-seven years of pride and hitting his knees on the oriental rug, then crawling slowly but surely to his..he loved Hannibal, he *loved* him. He only realized it in that moment.

“You can’t be my therapist anymore,” he said, reaching his only destination and an unavoidable conclusion. “If you don’t want to be my anything…” *I’ll die.*

“You are doing it *yet again,*” Hannibal sneered, “I’m not angry, Will, but I’m disappointed. Did I not tell you mere moments ago how important you are to me, and how I have grappled with these feelings to no productive avail but to cast aside all decent professionalism? Put your head on my lap.”

Will moaned and complied instantly; Hannibal’s hand fell into his soft curls and stroked. “Can I…” Will begged, pathetic.

“Yes.” Hannibal nodded so mercifully.

And Will rubbed his face all over Hannibal’s thighs, mumbling almost incoherently, “This is so, so, so.” He looked up at the older man with a dependence that felt like the best thing he ever tasted. At the same time it tightened the tether between them, it cut every string he had to anyone else. “So inappropriate.”

“Will…” Hannibal gasped, too. He reached for Will’s face to stop his rubbing and mouthing at his lap before he lost the ability to. “I want this to never end. But it’s vital you understand why you are coming to me in this way and why you’re so attached to me.”

“Are you still prioritizing my mental health?”

“I want you to be you, and you have worked so hard and so well to prevent it that I feel the pressure within my attempts, most fiercely.” He slid his hand to the back of Will’s fever-wet curls and cupped his neck. “I need you to be real with me, if no one else. How do you feel about your father and the way he treated you?”

“What? Why mention that now? I don’t give a damn, my dad’s a complete mess.” Will shut his eyes. He propped his chin on Hannibal’s knee, just short of painful but a clear rebuke.

“Hush, you naughty thing, I’m trying to explain. You are dreadfully distracting.” Hannibal sighed and ran his hands swiftly through Will’s curls, over and over, sending thrills of joy and contentment through him, making him moan again and lean into every precious touch. “You respond to my hands as if it is banal duty that compels me to touch someone you see so lowly. As if touching you is not the only thing I ever think of anymore. I’m not your father.”

“Thanks, I do realize that.” Will rested one pink cheek on Hannibal’s knee while his hand wrapped around the doctor’s calf.

“Good. Because I can give you something he never did, perhaps he couldn’t. I don’t know him, but I know that anyone who could have so beautiful and exceptional a creature without properly loving him is a fool. I don’t mean to be such a fool, but I can’t love. This puts me, as I intimated, in unfamiliar waters at the same time that I feel compelled to…give you what I know that I can. Knowing, in fact, how much we each need it.”

“What are you talking about?” Will blinked up at him, lost in all the double-talk, the brief references that dazzled and confused him – his upbringing, his dad, Hannibal wanting to make up for something that Will’s dad hadn’t done. It was unaccountable, much like his own behavior. He did catch onto the fact that Hannibal was afraid to fall in love. This, he found adorable.

“You don’t realize it, but I believe that you hate your father.” Hannibal met Will's immediately exasperated look with a conceding smile. “I don’t think I know everything Will, but I’m starting to know you, very well. I know what you mean to me and I don’t want it to stop. At the same time, I know who hurt you so terribly that you need my approval like oxygen. I freely admit to you, I find it arousing to give you what you need.”

“Oh. I don’t know that much about… Because, uh, I’ve always been with girls, I mean women, but…”

Hannibal grasped the back of Will’s neck where his curls clustered generously and brushed his shirt collar. He held onto the profiler's hair with a hard and fierce grip, forcing Will to look at him. “You’ll learn how to love a man because I’ll teach you.”

“Hannibal.” Will didn’t know what else to say, but that was a lot. First time calling him by first name, but maybe he shouldn't – “I mean. Doctor Lecter.”

“No. That isn’t what you need. Not a good friend, not a worst enemy. You don’t need a trusted companion for platonic support. Tell me what you need the most and why.”

Will sighed and closed his eyes. “I’m so happy. Please just let me stay here. I won’t bother you, I promise.”

Hannibal’s hand tightened in his curls and a growl escaped his lips that frightened Will, but excited him even more. “What did you just say to me?”

“I…”

“You’ll never be a bother to me, do you understand? Do you?” Hannibal’s fingers got harsher, tangled in Will’s curls. He pulled Will’s head back in his vice grip and stared into his eyes accusingly. “It’s impossible.”

“I’m sorry.”

“You’re beautiful.”

Hannibal let go of his hair and Will cried, seeking comfort and protection in the warm, firm, older body that had him so magnetized and enticed, tears spilling faster than his thoughts for once. “I’m not. I’m. nothing.” he whispered.

The rage in Hannibal’s voice was beyond terrifying but it was oh so very quiet. Will thought the anger seemed to be directed not at him, but at...his father, of all people. “You need someone to give you what your father should have, but never bothered to give. I can be that someone, but I will never make you do what may repulse you. I can help you, Will, but only if you ask me to.”

His voice was muffled as he relaxed his body to whatever small extent he could, curled up on the floor with his arms around Hannibal’s calf and his head locked to the doctor’s knee. He should feel undignified, even absurd, but he liked it so much. Already knowing he’d say yes to anything, out of deep curiosity he said, “I need to know what I’m asking for.”

“I think that it would make you feel much better if you attached yourself to me completely. So that you lose all sense of unworthiness and shame. These insecurities which were ingrained during childhood to your thinking are toxic. You must learn to understand your truest self and your instincts. With my guidance, I believe you will learn to ask for and even take what you want, not to hide from a world that scares you. Hiding behind your facade of… crabby professor…”

He chuckled and Will snorted a laugh too. “Thanks a lot.”

“It isn’t making you happy. When you are *forced* into decisive action, your primary drive is for justice. I’ve seen you in the field, and you are an entirely different person, you are *real.* When you took down Garret Jacob Hobbs, it was dazzling. I’ll never forget it.”

“Me either, but I don’t think it’s good for me to keep replaying the memory. The euphoric rush I got from killing him is scary.”

Will looked up at Hannibal, his eyes huge with concern. He noticed how he had used a childish word, “scary,” as if life itself was a nightmare and Hannibal might be able to soothe

his waking fears.

“Is it?” A touching smile, hard to read but definitely affectionate. “What if you walked through life always believing yourself worthy because you are not allowed to think otherwise? Wouldn’t you feel less afraid?”

“That’d be great. How?” He laughed sadly this time.

“When I tell you, I want you to attempt to remain open-minded. Can you do that, my dear?”

Will felt all the breath go rushing from his body when Hannibal called him by the soft endearment. “Look at where I am. Haven’t I proved I can open what’s left of my mind to new experiences?”

He squeezed his eyes shut, blushing furiously but never relenting in his needy grip on Hannibal. “Forty-five minutes ago I still thought I was straight.”

“We’ve gone past session time.”

“Do you want me to go?”

“I never want you to go.” Hannibal rubbed his thumb thoughtfully over Will’s cheek. “But it would be best, for this evening, that you go home when we finish this discussion. I want you to take some time to think before making your decision about what I propose.”

“Okay.” Will watched him, rapt with admiration, staring at his chiseled features, his sensuous lips moving as such velvet words left them, words only for Will that made him feel so special that his cock twitched, pleasure radiating from his belly downward, increasing with every wonderful caress he received.

He wanted Hannibal to touch him more erotically; he wanted it *badly,* but he didn’t really know what they would *do* if…how did it even work? Obviously, he understood the concept of certain acts within…*gay sex*…Something about the newness of this attraction and the discovery of how much he liked Hannibal for his very masculine qualities made it feel sexier than any other crush he'd had in the past. That made him even more eager to please Hannibal, but what if he was no good at it?

It was difficult enough taking the initiative when he had sex with a woman, and at least there, he had enough experience to know what he was doing. It was too depressing, thinking about making an idiot of himself with awkward mistakes in the doctor's bedroom. Even the idea of being there, between silk sheets, underneath Hannibal, intimidated him. If he turned out to be a disappointment in that way, It would ruin what they had finally found together, this sweetness, this closeness.

Hannibal let out a low growl when Will accidentally nuzzled his face a bit higher on the doctor’s thigh, only realizing what he had brushed against when he heard the noise while rubbing his cheek over a *very* hard bulge.

"I don’t know what I’m doing,” he admitted, sitting between Hannibal’s legs with a hand on each of the doctor’s thighs, his knees starting to ache from the position. It felt like a privilege to do as he was told until the doctor told him it was okay to move; even the incidental pain of sustained kneeling brought him pleasure.

“I know. And it is indescribably arousing. As are you, Will.”

“How could you see me that way?” Sincerely confused by the profession, but dizzy with joy, he blinked up at Hannibal with a tentative smile.

“You’re so beautiful and that you don’t see it makes you infinitely more so. You. So dear, so innocent and yet prone to hunter’s instincts, keen to blood and bone, attuned to the grotesque. The monsters of the world are lucky to have you comprehending them, you who see them. No one else sees them, they only judge.”

“Hannibal. I’m tired of judging.”

“Just *breathe* now.” Hannibal went on like that, stroking Will’s forehead and tracing his ears, running powerful hands through disastrously messy curls like he was touching the most luxurious silk.

“I can’t see anything. I’m so. I want to touch you and hear your voice. I’m sorry I'm no use for much else, it’s too much. Everything else is so loud.”

“It’s an abrasive world. But there’s no need for you to rush into it every day offering your services as sacrificial lamb. What if someone expected you home for dinner? Lived on your smile and the smell of your skin?”

“It wouldn’t matter,” Will confessed, blissful, “Unless it was you.”

He heard another quiet but intense growl, felt the hand in his hair getting rougher. Hannibal gave his hair a firm tug then released it, leaving Will with a stiff neck and a strange longing for him to do that again.

“Did you enjoy being disciplined by me when you almost knocked over the figure?”

“Not when it was happening, because I was worried you were mad at me and might make me leave. I even thought that you might not want me to come back again.”

“And afterwards?”

“Then I liked it. You scolded me but didn’t reject me, and you comforted me when I broke down. Even when I was…*childishly* overwrought, you took it in stride.”

“You’re merely releasing some feelings that need to come out, but never had a safe place to run before. You repressed them because they weren’t wanted, or they were even regarded with contempt by the very person who was supposed to –”

“Why do you keep talking about my dad? I don’t think I *hated* him, as such. He never hit me. Never really yelled at me. I should be grateful, not complain because he wasn’t a sensitive,

nurturing kind of person. He was detached and sometimes cold; when he talked to me it was…a lot of times to criticize me. For my own good, I guess. And…I always had a roof over my head, food to eat, clothes–"

"Will, come here." Hannibal guided Will to sit in his lap and drew him into a tender hug.

"This is weird. Aren't I crushing your legs?" Will held onto Hannibal's shoulder and arm, feeling much too old for what he was doing.

Hannibal looked perfectly content. "Not at all. You have to relax enough to accept what I offer you. Do you find it nice, sitting here with me like this?"

"Yeah." Will grinned.

"I'm proud of you for saying it openly and accepting my admiring affection instead of assuming it must be pity. But I must confess, the way you just described your father makes me want to find him and give him a piece of my mind, possibly more than that."

Hannibal's voice went gruff over the last sentence and Will liked that very much. Suddenly he thought he'd like to see Hannibal really, really angry, as long as it wasn't with him.

It was suddenly a matter of exquisite sexiness to picture Dr. Lecter enraged with someone who had hurt Will.

But he still didn't understand why the older man kept blaming his dad, who was just…*Dad.* He'd stopped expecting understanding or love from the man so many years ago, it had ceased to bother him.

Will studied Hannibal's suit up close and played with the collar of his jacket, mesmerized by the smooth plaid fabric with its slight sheen, glossy by the dim lamplight from the desk.

He liked the different colors in the doctor's hair, the brown shot through with silver and gold, slicked back with gel that smelled like lime and verbena, light and floral, clean and manly, just like Hannibal. Hannibal, who held him so close it almost hurt. He held Will as if he might never let go.

It occurred to him that the room had always been this dark when he arrived for his appointments and that it felt intimate, like stepping into a womb or a dream cave. He felt sure that Hannibal's other patients did not receive the same creature comforts, or perhaps he just hoped.

"Why are you so mad at my father?" he asked, his heartbeat jumping into overdrive when Hannibal pressed a single kiss to his hand.

"Everything you said turns my stomach because it was scripted by your father, to the last syllable. Giving you food, shelter and clothing is the least that any parent should do. And good parents don't criticize their children; they discipline and advise them on how to improve, careful *not* to wound their feelings or tarnish their self-image. They spend time

together and love each other. They provide happiness and security, not a sense of obligation, not a feeling of never being good enough."

"I told you, abandonment requires expectation." Will shrugged.

"I want you to expect me to give you every ounce of attention and caring, firm discipline that you deserve, and to believe you deserve to be treated with the utmost affection. When you learn to expect it, you will get to know yourself and your own needs much more intimately. Unfettered by imposed blinders of self-loathing, you will be free."

"What exactly are you suggesting?" Will asked, trembling and feeling very soft indeed on Dr. Lecter's lap, in his arms, enthralled by his elegant voice, his dark and mysterious eyes.

"That we end our current arrangement of unofficial therapist and patient. And that we enter into a new arrangement. We'll spend most evenings and weekends together, enjoying one another's company, and you'll bring me your stress, your struggles, honestly let me see you and take care of you. I want you…"

Hannibal traced Will's lips slowly, then inserted his index finger into the younger man's mouth, his breath halting slightly when Will sucked gently, then dared to lick. "To call me 'Daddy.' And you will be my boy, my very…" He began to slide his finger more decisively and rhythmically in and out of Will's lips, in and out…"Very good boy. The best, prettiest, most adored boy who sometimes misbehaves and needs Daddy to punish him."

He withdrew his finger and smiled at Will as the younger man thought he might smile at one of those extravagant Renaissance paintings he often went on and on about, as he might smile at a glorious sunset. "What do you think about that, my dear?"

"I'm feeling a bit confused, overwhelmed…but I think…I don't know. To call you that…and what kind of punishment are we talking about?"

"Whatever kind I deem appropriate, depending on the severity of your misconduct. Knowing you, I believe you will come to enjoy my discipline, perhaps even defy me intentionally trying to get more of it. Believe me, I know you're going to be a handful, but I am more than ready to take you on."

"Fuck," Will whispered, "Why am I so turned on?"

"I know it must be quite bewildering, as it is your first time. That is why," Hannibal smiled indulgently and stood up, along the way helping Will to climb off his lap. He took Will's hand with a fond press and kissed his knuckles before walking him to the door. "Why I want you to sleep on it. Think about the entirety of what I have offered you. If you should decide you aren't comfortable or desirous of the arrangement, we won't pursue it any further. And you will *not* lose me if you opt out. I promise."

Will nodded. "I trust you, Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal cupped his face and looked into his eyes, so understanding and kind, but certainly reproving. "You do. But you don't trust yourself in the least, and I think that is a terrible

shame."

"With me, is it…that you like this kind of role play and think I'm a suitable candidate, is it that you want to help me, or is it that…you're turned on, too?"

"Oh, Will. I think you know that you turn me on, and you know it very well. I also think you had better leave before I feel compelled to show you what I think of your naughty, teasing ways."

Will's eyes widened and he gasped, "God. Please…I want…"

"Tomorrow, if you decide you want to have this sort of relationship with me, if you wake up and it feels right. I'll wait all day, and I can't say I'll be patient. I'll be looking at the clock almost constantly, hoping it says 7:30."

"Do you have any other patients that you see five times a week?" Will played with Hannibal's paisley tie and the chemistry between them that had him feeling weak and strong all at once.

"No." Hannibal leaned closer and sank his teeth into Will's earlobe, only a little, not too hard. He firmly squeezed Will's ass and gave him a light spank. "You know you're different. If I'm honest, you drive me quite out of my mind and we've hardly done any of the things I have planned. Now go home and *think.*"

"Yeah," Will agreed with a ragdoll nod, almost tripping over his own feet as he opened the door and stepped from the office into the waiting room. "I'll do that."

Hannibal lingered in the doorframe, looking especially tall and imposing, tapping his thick fingers against the door and watching Will with a look that could only be called *devouring.*

"That's a good boy."

Coming home

Chapter Notes

> cw: Hannibal fostering co-dependence and applying possessiveness/control over Will while concealing that he has encephalitis. The latter point is temporary. The former point is something Will enjoys as part of their Dom/sub dynamic.
>
> If you like sugar daddy Hannibal, twisted dark fairy tale madness and praise kink, I hope you'll enjoy it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will knocked on Hannibal's office door the next evening at 8:00, shaking in fear and regret, plus so much self-loathing it was all he could do to stay upright. He was sweaty, with a pounding headache, and the tracks of his tears felt like tattoo lines down his slick, hot face. When he heard the soft sounds of Dr. Lecter approaching to let him into the office or kick him out for this appalling lateness, he whimpered and then ground his teeth.

Hannibal opened the door and Will cried out immediately, "Oh, I'm so sorry, I got stuck in traffic and my phone died, my car charger stopped working and –"

Dr. Lecter had answered the knock with a stony expression, his pride obviously nicked by Will's tardiness, especially considering the sensitive topic of their last discussion and that he was waiting on Will's answer to his proposal. But when he saw Will and heard the desperate, panicked explanation falling from his soft, chapped and overbitten lips, voice rasping with feverish, confused passion, the older man's face shifted, looking more open and forgiving.

"All I wanted to do was be here," Will said, "I thought about you every second since last night, I–" His hand fell to Hannibal's pristine shirt front, this time an eggshell white shirt with a black waistcoat and a wine-colored tie with a floral pattern. Clutching onto the older man's shirt, he blurted, "You're not wearing your suit jacket."

"No, I'm not." Hannibal looked down at Will's hand and back up, finally into pleading blue eyes.

"Are you okay?"

Hannibal laughed. It burst from him with a strange sound like a half-chuckle, half-sob. He stepped back to let Will into the office. As soon as the profiler was inside the dim, elegant safe haven, he pulled Will to his chest with a sigh, wrapping him up tight in possessive arms. "Oh, Will."

"Please hold me, please forgive me," Will sniffled, ecstatic at this result. He nuzzled into Hannibal's chest and felt the muscle, smelled the expensive spicy cologne, enjoyed so

happily the perfect heat that radiated from his favorite man.

While he should crave coolness to ease his constant overheated pain, Will didn't. He wanted this, more fire, eating him alive, more intensity. More Hannibal, any way he could get it.

"I'm sorry. If you only knew how I felt. How much I wanted to be right here, right *here.* When I realized I was running late, I was so worried you'd be angry and not want me anymore. I know being late is rude."

"It is, it's extremely rude, and especially when it comes to an important and vulnerable appointment. In the past, if I had a submissive who behaved thus, accidental or not, I would have been very cruel. But you, Will…how can I? You, my sweet, perfect boy, so clever and funny, making me smile, taking away my sadness and confusion. Showing me, or at least making me hope you're mine. It's very hard to be angry with you, my dear. If we go any further, this is an area in which I will surely struggle."

"What a pain," Will sighed with fake distress, again being funny. Hannibal smiled at the humor, but he knew something else was bothering Will. His hold on Hannibal had tightened reflexively with an angry pout when Hannibal mentioned his past subs.

"Yes, it will be, for you, my dear. And it is lucky for you that you thrive on pain and are the most sublime natural masochist I have ever met. I want to take you to places you can't even imagine, and further. Tell me why you're feeling cross, sweetheart." Hannibal smiled down at Will's pout. "So suddenly, when we've just made up."

"'In the past,' your other submissives…" Will repeated the words back on shivering, dry sobs, staring up at Hannibal, his pretty face contorted in rage. "I don't like hearing about your others. Someone else touching you. The idea makes me want to throw up. Please don't ever talk about your past lovers again."

"Oh, my dear." Hannibal gently led Will to the couch and had him lie down, curled on his side with his head on the doctor's lap. As he threaded his fingers through Will's damp curls, he sighed. "I never intended to rouse your jealousy, and I swear to you, I will *never* speak of such matters again. I only alluded to it in order to…*try* to convey to you the very unusual situation in which I have arrived by result of knowing you. I have a soft spot for you, Will. It's rather disconcerting, I assure you."

Will sniffled, taking the handkerchief which Hannibal passed him and using it to blot his reddened nose. He settled back in with a firm, needy nuzzle on Hannibal's knee and thigh. "Least I know you didn't love them. Cause you said you can't love."

"We haven't spoken of my past yet, but I had a sister once. I loved her and something terrible happened to take her from me."

"I'm so sorry..."

Will felt a twinge of guilt for prompting this sad subject that must be incredibly hard to talk about. Yet deeper down, he exulted at having wrested another truth from the man. He

triumphed in his power -- and the sensation, colliding with empathetic and sincere grief for Dr. Lecter's loss, was more than confusing.

"Perhaps since then…" Hannibal paused in his explanation, but went on petting Will, stroking his hair and face. "I've feared my love might be a curse. I have never wanted to bestow it, never felt it evoked since her loss. That made it easier to resist, of course. The temptation simply…never arose. I was a solitary man, pleased to be so. My only religion was oneism."

"Oneism, the devoted belief in a single transcendent purpose which gives life meaning, gives the universe's very existence meaning. What was the purpose you chose to believe in?"

"To enjoy life's flavors to the fullest extent possible, denying myself no pleasure, no indulgence, no rebellion I wished to play out against humanity's imposition of taboos."

"What do you believe in now?" Will raised his face slightly, lifting his brows at the same time, always the curious boy. Always needy.

"Now I don't know what I am feeling, but I need to see this through. My desire for the new arrangement which I proposed to you yesterday…is a long-standing one. May I ask for your answer, darling boy? Before I allow my feelings to grow and break down any other barriers around my heart. There are many of them, and you seem to have a sledgehammer."

Hannibal laughed softly and Will smiled at him, then drew himself up to a sitting position. He took Hannibal's face in both of his hands, soft calluses lightly scraping the smooth skin. Looking deep into the older man's captivating, dark eyes, Will said with complete certainty the words he had practiced when alone, preparing for this moment like a bride about to walk down the aisle.

"The daddy that raised me didn't treat me right. I see that now. And I want *you* to be my Daddy from now on."

Hannibal shivered with joy and pulled Will onto his lap in a straddling position, his large, strong hands ably keeping the boy in place while he hugged him so close Will's ribs ached.

Will sighed ecstatically. Every little bit of pain from Hannibal's rough, crushing embrace was a reminder of how much he was needed.

"Then, my beautiful boy, Daddy is going to take you home now. You can tell me all about your day, and Daddy will make you feel better. I know how hard you work with so little appreciation, but that ends tonight. You will never suffer another day without the encouragement and praise you have always longed for. Afterwards, we'll have a lovely, relaxing dinner together and if you're very good, I will even give you dessert."

Will giggled, feeling almost hyper with happiness. He blushed. With his arms slung messily around Daddy's neck, he kissed both of Hannibal's cheeks.

"Your smile is intoxicating," Hannibal praised, entranced. "And then, after dinner--"

“And dessert.”

“Yes, most likely, but good boys don’t interrupt.”

“Sorry, Daddy.”

Hannibal nodded, his own smile fading slightly, suggesting a flash of sternness and accompanying arousal. Will’s stomach swirled with butterflies.

“After dessert, we should discuss the terms of our arrangement. Your needs and hard limits. I can explain some important things about what a relationship like ours is all about, and how your life is going to change.”

“I know it’s changing for the better. But…” Will’s brow furrowed, that vivid curiosity bright in his gaze on Hannibal’s face. “What exactly is our relationship? We’re not doctor/patient, friends…are we dating? Are we exclusive?”

He knew better than to ask if they were in love. It was clear that sharing his difficulty on this topic had been hard for Hannibal, and Will wasn’t going to push him again so soon.

“Sweet boy, what we have is *us*. Yes, exclusively. I need you all to myself, and that won't be negotiable. And the time we spend together, how we feel and what we take or give – be it pleasure, pain or both, all of it is *ours*.”

***

“Do I really have to talk about my day, Daddy?” Will frowned, sitting in the kitchen on a tall chair by the island counter where Hannibal was arranging some ingredients for the dinner recipe he had planned. “It wasn’t very nice.”

Hannibal worked deftly, a dizzying wonder to behold. He sliced several figs on the cutting board, pausing with the big knife embedded down the tender belly of the fruit. He looked up at Will.

“We are still establishing the rules of our dynamic, William, but you are always to obey Daddy, trusting that I know what is best for you. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Daddy. I trust you completely,” Will replied seriously, pleasantly intimidated by Hannibal calling him *William,* which was new, different, formal, definitely a scold.

Will had quickly learned that if he opened himself up to their new roles, it was exceptionally easy for him to seamlessly embody the naive, wide-eyed dependence that went with his. The next lesson he had absorbed after admitting he liked acting this way, precocious and in need of structured discipline, was that it felt unbelievably good to abandon the sensible trappings of responsibility that made life tiresome. There was no doubt Hannibal's treatment of him worked out emotional muscles that had been cramped up in Will since childhood. All of it, tangled in his mysterious fever, let Will step into a new life as he would smilingly walk off a cliff, not fearing death but anticipating a destined rebirth. That new beginning shimmered before his eyes in countless shades of happiness.

“We will always begin our evenings at home by telling each other about our days," Hannibal elaborated firmly. "I must know everything you have been doing, who has spoken with you, and what they said. If anyone else should touch you, I expect you to admit it as well. Daddy doesn’t like that one bit. I may become quite stern, but I will need to know who is to blame for the infraction before acting.”

“Okay. I don’t like anyone else touching you, either. I’d like to kill anyone that lays a hand on you.” Will caught himself after this statement, gasping with surprise and pressing a hand to his warm forehead. “Jesus, did I just say that? I–”

"How would you kill them?" Hannibal asked calmly.

"I'd flay them," Will said with certainty, "In a forest, and as I slowly, torturously skinned them and removed their insides, I would force them to watch as wild animals ate them until they finally flickered out. I...don't know where these ideas come from, and they scare me."

“I’m dreadfully pleased with you, Will. We have scarcely begun and already you are opening up, living your truth and sharing those exquisite instincts with me. You don’t have to be afraid to tell Daddy anything, no matter how brutal your honesty. I understand. I’m here for you.”

He smiled indulgently and passed a plate to Will across the counter. The younger man, reeling in confused sensations of happiness and guilt from this statement, looked down to see a large fig, stuffed with gorgonzola, drizzled in balsamic glaze and olive oil, then wrapped in prosciutto.

Everything looked and smelled so perfectly fresh, and the presentation as always showed effortless artistic flair, the zig-zag of dark purple dressing and the speckle of salt and pepper, the big, glossy-petaled purple and white flower placed on the side.

“Eat that, my dear. You are altogether too prone to skip meals, and if we’re to have a nice, long evening together, you need your strength. There is protein from the prosciutto and a healthful boost from the fruit.”

“And they’re aphrodisiacs.” Will blushed at his own daring and touched the fig tentatively. “Figs. And the prawns you have on the side to make next, those are, too.”

“Clever boy. You’ve found me out. I do enjoy multitasking, and it delights me to consider your responsiveness if I heighten your sensitivity and stamina.”

Will turned red and speechless, but remained obedient. He lifted the fig to his lips but Hannibal shook his head and came over to him, gently correcting.

“No, no, sweetheart, you’re to use your knife and fork. Here, let Daddy do it for you. You’re so tired from your day and this will help you start feeling better.” Hannibal sliced the fig up and held the fork to Will’s lips. “Here you go, darling.”

Will let Hannibal feed him the whole appetizer this way, arousal pooling insistently in his stomach from the firm bossiness of the gesture and how he was babying Will as no one ever

had.

“That was perfect.” Will smiled with a shaky exhale when he had finished.

“Just like you, my dear.” Hannibal let Will lick some of the dressing from his thumb, and Will moaned, his lashes fluttering quickly while he grasped Daddy’s hand and licked eagerly at the warm finger, nibbling the pad, then sucking.

“*Will.*” Hannibal groaned, the sound of his arousal louder than Will had heard it before.

This made him glow with pride. Hannibal gave him a warning smile and removed his thumb, then fondly ruffled Will’s curls. “I am very susceptible to your advances, darling, but I said we are to have dinner and a discussion before anything physical occurs. Can you be patient?”

“I can *try.*” Will’s playful smirk made Hannibal blush as he returned to his work with the prawns.

“Drink your water now.” Hannibal gave him another bossy look that made Will so hard, he thought he might faint from the torment of anticipation and not being able to get even a little friction, a simple touch to reduce the intensity of his need.

He drank his water, every drop of the large glass beside his plate, and Hannibal made a herb creme fraiche dressing from scratch. When the blender stopped whirring, the older man gazed expectantly at Will.

“Well, okay, I’ll tell you about my day. It was awful.” Will sighed, getting the comedown from his hot urgent sex needs that he *didn’t* want. “I tampered with evidence at a crime scene by mistake because I got too caught up envisioning the killer’s design. Jack yelled at me in front of everyone, and nobody stood up for me.”

He hated the tears of humiliation that had welled up again. “Sorry,” he muttered, taking his glasses off to swipe at his stinging eyes.

“Don’t be sorry, sweetheart.” Hannibal paused in the act of spreading dressing onto brioche slices. He looked so very angry, Will was thrilled and a little frightened.

Daddy came to him again and pressed a warm, soothing kiss to Will’s forehead. His headache had gone away from the good food and sensible hydration. His hurt feelings and bleeding pride were healed by that one simple but desperately perfect kiss.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“Jack Crawford behaved abominably,” Hannibal said, tension deepening his voice as he cupped Will’s face and spoke emphatically. “And your so-called friends on the forensics team should have defended you against the ungrateful and cruel tirade. How dare he embarrass and degrade you, his best agent, after all you have done for him with no proper affirmation or reward?”

“He went too far today, Daddy, but Jack…means well. He doesn’t owe me anything, I don’t expect my boss to coddle me, it’s just…”

“Make no mistake, he owes you *everything.* Everything. How many cases have you closed because you are so very brilliant and powerful, because you are better than any of the other agents? You are better than Jack Crawford and he knows it. I’m disgusted that your vulnerability, the toll the job takes on you, are a matter he considers open to rebuke.”

“Oh, Daddy, you’re so different from everyone else.” Will leaned in as Hannibal hugged him, clamping onto the older man as had become a joyful habit, his clinginess always accepted without complaint and returned with a possessiveness that was downright sinful. “You’re the kindest, smartest, strongest man in the whole world and I’m so lucky to be yours.”

“You *are* mine, Will.” Hannibal rubbed his back and added definitively, “I don’t want this to happen again. Under the guise of still being your therapist, I will speak to Agent Crawford personally. And in the meantime, you’re to halve your work hours. Quit the teaching job; you don’t need the money anymore. It’s time you rested properly, not to mention well past time you received proper care.”

Will giggled, sighing so happily as he stroked his long, pretty fingers down Daddy’s broad back and smelled his warm, manly chest, pressed kiss after kiss to it through Hannibal’s shirt, tugging the older man’s tie aside to perform the act.

“Quit my teaching job and let you support me financially?”

“Yes, exactly. You don’t like the teaching, do you?”

Will shook his head, still contentedly kissing and nuzzling Daddy’s chest. “No. It’s boring and tedious. Sometimes the students even give me bad evaluations at the end of the semester. They say I’m ‘checked out’ and ‘cold,’ that I seem ‘unbalanced,’ ‘disorganized’ – and always end with ‘brilliant but difficult.’”

“As I thought, more ingratitude and rudeness. Why should my precious boy be exposed to such negativity, made to endure such stress? I know you won’t be able to live with yourself if you quit the investigative side of your job. But, Will, you must stay out of the field. I can’t spend my days constantly worrying that you might get hurt without me watching over you.”

“You want me to…canvas crime scenes and form profiles on killers…remotely?” Will looked up at him in confusion.

This was very, very controlling and by anyone’s rational standards, wrong, but the more Hannibal asserted his own preferences, which were smothering to say the least, the more it turned Will on. His worries were slipping away again, forgotten, melted by Hannibal’s sweet and unreasonably demanding affection, like the erotic ecstasy of a crown of thorns piercing the skin.

Truth be told, Hannibal was only ordering him to do what he had fantasized guiltily about for years: make healthier and safer decisions, put himself first. It used to sound so selfish and...now it didn't. The validation Hannibal gave him was *everything*, exactly what he craved.

“Precisely. There’s no reason you can’t perform the same work by looking at the crime scene photos; you’ve done it before, as you mentioned during session. On those occasions you felt too ill to get out of bed…”

“Oh, you mean last year, when I got the flu. Yes, I did it then, but…Jack is going to be so mad. He’ll accuse me of –”

“I don’t care what he accuses you of; whatever he says against you or your choices is trash and you are strictly to ignore his vitriol from now on. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Hannibal gasped when Will sank his teeth down on his firm pectoral, dampening his shirt with saliva. “Good, good boy,” he sighed, tugging Will’s hair to bring his face up as the boy intended to keep on kissing and physically flirting with him until he was stopped.

“You’ll live here,” he announced, “Keep the house in Wolf Trap for your fishing and boating supplies, since I know you enjoy those pastimes and I consider them appropriately wholesome.”

Hannibal grinned, showing off his fangs as he pulled at Will’s hair again. He went back to making dinner as if he hadn’t just dropped yet another bomb.

“You want me to move in? Already?” Will laughed, the sound whole-heartedly elated. He felt so…*overloved,* and despite Hannibal’s worries about using the word *love,* it was etched onto his every gesture so clearly. He felt delightfully suffocated in the arms of the only lover he ever wanted to have in his life.

“What about my dogs?” He asked, knowing Hannibal must have thought of this. Daddy always thought of everything, and it meant Will didn’t have to think of quite so much anymore. He was learning how to just *be*, more with every moment they were together.

“I will tell you all about my plans for moving you in, sweetheart, but more immediately, let’s have our aperitif and first course in the dining room.”

“Oh, of course. I want to hear about your day, too, Daddy.” Will hardly recognized himself, trailing Hannibal into the severe but comforting confines of the dining room, fragrant with herbs in the garden that surrounded them. He had an out of body experience and was distinctly aware of the fever altering his senses, aware of Hannibal’s heady, overpowering influence drawing him deeper and deeper into the fantasy of this role play that would define his whole life from now on.

He imagined that he saw the former version of himself – cynical, fast to accuse, paranoid and resistant to overtures of concern – standing next to him and looking down at him judgmentally. That Will scowled at him, accusation flashing in his eyes. *”What are you doing?*” he demanded. “*You know this is all wrong, get out of there now. Go and tell Jack everything Dr. Lecter said, all the twisted, wild orders and changes – he’s broken every rule a psychiatrist should follow, and you’ve been letting him do it. Why?*”

Will looked from the vision of his other self to the man sitting at the head of the dinner table, smiling at him and raising his aperitif cocktail for a toast. Why would he ever want to resist the pull of love's undertow when the alternative was going back to being *that* Will Graham, miserable, self-hating, touch-starved and neglected, unappreciated, always alone when it came down to it?

If Daddy broke rules, it was because he loved Will so very much and knew what was best. Will didn't *want* to have to wonder about right or wrong anymore. At this particular point in his life, he would prefer that it would simply be enforced and physically demonstrated for him every day and night, by the only person he trusted and the one he adored, so fervently he wasn't sure he ever experienced a real emotion before this one.

"Go away," he said to his former self, "I don't need you anymore."

"Who are you talking to, dearest?" Hannibal smiled, hesitating in his proposed toast.

"Oh. The old me, or I should say, the sad me, the me who hated me." Will laughed softly, placing his napkin politely on his lap. He raised his glass and leaned to clink it against Hannibal's.

"I will certainly drink to you bidding a farewell to those feelings," Hannibal approved delightedly.

The martini, amber colored like Hannibal's beautiful, dangerous eyes, went down fast, cold and bittersweet. "Delicious," he said. "Everything you make is always so good."

"That is an Adonis cocktail, a classic aperitif, ideal for stimulating the appetite. I'm happy you liked it, darling." Hannibal's eyes were dreamy now, and Will loved the way he sometimes could make Daddy calm down from his rigid, elegant tenseness and relax. That was a gift they gave each other.

"This is surreal," Will smiled between bites of the prawn toasts which were, of course, delicious. He *did* feel stimulated, a tiny bit tipsy too, and more alert than he'd been all day. The heightening of his senses felt like a prelude to sex, and it made him nervous but more excited than ever. "Being here," he elaborated, "Having all these plans with you. A week ago, I thought I was nursing an unrequited crush. I didn't even know I could be attracted to a man, for one thing, and then suddenly, there you were."

"I didn't know I could ever feel this much, and suddenly, here you are," Hannibal answered softly, reflectively. Almost humbly. This earned a bashful smile from Will.

"It's been a learning curve. Of course, I had to research…you know…gay things," he felt weirdly self-conscious saying this out loud still. "And um, BDSM stuff? I knew a little, but specifically, like…what people do, what men do, I didn't, wasn't sure. Um…God. Please say something, I'm making myself cringe, I feel so awkward." Will groaned and perched two fingers on his forehead.

"Look at me, Will." When the young man nervously obeyed, Hannibal continued, eyes sparkling although his smile seemed to contain multiple emotions and urges, "You've been

looking at pornographic videos online, I take it, and reading material about dominant and submissive relationships."

"I mean, yeah, how else am I supposed to be ready? I don't want to make a fool out of myself if…when we get intimate. I want to be able to give you everything you like. I'm so inexperienced…not altogether, of course, but in these areas…I'm clueless."

"Curious, adorable Will. Everything I like is embodied in you effortlessly. You'll be ready because I will teach you everything you need to know, and you will do exactly as I tell you." Hannibal wasn't smiling anymore as he added, "Did you touch yourself last night as you viewed these arousing materials?"

"I…did, Daddy. But I didn't know that would bother you." Will's face fell. "I just couldn't help it. I found some videos with men that had our body types, our age difference, and where the older man was dominant. The thought of that being us made me insatiable, and I went on for…a long time. I imagined it was you making me come, I promise."

"I know we hadn't discussed the rules yet and I make concessions for your inexperience. Your inexperience excites me so potently, in fact, that I am inclined to forgive this misbehavior." Hannibal devoured Will with his owning, frustrated eyes. His voice was thick with these emotions, and the hammering in Will's head was long gone now, replaced by a heartbeat so fast and hard it seemed bound to explode in his chest.

Will wanted a spanking in that moment, the way he'd seen the Daddies on the video do it, and it made his cheeks red while his cock stiffened once again with no relief in sight.

"Now that you are mine, if you ever touch yourself again without my permission, I will punish you severely."

"Oh." Will stared and stared at him, mouth dropping open, body aching from head to toe to be punished severely. He wanted the pain if it came from Hannibal, yes, if it was his beloved Daddy looming over him in anger that could only come from the deepest adoration, he needed to suffer for his bad behavior to feel whole again.

"I'm glad that makes you so happy, my dear. Discipline will be a vital part of our relationship, and I don't take it lightly. While I may sometimes give you pain only for pleasure's sake, on those occasions when you have been a bad boy, you will feel the full brunt of my reproval. There will be times you won't be able to sit or walk properly the next day. But you must also know that Daddy will take perfect care of you after punishment. You're my adorable, precious boy, and I will never hurt you without soothing you, caring for your wounds, holding you, much more. Do you understand?"

"I don't think I do yet," Will admitted, feeling small and out of his depths, but so turned on that every second he didn't reach a hand down to stroke himself, or rub up against the table, *anything,* was so frustrating and painful that it made him even harder. "I want to understand and I want you to show me. You're the only teacher that I need, Daddy. I'm in your hands now."

“Yes, you are safe in my hands, sweetheart.” Quite pleased with his boy, Hannibal nodded and gave him that approving smile again, lifting Will’s heart even as it never slowed down in the incessant pounding, the anticipatory pleasure that kept traveling down to his cock, fucking with his ability to think or speak normally.

Hannibal continued, “Clear the table now, and place the dishes in the sink. Come back in here afterwards and I will show you some special things that Daddy has prepared, just for you.”

“For me? Oh, thank you so much, Daddy.” Thrilled, Will did as he was told, carefully gathering the dishes and putting them in the kitchen sink.

When he came back, Hannibal eyed the bulge in Will’s jeans with intent hunger. But all he did was hold out his hand, and Will knew he was being played with already, pushed to the limit of how turned on he could get before making a move without having permission. He loved the attention from Daddy that made this game possible, and again he felt pride rolling through him like a redemptive sunbeam.

Will was special now, for the first time. He was Daddy’s good boy.

“I hope you won’t think I was being overly presumptuous, but in showing you some of my preparations for your arrival, it will become obvious that I have been wanting you here with me, like this, for months. Since the moment that I saw you, Will.”

They walked hand-in-hand down the hall, then Hannibal opened the basement door and gently tugged Will to follow.

Will, meanwhile, had been temporarily stunned by Hannibal’s confession. “You…wanted me that long? Me?”

“You.” Hannibal kissed the back of Will’s hand when they reached the bottom of the stairs. “Only you, my…” He blinked faster than usual and seemed to catch himself from saying something other than what followed. “My dear,” he amended, looking confused.

That confusion passed quickly as he continued giving Will a tour of the luxurious house which was now unexpectedly the younger man’s new home. Hannibal’s confidence seemed restored by the excitement and pride he took in his careful, flawless planning. It was evident he’d been longing to show Will whatever this was, and his enjoyment of it was so damn cute.

Will was so glad to be the one, the only one, to put that smile on his handsome face. Daddy worked hard, too, and took such good care of him, and Daddy was often so serious. Will would devote himself to this man’s happiness forever and ever and…

The basement was finished and divided into a few different rooms. Two of the rooms had big locks on the doors, and Will didn’t ask why. He would learn Daddy’s secrets when it was time, and this wasn’t something for him to be concerned with the way he once would have. Putting aside the brief curiosity, he followed as Hannibal led the way to the third room and opened the door, grinning when Will gasped in delighted surprise.

The whole sizeable room, suitable for a tv den, had instead been turned into a playroom ready-made for seven dogs. A row of crates had been built into the coffee-colored walls so that they seemed more like cozy sleeping nooks. Each crate featured a large, cushy, expensive-looking pillow monographed with one of the dog's names.

"You remembered all their names?" Will wandered the room, unable to believe his eyes.

"Of course. When I went to your house to feed them, I took notes." Hannibal winked, smiling broadly at Will's astonished reaction. "You have their bowls labeled."

"I…do….*wow.*" Will looked all around, like a little boy on Christmas morning who woke to find every present he wanted under the tree.

Each dog also had their own large basket filled with pricey new toys, all sorts of them, and the walls were decorated with classic paintings of happy dogs frollicking. Will investigated a tall storage cabinet next. He had to undo a child lock on it first, giving him a good clue of what was inside. The lower shelves had been stocked with shiny new leashes, all personalized, while as he predicted, the higher ones contained package after package of dog food and treats in every flavor or variety available, even ones specifically recommended for small or large dogs, younger or older ones, and Will had some of each type.

"I can't believe how good you are to me." He cried and threw himself at Hannibal with a passionate hug that made the older man chuckle and massage his back, accepting the many kisses Will only had the nerve to press to his chest, like he had before without getting in trouble.

"Oh, my darling boy. My sweet, incomparable Will. How could I be anything else? Even when I am bad to you, it is out of knowing what you need better than you know it yourself. I did know you could never be happy without your dogs, and *I* wouldn't be happy if they were always upstairs getting their fur all over my favorite features of the house. This gives them a haven to spend most of their time in when you and they are not outdoors enjoying nature and exercising. I am so very, very happy you like it." He squeezed Will even tighter, showing he had been a little tense wondering if he had gone overboard, which of course, he *had*.

"You're so, so – you did all this without breathing a word!"

"And that's not all." Hannibal brought Will back upstairs and into the bedroom, where predictably Will turned scarlet and felt his hands starting to shake. "I hope you find my room comfortable, my dear. The bed is very nice and you'll have my arms around you every night, my heartbeat under your cheek."

"Yes, thank you, Daddy," Will smiled, tears of gratitude and bliss fogging his vision. "Your room is perfect. It's gorgeous and it smells like you, and it's going to have *you* in it. What else could I need?"

"Well. Perhaps this." With a cocky smile in return to Will's overwhelmed one, Hannibal opened the big walk-in closet.

One whole side of it was still taken up by Hannibal's suits, ties, socks, shoes, everything meticulously curated and organized. Affection squeezed his heart at Daddy's obsession with neatness and his love for extravagant fashion. But he lost his breath again when he turned to look at the other side and noticed it did not contain anything that seemed to be Hannibal's.

Instead, there were two whole racks made up of outfits for *Will,* everything from casual but very classy apparel for lounging or playing outside with the dogs, to sportier clothes obviously offered for when Will wanted to go for a hike or fishing, or work on a boating project.

Every item was in a shade that exactly complimented Will's coloring and suited his personality, despite being outrageously beyond what he could ever afford or care enough about his style to put together.

The clothing had been tailored for him, especially the suits which he eventually came to, mostly dark solids, accompanied by low-cut silky t-shirts that made Will's face feel very hot again. There were lovely pajamas, the traditional sort with a shirt and pants, and then some skimpier ones that furthered Will's lustful self-consciousness even more.

Suggestive satin shorts lined with lace, and bralette tops, one-piece lingerie that looked composed of nothing more than wisps of gossamer-light fabric, intricate lacing that would lash softly across his naked body. He had never worn anything like this before, and his heartbeat stumbled.

"You'll look stunning in that," Hannibal said, suddenly right behind him with hot breath at Will's ear. "And on the evening I tell you to put it on, I plan to take my time with you."

"I'm so lucky," Will sighed, "I love all of this, so much. The way you had my initials stitched on all the shirts…"

"You're to feel my presence like the warmest hug, everywhere that you go, baby boy. Isn't that nice to know?"

"Oh, yes." Will nodded quickly. He opened the row of drawers under the clothes and discovered carefully rolled up sets of new undershirts, regular but expensive and designer brand underwear, boxers or boxer briefs like he usually wore, and…quite a lot of *thongs.*

The overwhelmed arousal and self-consciousness were so strong by now that Will had sort of acclimated to them as his default setting for the night, maybe even from now on. He'd heard of edging, but didn't know a Daddy could do it so well simply through gifts and gestures, a bit of suggestive language and so much attention. Attention he finally felt worthy of, though the feeling might pass at any moment. Part of him still feared making a mistake and losing Hannibal somehow. He tried not to think about it.

He found soft, luxurious socks in colors to match every new outfit, and a series of small boxes on a side shelf that turned out to have flashy watches in them. "I never wore anything like this," he said in enraptured fascination, not even necessarily with the gifts, although he found them exquisite, but more with the feeling of being so incredibly spoiled.

“I know that, baby, but from now on you’ll have only the best, because nothing else would be worthy to touch your precious body, your beautiful skin, my special boy.” Hannibal ran his hands up and down Will’s arms and shoulders the way he had in the office the night before, and again thrills like tiny volts of electricity followed in the wake of his confident and controlling touch.

“Daddy, this is too much. What you must have spent…”

“I’m nowhere near done spoiling you, pet. And I have one more treat before we go back to dinner. The beef in the oven will be finished soon, and you need your red meat.”

Will laughed and blushed and stammered out another confused litany of thank you’s, and the next thing he knew, he was sitting on Hannibal’s bed while the older man placed a medium-sized jewelry box in his hand, smiling as if this was an extra special gift.

“Oh, I…” Will lifted out the bracelet, which was white gold and studded all around the outer band with small, glittering diamonds. On the inside, he noticed the scrolling cursive logo, *Cartier*, which told him this piece was even more wildly pricey than anything else he had received that night.

“Daddy,” Will said in a rush of breath, staring at the other word engraved on the inside of the bracelet. It simply said *Mine.*

As he began crying, long past worrying about his red face or salty, wet cheeks, his sniffles and moans of terrified happiness, Hannibal patiently, lovingly kissed both of his cheeks and cleaned him attentively with another handkerchief. He sat down on the bed and held Will's hand, caressing it slowly as the younger man dropped his face against his strong shoulder. Hannibal's voice in that beguiling accent sounded like pure magic as he spoke more praising affirmations, too many, making Will painfully, unbearably happy.

“Oh, sweet boy, my angel, Daddy’s here…”

He kissed the tip of Will’s nose when his boy was done crying and murmured, “This bracelet has to be opened with a screwdriver and fastened onto your wrist in the same way. You’ll wear it always, to remind you to whom you belong, and as a sign of it to anyone who sees you. They don’t need to know the details of our relationship, but I can’t send you out into the world ever again without my mark on you. This will be so beautiful on you, my darling, but still nothing at all compared to your brilliance, your radiance.”

“Can I put it on now?” Will asked eagerly. “It’s the best present anyone ever gave me, and I don’t just mean the bracelet, but…being yours.”

Hannibal looked a bit teary-eyed himself, and not a little shocked at his emotional state once again. He went to the bureau and opened one of the top drawers, coming back to the bed holding a small screwdriver. Soon, the lovely, elegant, shining bracelet was fastened to Will, fitting just right, looking like a mismatch with his henley and jeans, but he knew Hannibal didn’t care and still thought Will was perfect. The stars in those deep, consuming eyes told him that, and everything else he needed to know.

Chapter End Notes

Next time: We'll get to see what's going on in Hannibal's mind. Is he going to let the fire in Will's brain rage on or succumb to his tender feelings and put it out?

burning bright

Chapter Notes

this is...a *really* long chapter 😅

cw: dub con because of deception/encephalitis.

That said, this is really a very romantic and soft Hannibal. He's just...also still *Hannibal*? Yeah.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dinner was sensational, a bowl of chili “beef” over ramen in a ginger broth. There was the most delectable, rich red wine to accompany the savory and spicy meal, a vivid red blend that tasted of ripe fruit, juicy and tempting.

When Hannibal planned the meal it had been with a soul-elevating cheerfulness, exuberance that Will might want to be his submissive, might come to his table offering more than one type of appetite, more shades of hunger than the profiler yet knew lay within his restless mind and heart.

As he always did in the time leading up to Will’s appointments, he impatiently bided his time, and the thrilling yet uncertain delight of waiting for Will on this momentous evening had distracted him. Out of habit, he’d planned out a meal that would feed the fever by rousing the flames. A spicy, warming meal would only encourage the encephalitis.

At first, Hannibal designed the scheme to toy with the brilliant young man’s mind as it burned out of fascination with Will’s uniqueness. He wanted to see what would happen. He considered it mutually beneficial: so long as he was careful, (and when was he not?) Will would receive no permanent damage or pressing risk from the fever spell. Instead, Hannibal could manipulate the situation to wake Will to the killer within, the more confident, devastatingly sexy man who lay dormant behind the locked door in the boy’s mind. Too many forts, no room for Will to breathe freely and express or accept his instincts.

Then Will was so beautiful in the throes of his sickness, veering with wild pendulum swings from entirely cogent and most often brilliant, to suffering in delusions, lost time and frightening visions of his own awakening to the bloody hunt. Hannibal’s sadistic side fused inextricably with his aesthetic obsession and he could not seem to get enough of seeing Will, watching him consumed by the flames feasting on him, lucky, lucky fever. To devour Will Graham must be the utmost delectation.

Weeks passed and Hannibal tried to ignore the elation he felt to be with Will in any context possible, which was beyond what he normally allowed. To be clear, he had not encountered

another potential friend or lover who caused this almost chaotic overflow of vulnerable fondness while sending his possessive instincts into profound overdrive.

As the temptation had never existed before, he assumed himself impermeable to love's fickle and perilous promises, but before he knew it, all he could think of was *Will*, Will's soft pink lips with his pretty white teeth biting into them, Will walking nervously around his office touching all his things and sitting at his desk, tossing him sassy attitude alternating with those big blue angel eyes and long lashes fluttering shyly, that smile, that blush. Could all of these be just for Hannibal? Could Will?

After all this time, was his coldly cynical self-insulation, his iron insistence on being entirely independent and therefore secure – were these just the shallow artifices of a man who had been alone for far too long? A man who might otherwise be driven mad by loneliness, the solitude imposed by his heretofore inability to find a worthy partner.

Will was more than a worthy partner. He was a completely different category of human being. He was too good to be true, Hannibal decided as he continued to push his patient, assuring himself that if all went to plan, the psychic driving and fever would bring Will to happiness in life through self-actualization, through the glorious, radiant inferno, from which he would emerge like a glorious fallen angel, from which blazing fire he would Become.

Perhaps it would be easier to play his usual games if he could only stop imagining Will's soft mouth, bruised and sucked and bitten by his own into an oblivion of bliss; if he could perhaps, perhaps stop writing new harpsichord compositions with titles so absurdly embarrassing he could never share them with anyone else ("Will's smile," "Will's eyes," "Will's lips," et cetera…really! How his former self would scoff in disgust at the degrading attachment and juvenile dreaming. And yet, he could not seem to help himself…)

If only he could stop spending quite so much time in uncomfortable but undeniably exciting thrall to Will, who had no idea of the power he wielded over his apparently pristine, unflappable therapist. But he did think of Will far too often, during many sessions with other patients, or his time getting dressed in the morning, brushing his teeth, shaving, performing his daily beauty regime of lotions and cologne and hair gel, driving to his office, closing up for the night feeling so alone, driving home, making his meals, eating his meals, hunting and taking his trophies, drinking his last glass of wine at night in his study by the crackling fire and reading his latest edifying collection of classic poetry, seeing the words on the page, *"I carry your heart*
I carry your heart with me (I carry it in
my heart) I am never without it (anywhere
I go you go, my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing, my darling)"

– once again, seeing the words, and instead of his detached intellectual appreciation for the lovely formation, the way he would admire a painting in a museum – instead of that comforting experience, he felt *Will* in every single line. Will, racing through his veins, spiking his adrenaline, Will burning bright in the darkest confines of his selfishly independent spirit, destroying his ability to fight the unwanted openness and *need*.

On the evening he read that poem in his e.e. cummings collection, he stood abruptly, clapped the book shut and pressed a hand to his forehead to find it clammy, but his skin everywhere else seemed to tingle and flicker with this same unaccountable, inescapable delight in Will Graham's *existence.*

Wait, this wasn't right. Not at all. Wasn't Hannibal supposed to be in control, playing with Will and his gorgeously amazing mind, knowing he would be perfectly happy no matter what the end result turned out to be?

Wasn't Hannibal supposed to be setting *Will* on fire?

So why was *Hannibal* burning?

Why couldn't he summon his normal appetite for his stunning, creative and flawless cookery, the comforts of his elegant home, the joy of knowing himself not only superior to all he encountered, but on an entire other, loftly realm, the monster who walked among them undetected, visible only to himself? Why was his music either devoted to Will or a bore, and why were his sketchbooks overflowing with odes to the profiler in so many pretty variations of light, darkness, pose, clothing choices or indeed lack thereof, always Will's teasing eyes and his shy smile, always Hannibal out of his depths?

The following day after the incident with the cummings poem, he had managed to convince himself it had been a one-off lapse of sanity and self-preservation, the jolt of adoration singing through him as he read. He could extricate the tenderness from his heart like cutting fat from a fine, hearty piece of meat.

Instead, he spent his lunch break wandering his favorite posh street in the city where there was a long line of exceptional men's shops and boutiques, jewelry shops, even…stores for wealthy pet owners…

That day, without stopping to think, he began to buy gifts for Will.

At first, browsing the clothing, he told himself he would merely commission one suit, an acceptable gift between friends, with the gift to himself being to see the boy dressed as he deserved at last, with the obvious fantasy of taking the suit off of Will, dropping each piece slowly, letting Will see the heat in his eyes while they burned up together…

However, he exited the shop having spent several thousand dollars on a new wardrobe for Will. Instead of feeling annoyed at the strange act, he walked back to his Bentley with a fierce joy in his heart and a skip in his step. He was happier than he had been since this infatuation began, and that was because buying things for Will created the illusion for himself that they were a couple, that he had permission to spoil Will, keep him all for himself with his overflowing, suffocating, neverending desire and protectiveness.

It seemed to clash, perhaps just a little, with his grand scheme of forcing Will to face and become his demons.

He had arranged the various shopping bags with meticulous organization in his trunk, his usually smug expression altered by the warmth in his cheeks despite the rather frigid day. He

seemed to be smiling, thinking of *Will's* sad smile and his big, sadder eyes, how much the hardworking profiler deserved to be treated like the prize he was. Will's surprise if he gave him even one of the extravagant gifts, thinking how Will would blush and feel so, so confused and overwhelmed. Eventually, Will might accept while insisting he didn't deserve it or he wouldn't know how to put it on or where to wear it. How Hannibal would teach the boy how to put the suit on…then came another dream of taking it off. He was, by now, a yoyo.

Once the trunk was closed, the indomitable Dr. Lecter stood in his grand black winter coat which made his broad shouldered physique look even more regal and imposing, with all the other shoppers flitting about the streets chatting and drinking coffee and fighting and hugging and kissing. He looked at his car, which he could use to drive back to the office for his next two appointments. It was a boring day, almost a struggle, it was a day without Will.

Still a mystery to himself for the first time in his life, Hannibal made two calls to reschedule the appointments. He didn't need the work for the money, of course, as his Lecter fortune was enormous, quite enough to live on several times over. Usually, the work provided many other benefits – it kept him busy and intellectually stimulated, it let him tamper with the minds of the smarter and more complex patients while enjoying a few snobbish internal digs at the ones who were barely worth helping. Sometimes, he did genuinely enjoy helping a patient to overcome a difficulty. But now...he did not want to go back to the office.

He locked the car with a quick beep on the keys, pocketed them smoothly and walked right back to the row of luxurious shops. The lingerie store occasioned him quite a lot of entrancing consideration, as did the jewelry shop. While in the pet supply store, he found that he had selected so many items, they would have to be delivered. He would, in fact, need to alter the layout and occupation of his own home. He realized somewhere between the suits and darkening the door of a *pet supply store* seeking *crates* and *treats*, which would formerly be unthinkable, he needed Will to move in with him.

Since then, it had been another culminating series of epic confusions and hasty decisions. He could so easily have remained cold, lofty, authoritative and professional when Will cried over the nearly-shattered trinket in his office. He might have ignored Will's obvious, painful and immense "daddy issues," his highly apparent state of baffled, intense lust, if only it weren't for the fact that Will Graham was special, irresistible, and that all of his jagged edges seemed ideally made to fit into his own.

Or, perhaps all of this would also have been simple enough to deny or fail to respond to, if only he did not want Will Graham so very desperately.

Now he had Will in his home, wanting to be his spoiled, good boy, wanting Hannibal to daddy him and drown him in equal parts affectionate companionship and sexy, intense discipline. He had been weak enough to show his entire hand all at once and let Will know how obsessed he was, that he had somehow managed to accumulate an entire life for Will in his home with no reason to expect his desire would be accepted or reciprocated.

(Well. Almost his entire hand. After all, there was the Ripper, stalking Will's dreams of terrified admiration, and there were the two locked doors in the basement with their gruesome contents which made him feel like Bluebeard, for once not exactly savoring the act of concealing his taboo proclivities.)

And Will was *still there.* While Hannibal should be enjoying his own power over the ravishing man at his dinner table, he was too undone. He stirred the meat of the victim he'd so viciously stabbed and remembered how he rammed the knife into the rude man with a feral brutality, trying to find some release for his emotion towards Will. Now he could taste nothing of the joys of his kill in the perfect meal before him. He set the spoon aside and looked thoughtfully at Will instead.

He longed for them to *share* the gradual, deliciously sensuous and eventually, unruly and dangerous blossoming of Will's full and truest self.

And he felt increasingly dissatisfied with the one-sided nature of the project. There was another sensation tugging at his stomach, suggestive…of …guilt. Too strange and upsetting a twinge for him to tolerate without feeling yet more unraveled by the luscious boy, his Will.

Honestly coiled inside him like a snake about to strike rapidly to sink poisonous fangs into his own life, his ideal, curated existence. Part of him wanted to die as the man who didn't need anyone, if there was a chance he could need Will and be needed in return with an equal fervor. All of him did not precisely know what to do.

"What are you thinking about?" Will asked with a smile, his brow crinkling adorably. He dabbed the corners of his mouth his his napkin and lightly pushed his bowl of soup away.

"'I have been meditating on the very great pleasure which a pair of fine eyes in the face of a pretty boy can bestow.'" Hannibal gazed at Will, unable to control the heat in his face or the dreamy way he smiled.

Will laughed sweetly. "That's Jane Austen, right? *Pride and Prejudice.*"

"Jane Austen understood more about the human heart than I can perhaps aspire to comprehend. Yet her words ring true; I feel the beauty in your eyes with a certain…elevation that continually surprises me."

"Thank you," Will said bashfully, tugging one of his soft, perfect curls, then biting his lip. "Nobody ever spoke to me like this before, with this… admiration? As if you don't just want me to solve a case or go to bed with you, you're not even flattering me. I feel like you really mean what you say, and that makes it mean more to me…if that makes any sense."

Another self-conscious little laugh wreaking havoc on Hannibal's senses. The light glimmered on the bracelet every time Will moved; he had rolled his shirts sleeves up to better display and admire the meaningful gift.

"I think perhaps not making sense is the only sense I can make of my emotions or my passions."

Will ventured, "Has it, um, always been like that for you, your emotions and…passions?"

So shy, so very curious. Will put a hand up to fiddle with his glasses and seemed to belatedly realize he wasn't wearing them; Hannibal wanted to cover him in kisses, bites and handprints.

“No.” Hannibal sat back in his seat and took a deep breath, finding that Will seemed to be holding the other end of it, the release of oxygen that once came without thinking. “You did this,” he added decisively. But his warm brown eyes sparkled and he did not say it with resentment.

“I can’t believe that. I mean…I’ve seen all the proof of how much you wanted to be with me, but I can’t seem to get my brain to accept the information.” Will cackled weakly, the self-deprecation coming back.

“Do you need to hide from my words rather than accept your own worth? Rather than accept what you see before you, a man who is heart and soul fixated on possessing you?” Hannibal spoke sternly, perhaps all the better to fend off those troublesome *tears* which only Will seemed able to put into his eyes.

“Did I offend you?” Will cringed. “I’m–”

“No. Don’t apologize to me one more time, Will.” Hannibal stood from his chair and walked smoothly to Will’s. He drew Will’s head to his torso and the boy sighed in relief, snuggling against his stomach. “I don’t *want* your apologies.”

Hannibal’s face was flushed and hot and his fingers dragged more firmly through Will’s curls, ah– they were silk twisting in his grip, and the boy’s stab-swift, small moans at the aggression were music to the ears of a seasoned and very, very particular connoisseur. He didn’t care much about other symphonies in a world which held many thousands’ worth; he only wanted Will’s voice, sweet, manly and rough in equal measures, boyish and wild qualities tangled in the mix until he couldn’t think clearly.

“I want you to believe me, even if you can’t believe in yourself quite yet.”

“If I don’t,” Will mused sheepishly, looking up with those innocent, oh-so-damaged eyes, lovelier for the damage and the fragile, pained hope. His gaze made a thorny vine encircle Hannibal’s heart and begin digging in, and still he wanted more. “If I don’t, I suppose you’re gonna be mad at me.”

“Beautiful, wicked, provoking boy,” Hannibal murmured, tracing Will’s pretty ear, then running his finger across the perfect jawline, “Can’t you see I’m already mad? Simply adjust your definition of the word to the second one down in the standard dictionary.”

“My dictionary’s hardly standard,” Will admitted, his tone remaining that cynically self-despising one which was normally his default, although he laughed softly and kissed Hannibal’s torso slowly, not minding that his warm lips could not penetrate the layers of fabric between them, the vest and shirt. His hands, though…hot and searching, they pawed at Hannibal’s back, they grabbed onto the back of his clothes, they spoke what his words couldn’t reach the nerve to say.

“Nor mine. But I know you understand me.”

“I do. And I can try harder to believe in myself. For you.” Will gave him a wobbly smile, the kind that would melt anyone’s heart.

A pang of sweet arousal throbbed in Hannibal at Will's self-effacing devotion, so heartbreaking in his inability to see himself or understand why someone would be obsessed with having him. And he thrived on being Will's purpose, the calm in his storm, his reason to try. The idea brought him a deeper fulfillment than he could have coherently described.

"You know I must be mad, Will. Remember, I was stripped down to my waistcoat with rolled sleeves when you came to my office tonight."

"Oh, I remember, alright." Will grinned and lightly bit Hannibal's stomach while pressing his fingertips in too hard on the older man's back – paradise, Hannibal's emotional realm swelling, straining to be free to spread across the skies above his memory palace, refusing to be contained by maps or chains.

"I wished you had been wearing less." Will held him tighter out of shyness at the bold words.

"And what would you do with me if I were naked?" Hannibal smoothed his hand through Will's curls as the face beneath and pressed to him grew warmer, slick with sweat.

"I have some ideas." Will ducked his face away, then began grabbing his dinner plate and silverware to bring back to the kitchen. "Sorry, I just – I – Sorry for saying sorry, I just felt so foolishly awkward, I don't know what to say–"

His own voice was a silken snap. He was not to be disobeyed on such occasions. "Sit down until you are given permission to leave the dinner table. And put the plate and cutlery down."

Hannibal was on his knees directly in front of Will within the next heartbeat. He wrapped his hand gently around Will's throat, and at the same time he brushed his mouth against the younger man's, he gave a light squeeze.

Will trembled into the kiss, warm, lush mouth barely having time to turn up to meet the pressure of Hannibal's, but enough time to feel the doctor release a harsh, shaky breath against his mouth.

"And now?" Hannibal asked firmly, teaching him a lesson and learning far too much about his own feelings.

He actually had to walk off into the kitchen, sincerely wanting to issue Will a pointed but sensuously teasing scolding for attempting yet another unnecessary (but entirely delicious) apology.

But he also felt a residual shockwave of lustful longing which threw him so far from his comfort zone that he had to stand at the kitchen counter and grip it with his eyes closed, swallowing hard, still feeling a buzzing all through his body, savoring the lingering warm wetness that Will's brief, naive kiss had left on his mouth.

It only took a few moments to recover (somewhat) and then he glanced into the dining room and saw Will still kneeling on the floor, wondrously feeling his lips with his fingers but otherwise simply staying where he was, apparently accepting the reprimand. Accepting it and awaiting Hannibal's next command.

“Come here, sweetheart,” he beckoned with a hand outstretched for Will to take.

His words were soft as his tone was hard and stern, and it was beyond him to say which he was more of. Did he even want Will to solve the mysteries of his heart?

Terrifying, to open up that completely. Yet he could not stop, could not stop. He could not lean into dominance to hide his affection; his dominant drive only served as a language to show what his words struggled to encompass.

“Help me clean up and then we can go into the library,” he instructed, sounding for all the world as if he spoke lover’s vows. Still, it was not a request. “We have much to discuss between us…before we go further.”

“Okay, Daddy,” Will agreed, returning the reassuring squeeze of Hannibal’s larger hand over his own.

The older man shivered. “When you call me that, Will. Do you know what it does to me?” He caressed the back of Will’s hand with his thumb, then lifted it to his lips for a knightly kiss, eloquent and mannered. “What I have to restrain because of your…distracting inexperience.”

“You could just…restrain *me*,” Will shrugged after Hannibal had let him go. They worked in automatic tandem, cleaning up the remains of Hannibal’s dinner preparation, then carrying in the dishes and rinsing them, loading up the dishwasher.

“I mean, if you wanted to,” the profiler added, “You don’t, uhhh, have to punish us both by holding back. I’m happy to take whatever you want to give me, and what you think I deserve.”

He finished putting a few condiments back in the refrigerator, finding that when he closed it again, the cold having hardened his nipples visibly under his thin henley, his tentative attempt at seduction had hit the mark.

“Will.” Hannibal glanced down at the tented erection in his pants, almost embarrassingly large and quite obscene, simply from naughty words framed in sweet lips and that irresistible, intoxicating voice. “I’m asking you for mercy. It would be untoward of me to take you to bed this soon.”

“So take me right here.” Will kept blushing at his own daring words, but each time he got a reaction from Hannibal, it made him push further, giving him that boost of genuine encouragement he so sorely needed.

To be wanted made wanting start to seem alright and even acceptable, despite the ache. Hannibal understood this sentiment perfectly.

“If I lay one finger on you right now, I won’t be able to control myself. I can’t unleash all of this desire on you before we have even discussed terms, limits and –”

“I don’t want to have limits between us, boundaries to keep us apart.” Will spoke frankly. He toyed absent-mindedly with his half-full wine glass on the counter, then sucked his lower lip

into his mouth, shrugging while he considered. “If you need something from me, I think you should come and take it.”

“I think,” Hannibal sighed, “as we have yet to discuss the details of discipline and establish a plan to suit each of our needs and comfort levels, you should stop talking about this immediately and take the plate of strawberries out of the refrigerator.”

“The– strawberries?” Will gawked at Hannibal’s hard-on. “R-really, are you sure you want me to start prepping dessert, when…I haven’t been a very good boy?”

Hannibal’s palms itched and he grew harder at the boy’s defiance. He took out a plate and a gleaming paring knife and put them firmly down on the counter in front of Will. Then he picked up the younger man’s wine and downed the rest of it in one slightly restorative gulp. He finished his wordless lecture with a searing stare that made Will snap into obedience, *finally.*

Will took the strawberries out and stood there awkwardly clasping the plate of pretty red berries covered in plastic wrap. “Am I slicing them down the middle or just taking off the stems?”

“Just the stems, please.” Hannibal remained terse in the attempted defense of his sanity which seemed more at risk with each passing second. “I’ll make a chocolate sauce.”

Distractedly, he gathered the flour, dark chocolate bars and sugar from his perfectly organized cabinets, fighting the disorder within, questioning how it was that he kept breathing and his heart went on beating when there was no doubt where all the blood in his body was coursing? He could not even *look* at Will, resolved to breathe until he was calm again, relying on the soothing rhythm of cooking to finish the job of sensible conduct.

But he didn’t need to look at Will to see him, to be hyper-aware of his presence so close, and listening to the mild rustling noise of his work in preparing the strawberries, he remained screamingly aroused.

“Ouch! Aw, goddammit,” Will cursed, and when Hannibal turned around, he saw the younger man holding his own hand and staring down at a knife lash across his thumb on a diagonal, cherry red blood dribbling and slicking his pale skin.

“Oh, no, I’m – do you have bandaids? Or just tell me where they are. God,” Will fussed, “I’m so clumsy lately, don’t know what’s wrong–”

However, Hannibal did not – in fact – hurry to fetch the bandages. Will, flustered in his fever and quivering in pain from the small wound at the same time he fretted over ruining the strawberries, had inadvertently thrown him over the edge definitively.

Will was just like that bright fruit, precociously wild and fresh, ripe, as suitable to be plucked and savored as he was to be punished or soothed. He was everything Hannibal needed; the smear of blood across a few of the berries seemed fitting, after all. Guilty of so many crimes, the foremost one on Hannibal’s mind was the one he fell into as Will stared at him, confused as to his silence and apparent non-responsiveness.

“Will,” he said gruffly, closing the distance between them with a hammering heartbeat. He took the boy’s hand in his and laid his tongue hungrily on the cut, licking the blood right before he kissed it messily into Will’s mouth.

“God,” the younger man sighed, grabbing the sides of Hannibal’s vest for unavailable steadying. He had kissed Hannibal back, unresistant to the bloody kinkiness of the savage smearing soon swirled around their tongues, thoroughly shared.

It was only a small cut on Will's hand, which in fact had already stopped bleeding. A much deeper cut sliced into each of their hearts.

They looked into each other’s eyes when they parted to breathe, each of them unable to stop the frantic need igniting between them, visibly even distraught with passion, both chests heaving, big blue eyes gazing at darkening amber ones seeking guidance. Hannibal gave him an owning look and then let his eyes flicker down to the small smudge of blood under Will’s mouth. He traced it, then dipped his finger into Will’s mouth, feeling wild when the boy sucked eagerly, ready for the gesture this time.

He soon replaced his fingers with his hot, demanding lips, open immediately as Will licked into his mouth, shaking arms encircling Hannibal’s neck, holding on for dear life. Both of Hannibal’s hands were on Will’s ass, groping shamelessly while he stroked his tongue against his boy’s. He grabbed the plump, gorgeously round cheeks over Will’s faded blue jeans at first, then kissed ripe, longing lips even harder and quickly undid the fly, slipping his hands with open palms directly onto smooth, supple, bare ass.

“Oh! I– God, that feels–” Will clasped the back of Hannibal’s head when the older man dipped it to kiss him while he squeezed and spanked his ass, just hard enough to show he meant business but nowhere near what he was capable of at his harshest.

Still, the way Will’s curves bounced and the resounding slapping noise of his big hand against that innocent skin made Hannibal growl loudly. “Aaah, ow,” Will fussed, red-faced. Hannibal snatched the front of his shirt and fisted the flimsy fabric.

“Is there a problem?” he demanded under his breath, smoothing his palm over Will’s ass with a tantalizing massage, leaving the question of when he might spank again or what else he might do at any given moment to linger in the air between them.

“It’s just that…it hurts,” Will moaned, wanton, leaning into Hannibal’s grip on his shirt. He put his hand down and stroked the older man’s massive erection slowly, nervously at first. Then Hannibal groaned in pleasure and Will’s touch grew more deliberate, firmly stroking over his suit pants.

“It hurts, Daddy,” Will sighed.

Hannibal’s growl was even louder, more animalistic. “On your knees, boy,” he ordered, watching as Will went along with the request a little too slowly. He shoved Will’s curly head down where it belonged. Will whined, “Hey,” and when he was on his knees staring up at Hannibal with a surprised and pained expression, Hannibal added fiercely under his breath, “Do as you’re told. Isn’t this what you want?”

“Yes,” Will breathed, leaning in and scenting Hannibal’s arousal, then kissing the outline of his erection through his pants. “I like you being rough with me, Daddy. You can be my teacher now.” He looked up into Hannibal’s eyes, this time angelic and devilish at the same time. When he leaned in and licked, Hannibal grunted impatiently, his body tensing at the teasing, not-enough pleasure and the thrill of everything Will was doing to him.

“Unbuckle my belt,” he commanded darkly, snarling when Will did so while looking into his eyes instead of his work. “Don’t be afraid, take it, it’s yours. You can look. Take my pants off.”

Will gulped and tugged the expensive, smooth fabric down, then rose up to stare anxiously at the black silk boxer briefs currently sealed to Hannibal’s aroused body like glue. They made very little secret of the sizable bulge jutting out against the glossy fabric. Will moaned softly and hooked his fingers into the sides of the briefs, carefully, oh so carefully removing them, obviously afraid of hurting the sensitive area he had never confronted on another man before, much less a man bigger and more experienced, much less his growling, impatient daddy.

Hannibal was shaking, and it took every breath of his remaining brain cells not to simply shove into Will’s mouth and fuck into the slick, hot channel for all he was worth. “What do you think?” he said instead, really wanting to know all of a sudden, the unpredictable throb of emotional lust again doing what it wanted with him. “Do you like daddy’s cock?”

“Mmm,” Will sighed, enraptured, fascinated, admiring. He simply stared for a few moments, drinking in the sight of thick, engorged cock dripping with precum, shivering at the very idea this was really his to enjoy, no one else’s, all his. He gulped nervously again, licking his lips.

Hannibal had never been this hard in his life. “Touch me,” he demanded hoarsely.

“Ahhh,” Will gasped, amazed as he wrapped his long, pretty fingers around the shaft and gave an experimental stroke. Hannibal gripped his curls ferociously as he swore profusely in Lithuanian, rocking his hips back and rubbing his cock into Will’s hand. He closed his eyes, sweat trickling down his back and his forehead, his chest. Stars flashing and heart thundering. “You’re beautiful, Daddy, so big and powerful and mine.”

It took a lot of nerve for Will to say those words. He used his lust and devotion to push past the anxiousness about his performance and his desperation to please, and said how he felt.

“My good boy,” Hannibal praised, “Do you want to taste it now?”

“So much,” Will said, eager again now, fear falling away the more he got to know what this experience was actually like.

“I want you to kiss it and rub your face against it first,” Hannibal instructed in a rumbling tone, thinking he might faint when Will did as he was told and proved he was just as good a kisser regardless of where he put his mouth. As he rutted into the boy’s movements, gasping, precum rubbing off onto Will’s blushing cheek, he petted those soft curls with an adoration he couldn’t help.

“Now open your pretty lips. I’m only going to put the tip in at first. Get used to how it feels to have Daddy’s cock in your lovely mouth, sweetheart.”

Will moaned and parted his lips, the continued whimpers of fearful pleasure vibrating onto Hannibal’s hot, hard cock as he began pressing in. “Mmm,” Will hummed, increasing the sensation as he began to swirl his tongue around the head and suck.

“That’s a good boy, Will. You’re beautiful like this. Would you like some more?”

Will nodded, pulling his mouth off and allowing a string of saliva and precum to linger between him and Hannibal, making the older man shiver as he asked, “And can I use my hand?”

“Of course you can, darling.”

The only sounds in the dimly lit kitchen were the clicking of the clock on the wall, the low volume classical music coming from Hannibal’s tablet plugged into speakers in the dining room (*Chopin, Ballad Number Four in F Minor*) and Will moaning around thick cock while Hannibal gasped and thrust in another few inches. Will’s mouth was so good, he never wanted to stop using it, and his own self control was practically nonexistent.

Will used his hand to pump Hannibal’s wet cock and licked the head again before taking more, beginning to rock his pretty head up and back, sucking with abandon. The more Hannibal showed his pleasure, fucking into the tight, hot, velvety heaven of Will’s perfect mouth, the more confident Will became, and even the more ambitious he was, murmuring in continued fascination, “Yeah? Like that?” before increasing the speed and pressure, Hannibal’s cock now more than halfway in.

The older man’s eyes rolled back and he let out a ragged, “*Will,*” shoving his sensitive, rock hard manhood now deeper in time with the boy’s naive but enthusiastic, dedicated sucking, pumping and licking. Will was equally shameless and never lovelier, slurping loudly and panting for “more, show me how you like it, Daddy,” and Hannibal never wanted anything so much. Never wanted any*one* like this.

He grabbed Will’s curls in the front and at the back of his head and fucked steadily deeper, making the boy’s wet, eager hand fall away as his lips tightened instinctively. Now it was more than obvious Will had not only had this act performed on him enough to understand mechanics with impressive learning-as-he-went skill, but that he had learned a great deal from the gay porn he had viewed all night the previous –

Jealousy and overpowering lust made Hannibal rougher. He had to be the only one Will wanted or he’d kill everyone who had ever laid eyes on his boy, *his* gorgeous, panting, sucking, adorable Will. Will, who put both of his hands on Hannibal’s waist and raised his devoted, blazing blue eyes to Hannibal’s desperate gaze.

Will, who wanted nothing more than more.

“I’m going to make you choke on it,” Hannibal grunted, fucking harder as Will moaned loudly around the thick manhood gliding over his tongue. “Breathe through your nose, you’ll

be perfectly safe."

He pressed in all the way for the first time and put his hand under Will's chin, crying out hoarsely as his cock hit the back of the boy's throat and Will let out the prettiest, most whorish choking noise, gagging as his eyes watered.

Will's lower lip pressed to Hannibal's balls as light pubic hair tickled his nose but he held on until Hannibal pulled out. "More," Will gasped, his throat wrecked. Tears of exertion poured down his red face and his lips were swollen.

His knees must be so stiff by now from kneeling, but that was something he should get used to – still, Hannibal was so proud of his good boy that he said so, leaning down to steal a kiss from overused lips that tasted like his own sex.

"Good boy," he praised huskily, losing himself as Will lapped at his mouth with sloppy abandon, moaning for Daddy, gasping in his cock-weakened voice.

"Am I doing it right, Daddy?" Will batted his eyelashes and smiled, and Hannibal kissed him again and again.

"Yes, baby. You're the best I ever had, the only one I want. Nobody ever made me feel this good."

"Really?" Will grinned. "Then let me make you come."

He knelt again, looking up with delighted obedience. Hannibal smiled fondly, pleasure and need rippling through him as he slapped his heavy, throbbing dick against the side of Will's pretty face. "You want this, angel?"

"Yes, Daddy," Will said with a cute, raspy laugh at the slapping. "Please? I know I haven't been good before this, but let me be good to you now. Fuck my mouth and come all over my face. Please?"

Hannibal disintegrated at the dirty talk coming from the shy boy who had come into his life almost afraid to breathe the wrong way in his elegant and commanding presence.

He gripped Will's hair again and pumped himself deep into his beautiful boy's mouth, rocking his hips with deep thrusts, smoothly pressing over Will's tongue over and over, deep throating him one more time until he knew he could not possibly hold out another second.

Pulling out of Will with a desperate gasp, he stroked himself to completion and watched in pleasure-addled amazement as his thick white seed spurted all over Will's red, thoroughly used mouth, big drops of cum splattered on rosy cheeks, a little even landing on the boy's long, dark eyelashes.

Will blinked up at him, perfectly happy, curious and lifting a hand to wipe his eye. He licked his lips and smiled. "Thank you, Daddy."

"Suck it again, now, harder, baby," Hannibal said in a voice so urgent he hardly recognized it as his own.

Will took him back in with a grateful, excited hum, and knowing that the boy's jaw must be hurting and his body must be exhausted only made Hannibal fuck harder, groaning as Will's attentive bobbing and licking made his pleasure go on and on, drowning him in ecstasy such as he had never experienced despite his frequent and often very kinky excursions into the world of sex. *This* was different. Will–

"Will, it's alright, you…" Hannibal moaned as oversensitivity made him quiver in pained pleasure. He stroked Will's cum-splattered face gently and encouraged, "You can stop now, baby. You took care of Daddy just right."

He fed his cum to Will slowly, tenderly, smiling at him. "You are the most divine creature I have ever seen in my life, sweetheart. There you go," slipping the last few drops of sticky release into those precious lips, "Good boy, sweet, pretty baby. Come here."

He helped Will to his feet and kissed his mouth indulgently, massaging Will at the back of his neck and all over his back. "How do you feel?"

"Uhh…" Will laughed, shy again, "Like I can't believe I just did that. And how much I liked it, and…that you thought I did well. It's all so new to me. I don't only mean you being a guy, you know."

"Yes. I know." He kissed Will harder and they began to touch each other faster, the boy unbuttoning his waistcoat, throwing it open and tucking his hands up under Hannibal's shirt, feeling his hairy belly and roving his wet, sticky hands through the silvery curls on strong pecs, rubbing Hannibal's nipples as the older man gasped.

"I know," he repeated with a heady sigh, "I'm going to treat you the way you deserve to be treated, never with neglect or cruelty, always this, all my caring, all the ways I want to spoil you and claim your beautiful body as mine until you're aching and over-sated. Then I'll hold you, my darling, and never, ever let you go."

"Oh," Will moaned as Hannibal reached down and cupped his own throbbing cock, hard under his plaid boxers which were wet with his desire. "God, God, fuck…please, please…" He pouted, still exploring Hannibal's physique with hungry, increasingly nimble hands. Now he was feeling all over the broad muscles in Hannibal's back as he said again, "Daddy, please touch me."

Hannibal growled and scooped Will up in his arms without another word, much less a warning.

Suddenly immersed in a bridal carry, Will cried out in surprise and grabbed for Hannibal's neck. "Aren't I too heavy – don't hurt yourself–"

"I like carrying you, baby," Hannibal reassured him with a contented smile.

Yes, Will, while smaller than himself was a well-built and hearty young man, no easy task to carry, but his commitment to the job combined with his delight at Will's excited and flattered reaction. Hannibal loved the feeling of conveying the boy to his bedroom, then putting him down on the bed where he belonged.

“Undress for me, Will.” Hannibal was utterly comfortable and not self-conscious, stripped nude except for his shirt which hung open revealing his strong upper body covered with soft hair. The lamps on the two bedside tables had both been left on, and he enjoyed the way the gentle light caressed Will’s figure. The profiler sat on the middle of the bed while the older man settled in to watch at the top of it with his back resting against two pillows.

Pleasure and carrying Will had worn him quite ragged, but he intended to enjoy this evening down to the last dregs of joy they might share, and beyond. He was going to worship Will’s body as no one had while wondering how his previous lovers could possibly have been so blind and foolish, to have this perfect, *perfect* creature in their arms and dare to neglect his needs, dare not to make his pleasure the very center of their universe.

“I want to see you.” He smiled his encouragement and affirmation, knowing how much the boy needed them. “I promise, you’re the most stunning boy in the whole world, sweetheart. I want you naked in front of me and then I want to make you come nice and hard. Would you like that?”

“Y-yes,” Will still looked very bashful, but he tugged the green henley over his head and tossed it aside, then took off his jeans and boxers, letting out a soft moan as his cock finally sprang free. He slipped off his plain white socks. He got back onto the bed, too nervous to meet Hannibal’s gaze, not knowing how the Chesapeake Ripper was pulled to pieces by the sight of him.

He knelt, then sat down. “I don’t know, um…how do you want me?”

“Every way,” Hannibal growled.

He crawled to Will and kissed his mouth with heated, rough need, caressing and massaging every inch of his body, feeling the creamy skin and hard muscle, the plush ass that had him out of his mind with desire, every single inch of Will so far past perfection, he only knew one way to fully communicate his feelings on the subject.

“You’re stunning,” he promised, cupping Will’s face. “I love– touching you, darling.” His brow had furrowed as he nearly said something else because Will’s shy, overwhelmed, disbelieving and grateful smile at the praise had set off that squeezing sensation in his heart, that wild and upside down feeling that he was *falling*.

“I want to show you what I think of your delectable body, baby boy. So go onto your hands and knees for daddy. We’ll call this presenting, yes?”

“Um, okay, yes,” Will nodded, obeying as he trembled. “Like this?”

Hannibal was hard again, just from watching Will arrange himself for the taking, blushing and virginal.

He knelt behind Will and began caressing his supple ass slowly. “Nobody ever gave you pleasure here before, did they, darling?”

His thumb barely brushed over Will's pretty, tight pink hole and the boy shuddered in nervous bliss. "No, never."

"Did anyone even offer?" He leaned down and kissed the soft cheeks, licking and nibbling, then groping more firmly.

"Ahh, Jesus Christ, that feels…so *good,* wow…uh– no, no one offered. It was always me giving all the pleasure and coming from that, to be honest, and then they'd leave."

"Oh, baby," Hannibal sighed, "That is the worst crime I have *ever* heard of. You'll need something to hold onto– grab the pillow there, sweetheart. You look so perfect wearing only that bracelet."

Will gripped the pillow, completely unsure of himself but desperate for what Hannibal wanted to show him, give him.

"My beautiful angel," Hannibal murmured, right before he licked Will's hole with tentative, confident gentleness, one experimental lap of wet warmth that made Will cry out and grab the pillow in his hands tighter. "I'm going to make you come from playing with your gorgeous ass and your tight little hole. You're a virgin, brand new for Daddy."

"Yes, it's…like I was saving myself for you without ever knowing it till now." Will moaned as Hannibal lapped at his hole, covering him now in warm, slick attentive licks. "That feels better than I ever would have thought…oh, *God,* oh, fuck…"

This innocent and charming litany of profane delight cascaded from Will's lips as Hannibal grabbed both cheeks and ate him out with fervor he'd never shown anyone in this act. He had wanted to do this to Will from the moment he witnessed the boy's beauty and surly attitude, the shy sadness in his soul and the wickedness he kept smothered in goodness. And Will tasted as amazing as he had expected, more so. He moaned as well, making the boy gradually open, just a little, so very new and untouched, and then he reached for the bottle of lube in the drawer by the bed.

"Oh, God," Will shivered, watching Hannibal pop the bottle open and pour a generous amount onto his hand. "I'm a little scared. And I'm *so* fucking hard. *God.*"

Hannibal smirked and got behind him again, kissing and licking his hole several more times before he put his lubricated pinky finger gently inside, a very slow press, that pressure building on Will's frantic moans until he was all the way in. He kissed the plump, perfect ass and murmured praise, "my good boy, you feel so wonderful."

The most surprising part for him was that he felt so vulnerable and excited, as if he was the one being penetrated. He was overwhelmed by the feeling, even in so small a way, of being inside the boy who had him thoroughly obsessed. Will's body was almost unbelievably tight, but it sucked his finger in like he needed to be fucked. And Hannibal could believe *that,* certainly.

"How does that feel, darling?" Hannibal asked, enjoying the view as Will trembled almost convulsively.

“A-amazing, please – please give me more.” He looked over his shoulder and glimpsed Hannibal smiling and easing in his index finger. It was such an erotic moment, and with the increased fullness inside him, Will whimpered, “Daddy, please” and dropping his head down, holding the pillow tight and pressing his sweaty forehead into it while he pushed his ass up higher, giving Hannibal easier access.

In the process, Will had fucked himself back onto Hannibal’s warm, thick finger, and this made them both moan. “Oh, my darling, that’s a very, very good boy. Are you ready for more?”

“Please, yes. It feels – I can’t even describe –”

“I know, sweetheart. Here you go.” He spat on Will's hole to ease the glide, then thrust in with his index finger and middle finger, starting to scissor and move his hand faster. Meanwhile, he never stopped kissing and gently biting Will’s ass, never stopped murmuring praise.

When he found Will’s prostate, the younger man stiffened all over and cried softly, “*Jesus,* oh, God, what did you just do to me?”

“Daddy found your sweet spot, baby boy. Would you like to feel it again?”

Will answered with a whimpered “Please,” falling apart as Hannibal began to fuck him good and hard.

“Can you spank me too?” Will gasped, “I wonder how it feels while you’re – while your other hand is–”

Hannibal grinned and smacked his ass so hard it left a big pink handprint, and his *other hand* continued thrusting with merciless skill.

“*Fuck*!” Will was in danger of tearing the pillow apart at this point. “Do it again, please!”

Hannibal treated him to an excellent spanking, alternating his lighter blows with harder ones. He fucked Will even harder, hitting the spot so many times without giving the boy a break from the blissful sensations that before he knew it, Will had come all over the bed, whimpering and shivering, crying out for Daddy, his gorgeous body clenching Hannibal’s fingers hard.

Hannibal caressed Will’s ass and thighs in slow, soothing circles and removed his fingers just as slowly. He promised Will to come right back with a warm cloth to clean his darling, and he was true to his word. After washing himself quickly and efficiently, then loosely flinging on his bathrobe, he was back to his boy with an attentive appraisal.

“There now,” he sighed, covering Will's weakened, quivering body with his softest, coziest blanket. After affectionately cleaning Will with a soothing cloth scented with lavender, he applied a coat of medicated lotion to his pink, sore ass.

“Oh, you don’t have to do that, it’s okay,” Will said, his voice adorably half-muffled in the pillow. He lay flat on his stomach, still dazed.

“I most certainly do have to do it.” Hannibal looked at him sternly, but with an indulgent smile. “I’ll always take care of you after we play, if I have been rough, as I will be if you choose to go further. Your body is so very precious to me, and I refuse to treat it with anything but the utmost respect and adoration.”

“You’re killing me over here.” Will allowed Hannibal to pull him up carefully so that he lay cradled in his lover’s lap, having his formerly tugged hair stroked. “You treat me like a kitten.”

“You’re much sweeter and cuter, my darling.” Hannibal opened a small, pink cosmetic pot and put his finger in it. “Perhaps a soft, pampered little puppy.”

“You make me feel like one.” Will wriggled closer, yawning as he squinted at the item in Hannibal’s hand.

“What’s that?”

“A sugar lip scrub. I didn’t exactly go easy on your pretty, soft lips, my dear.” With great concentration, he applied an even layer to Will’s lips while the profiler looked at him as if he’d just produced a jar of mustard, a live giraffe, or something else entirely unexpected and strange.

“The sugar crystals will melt into your lips. Press them together.”

“Hmm, tastes like watermelon.” Will took the container and applied some to Hannibal’s mouth too. “I didn’t exactly go easy on yours, either…Daddy.” A coy smile and a wink.

Hannibal smiled back and submitted to the process with the demeanor of an instructor doting on his teacher’s pet. He tapped the tip of Will’s nose and lifted the blankets to guide Will underneath with him on the perfect mattress where he had slept so many times alone and lying to himself he preferred solitude.

He dressed Will tenderly in some of the new pajamas, choosing a low-cut t-shirt and a pair of sinful shorts. All of it looked even better than in Hannibal's fantasies. He tucked Will in, then tossed on a pair of his own striped lounge pants, totally absent-minded in the choice and staring at the boy between his sheets, looking up at him in dizzy bliss, one pale wrist flung out over the mattress, cuffed and pleased to be so, rumpled curls spilling over his forehead.

"I forgot about *everything* for a few minutes there...work, the case, all the eyes judging me, my fucked up dreams, all of it. I just felt..." Will tried to figure out the unfamiliar sensation. "Happy and...*good*. Taken care of. Like I could rest and you'd make all the problems disappear, protect me and...thank you. I have never been so glad I overshot my confidence and got a dogsitter for the night. I don't think I could walk if I tried right now."

"Just relax, Will. Breathe," Hannibal encouraged huskily. They snuggled up together with happy sighs, Will finding his favorite place on Hannibal’s chest to lay his face while warm,

strong arms surrounded him. They exchanged a few lazy, watermelon flavored kisses and Will asked, “Is this real?”

“I’m fairly certain it is. You may pinch me if you wish, since if it is anyone’s dream, it might very well be mine.”

He roved his hand through fluffy curls and smelled Will’s hair, holding on to his boy even tighter, anxious lest his habitual manipulations and deception had already ruined their chance to build something “real.” How frightening, and he was never frightened, to realize only once the boy was in his arms, he could not possibly bear to lose him.

“I should warn you I’m a restless sleeper,” Will sighed, kissing Hannibal’s chest and snuggling back in with his eyes closed.

The older man reached over and flipped the switch to turn off the lamps. “I know you are, sweetheart. Let me be the one to ease your mind when the nightmares and demons come to call.”

Will accepted this with a low snore affirming he had barely heard his lover’s reply before a heavy slumber tugged him into the depths of his unconscious realm, where ravenstags stalked the thorny forests, thirsty for flesh and blood, especially Will’s.

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Will did have a nightmare. He burst out of Hannibal’s embrace with a panicked shout at 1:30, breathing as if he had just run a marathon, pressing a hand to his pounding heart and driving the other through his sweat-slick hair. “No, no, no, no,” he sobbed, clutching at himself, forgetting where he was and that desperate self-soothing was no longer his only relief.

“Come here, darling,” Hannibal beckoned tenderly.

He held out his arms and Will came into them, disoriented, mumbling on and on about the monster ripping his heart from his chest and eating it before his eyes while Will himself turned to ash before disintegrating onto the forest floor, disregarded even in memory by all but the one who had destroyed him with feral hunger.

“Oh, sweetheart.” Hannibal felt Will’s forehead, satisfying himself the fever had not hit a dangerous level, then helped the boy to slowly drink a glass of water from the side table. “You’re here with me. You’re safe.”

“I *felt* safe, even…even with *him.* The stag, my beast. We were like equals, silently understanding each others’ haunted darkness, eerily connected, eye to eye and smiling. Then he lunged for me, his teeth flashing white and scarlet in the shadows; there was gristle from his last kill still dripping from his mouth. I was just another meal in the end and then I was nothing at all.”

Hannibal rubbed Will’s shoulders and kissed his sweaty face. “A disturbing and entirely understandable vision, given the ordeals of gruesome sights you absorb each day while overtired and underfed. How many times can you be ostracized for the same unique brilliance

that makes you so indispensable, before the monster in your dream begins to fuse to your own identity?"

"Oh, God," Will laughed weakly. He turned onto his side and tugged Hannibal by his larger hand to curl up behind him. "Dr. Lecter is back."

Will was adorable like this, petulantly worn out and blue. Hannibal felt he had been waiting for thousands of years to be the big spoon.

"Do you disagree with my assessment?" Hannibal yawned, nuzzling into Will's neck.

"Well…" Will kicked half the sheets off himself, baring his legs, needing equal doses cold and warm to recover. "You have a conflict of interest now. How do you know you aren't partially motivated by your own desire to keep me close and safe when you make these diagnoses?"

"Partially?" Hannibal asked wryly, kissing Will's ear.

Will chuckled. "You really don't care that I'm all sweaty and gross, ranting like a lunatic and stealing the covers just to kick them off."

"I'm sorry you had a nightmare, my dear. But otherwise, I can hardly think of a time I've been happier."

"I'm falling for you like…the air is whistling past my ears and I'm plummeting without a clue where I'll land." Will hesitated, his hand firmly planted over Hannibal's on his belly. "That doesn't mean I don't see that you're alienating me from my co-workers and friends."

Hannibal allowed a beat or two to pass in contemplating a reply. When nothing brilliant occurred, he settled for, "Is that what I'm doing?"

"You don't want me to have anything in my life that isn't you."

"I don't want you to have anything in your life that isn't *this,*" Hannibal corrected, "Nothing that isn't *us.* What is ours and no one else's, what others outside of this could never understand, much less possess."

"Ours," Will repeated steadily, holding onto Hannibal's forearm with clammy palms and clingy fingers. "Maybe the craziest part of all this is, you're fostering co-dependency and taking control of my life, getting me so attached to you that separation would…rip off a layer of my emotional epidermis that might never ever grow back. And I seem to be thriving on the experience, as if your attention and the feeling of your warm presence pressing into and enveloping my very being is…my oxygen."

"Separation from you, in this moment is unthinkable." Hannibal shook his head, aware he'd never been so honest. He sighed. "I don't want to think about it."

"Me neither. We're totally out of control, aren't we?" Will grinned over his shoulder, looking gloriously unhinged with his nightmare sweat and the wild affection in his desperate eyes, the smile so rare it always seemed a miracle to behold. He smelled *perfect,* his natural body heat

and the acidic fear of his nightmare colliding beautifully with that sweet, fevered intensity of the encephalitis.

Hannibal leaned in and nuzzled their noses together, hoping that soon the galloping rate of his heartbeat would subside to calm normality, hopeful for a few hours of further sleep before morning. They had so much to discuss in the morning.

Yet instead of following Will into a more peaceful slumber, he found himself wide awake, still caressing Will's cheek, playing with his hair, replaying every word and touch they had exchanged. He could not seem to calm his wayward heart.

While once he might have been the monster who would eat Will's heart and watch him crumble, now Hannibal knew that such an act would only break him forever after. All that remained, as possibilities and worries plagued him like ghosts through the restless hours, was to decide what to do about it. He finally had Will right where he wanted him, and he must not lose him now.

Chapter End Notes

next time: Hannibal makes a confession to Will. Also, the couple have a more in-depth discussion of what their Dom/sub relationship will entail, complete with a looooot of kinkiness. 😳🔥

Give you my heart to break

Chapter Notes

> I'm really having fun with this story and hope you will too! Just keep in mind the *Hannibal is Hannibal* tag, my dears 🥰. We're certainly going to see some growth from our dear Ripper, but the journey is still going into twisted, dark, kinky adventures in wonderland..."Bluebeard" with a happy ending vibes ✨

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Gonna dress you up in my love, all over, all over / gonna dress you up in my love / all over your body" -Madonna

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“Jack, it isn’t a formal resignation,” Will clarified, “I need a break. And it isn’t exactly news to you.”

Yet Jack Crawford still looked as if several years of good living had fallen off his face when Will came into his office in the morning and announced his leave of absence from field duty.

The supervisor gave Will an incisive look, which to his top profiler felt condescending. Empathy could be an uncomfortable tool at the best of times, and the best of times couldn’t be described as knowing what someone you like and respect thinks of you, finding out how lowly they regard you.

“I realize I was hard on you yesterday, Will, and I’m sorry. These last few cases and the ongoing hunt for the Ripper have taken a toll on *all of us.*”

Jack’s ironic half-smile was more complicated than the mean-spirited disappointment in his eyes, and Will realized his boss was just as disappointed in himself. For a lot of things.

“I’m obviously well aware that you’re under ungodly pressure, and that all of us – you, me, the forensics team, Alana, we all feel responsible in some way for the times we may have faltered lately. But are you trying to use that fact to subtly *intimidate* me into coming back to work? I’m not sure I’m that malleable anymore, Agent Crawford.”

Will scoffed, popping another couple aspirin when his forehead throbbed. Jack’s eyes followed the whole procedure unfolding in the chair across from his desk, where the brilliant young man was wiping sweat from his brow that seemed excessive for the well-maintained temperature level of the Quantico Academy offices. He caught the shaky awkwardness with which Graham pulled off basic, easy tasks like opening the bottle of pills and getting two of them out. The profiler’s glasses slid down his nose and almost fell to the floor before he noticed and adjusted them, downing the pills with a dry swallow.

“You want some water with that?” Jack asked, concerned despite his agenda being centered on keeping Will in the field.

“I’m fine.” Will frowned, realizing how everyone tended to baby him or make these low level, kneejerk attempts to help him in his messed up confusion lately, and how he knew all of them were merely guilty or felt morally obligated to make some small effort on his behalf. He’d rather be ignored than the target of such hypocrisy.

Nothing seemed real except for what he had with Hannibal, the obsessive heat of the doctor’s lustful protectiveness, his tempting offers to take control of Will’s life and make all these stressful factors go away. The bracelet around Will’s wrist didn’t feel like a manacle, but a halo, a reminder of his newfound personal happiness. It bolstered his nerves and reduced his own guilt, steadied his orbit.

“Or I *will* be fine, with some rest and personal time,” he amended honestly. “It’s been pointed out to me that I’ve waited too long to give that to myself, with some borderline dangerous consequences looming as a result. You don’t need that energy on these cases, they’re too sensitive and dangerous, inherently–”

“That’s all well and good, Will, and of course I want you to take the time you need to feel better. Trouble is, I don’t know how to catch them without you. I’ve been doing this a long time, and before we had you, there isn’t a chance in hell we would have caught the last three, or had this many breaks on the Ripper case.” He looked at a loss. “Tell me what to do, Will.”

Will shrugged, glancing at the watch on his wrist. He had a lunch date and shouldn’t be late. A small smile tugged at his lips.

“I’m not your son, Jack. I can’t tell you what to do about how much you need me here when you ought to let me go. If I was going to let you control me with the obligation to play hero, I’m *pretty* sure we both know I wouldn’t survive it. I know you don’t want me to become collateral damage, *and* I know you believe it would be a necessary sacrifice in exchange for all the lives we’d save. I even know you hope that having Dr. Lecter monitor me will keep me in one piece long enough for you to get everything you need from me, and *then* say I should take a break, maybe drive up to Maine for a fishing trip, be free…until the next time you come to call with a case that’s gonna give me nightmares for weeks.”

He raised his eyebrows, shrugged on his new winter coat, a luxurious black car coat with a shearling collar. The chills were interfering with his head’s ongoing crusade to melt him into a puddle of exhausted goo. The coat felt like an embrace from Hannibal. It kind of was, he reflected, loving how the warm jacket, soft and perfect, hugged his body and smelled of the new cologne he’d put on that morning.

In *their* bedroom, after breakfast in bed. Stealing glances while he got dressed, in the mirror looking at Hannibal carefully and meticulously putting on one of his three piece suits. How fascinating, to see behind the walls, the start of the process that turned Hannibal from a sleepy, adoring boyfriend to a serious professional so intimidating that nobody save Will probably ever saw this side of him. It felt like power, it felt like a turn-on so potent he could barely think of it even now without needing to run to the men’s room and masturbate.

Hannibal, buttoning himself out of the naked, vulnerable, intimate self he shared with Will and into the stunningly handsome, but impenetrably cold demeanor he presented the world.

It was past time he wanted to be back with Hannibal where things made sense, even letting himself fall into their intense role play, a world where the lines between the kinky and the therapeutic, the real and fantasy, kept fading faster and faster, taking his breath away, but leaving him feeling so centered. So safe.

These thoughts cascaded through his fever-addled mind and squeezed his heart with comfort at the same time that Jack sat at his desk, frustratedly taking in Will's farewell speech.

"That's a nice coat, Will." Jack finally came up with the perfect retort. It didn't turn the tables, of course, but it was sort of an "I see you too," reflex off of Will calling him out on his shit.

This was a defense mechanism Jack often used to deflect guilt over his treatment of Will and keep the agent busily engaged on his toughest cases, but it wouldn't work anymore. It fell off Will like a wet bandage, now, that attempt to manipulate him with implications he was the one really out of line who needed to get back in it.

He didn't have time to play guilt-trip ping pong with his boss anymore. "Thanks," he said lightly. "If you ever want to spend time as friends, or you need to talk about what you're going through at home, you know I'm here for you. Otherwise, I'm an outside consultant only. I'll send my work to you via email promptly when each profile is completed."

Will was very interested by his own newfound swagger, which had emerged out of the fever sweat and chills like gold wrested from coal. The profiler realized he was sort of channeling Hannibal's attitude, and it felt good, like trying on Daddy's clothes, which were too big for him but delicious against his skin.

"Is there something else you should be telling me, Will?" Jack had his hands folded on his desk, and his expression had shifted from impressed-but-defeated-and-mad-about-it to suspicious and cynical.

He knew Will couldn't afford -- much less have the eye to pick out -- what he was wearing, the coat, the black cashmere sweater and brand new dark wash jeans that fit him so much better than his old, faded ones that had hung from his frame awkwardly. The sheer, pale blue, scoop-necked t-shirt he wore underneath was a secret, only for Hannibal to know. The bracelet, visible of course with every move Will made, since he couldn't help showing it off proudly, carried less mystery than the attire, which itself wasn't all that subtle.

"Are those Burberry boots?" Jack nodded down at Will's shiny new black zip-up boots. Leather, faux fur-lined. "Prada?"

Will paused on his way out the door, tired but amused by Jack's valiant last attempts to reattach the bindings of obligation through vague accusations. His boss glanced pointedly at the white gold trinket encircling his wrist and protruding from the tailored cuff of his designer coat.

“Karl Lagerfeld,” he said a bit smugly. “You have a good one, Jack.”

They both knew there was only one person in their set who had the means to give him an outfit like this, and it happened to be the one person professionally and ethically required *not* to provide Will with extravagant gifts. But if he and Hannibal had wildly defied the rules of an arrangement Jack intended to so conveniently shield him from the fallout of Will’s possible breakdown, then Will thought there was a certain poetic justice in there somewhere.

Moreover, what Will chose to do with his personal life was none of the man’s damn business – boss, friend or otherwise. Some things couldn’t belong to anyone else, some things he’d never even confide to Beverly or Alana, the only two people in his life he came close to almost sort of trusting with an occasional confession, venting session or advice-seeking attempt.

Some things, Will reflected, striding with a new vigor of sauve attitude out of Jack’s office, down the corridor to the front lobby past all those put-together and Serious Agents and hard-working students who used to make him feel so pathetically messy and insubstantial by comparison, *some things are just…ours.*

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Jack made a phone call the second he heard Will’s boots walk around the corner and knew the profiler was out of earshot. He put a hand on his brow, willing the fates to work with him on a mess he’d helped create that was getting so out of hand, he wanted to scream and go into early retirement. If only there weren’t so many lives on the line depending on him to fix what he’d apparently only made worse.

“Dr. Bloom? I need you to to come in today, I’m having a serious problem with Will, and I think the culprit is your good friend, the impeccable Dr. Lecter. Turns out,” Jack noted, turning slightly in his desk chair to eye the map of Shrike victims, still hanging on his bulletin board as a reminder that he didn’t trust Abigail Hobbs. “Turns out Dr. Lecter isn’t quite the saintly paragon of professionalism he’d like us all to believe him.”

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Hannibal had spent most of the day thus far in trying to convince himself he’d been hasty and foolish in his guilt the night before, in his ongoing low-level panic about Will which seemed to be on the verge of exploding at any moment into pure terror.

He had felt, as he cradled the younger man in his arms all night, as he soothed his bad dreams and then lay awake until it was time to rise and prepare for the day, that if Will should come to harm through his illness and his own tampering thereto, if Will should ever know what he was and turn from him in disgust, his own despair would not be something survivable.

Putting it down to an odd fit of anxiety in the cold light of day, he had attempted to believe his unusually strong affection for the remarkable boy had simply and temporarily tainted his normally excellent self preservation and control. No harm in playing out the fantasy, playing house with Will, playing with Will, certainly. It would all end however it ended, and the game would be pleasing to watch unfold in its manifest unpredictability.

Not quite satisfied in his renewed resolve to essentially remain the version of himself he had occupied for the better part of thirty years, he found his day meddled with by continual memories of Will's beautiful submission, the sound of him saying "*daddy*" in that aching, needing way.

He remembered every detail of Will's body and how it tasted, knew in kaleidoscopic immersion the countless ways he wanted to draw Will's pleasure and pain to breaking points and save him, knew none of it seemed to be connected to a game.

His morning sessions were dull enough that he need only offer the occasional generic phrase of advice while his patients bleated on with their inconsequential "problems."

What did they know about *problems*? Hannibal, who appeared to be losing himself to a sexual and emotional obsession with the very person most likely to catch him out as the Ripper, Hannibal who felt guilt over his lies and manipulation of Will striking through him like a fissure to his composure no matter how many times he added another layer of cement to repair the statue of his person suit:

Hannibal had problems.

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The rest of his inner resolve crumbled into dust when he saw Will walk into Firefly Oasis, the upscale sushi restaurant in Harbor East.

Every head turned in near-perfect unison and a slight hush fell on the quiet hum of lunchtime conversation which had filled the air prior to the young man's arrival.

Will looked so exquisitely handsome in all-black, designer clothes, his eyes adding a spark of color to the mysterious darkness of his apparel. They were bright as azurite, seeming almost unreal.

He did nothing remarkable, simply stood briefly in the door to the dining room, admiring the place for the first time, before following the waiter politely to the table where his lover sat waiting.

And Will was even nervous, his smile of anticipation twitching in a way that made Hannibal's heart snap like a twig, accusing him of countless unforgivable crimes.

He sat back in his chair, buttoned the jacket of his creme colored suit, composed with excellent flair – plaid and paisley complimented each other when used properly, and his pocket square added a final note of dapper appeal. Yet he experienced a twinge of insecurity, hoping he looked well enough to match his jaw-droppingly gorgeous date. All of this, accompanied with a hot wash of pride in having the boy for his very own and showing him off in public, had him reeling.

He stood up, land legs nowhere to be found. And Will was there, warm, real and looking at *him,* only him.

“Will,” Hannibal greeted, with a cordial nod to the waiter, pretending to be fine, “What a pleasure to steal you away for the afternoon.”

He pressed a kiss to the blushing cheek and cupped the pretty face fondly, and Will said, “Hi, Dr. Lecter,” in a notably saucy way despite his overall bashful appearance.

Hannibal pulled out Will’s chair for him, lavishing him in a knowing look. Pure joy momentarily beat out his anxiety. “I’m quite affected by your ability to combine deliberate flirtation with adorable shyness, my dear.” His rumbling voice tickled Will’s ear while the boy sat in his chair and Hannibal lingered behind him, leaning down for a private murmur, massaging his shoulders at the same time.

“I have half a mind to take your clothes off and spank your bare bottom here and now and let everyone see who you belong to, who treats you to the punishment that a beautiful, wicked little thing like you so richly deserves.” With that, Hannibal kissed Will’s earlobe, finding that even that part of him had turned beet red from his speech.

“I have half a mind to let you.” Will smiled, confused and overwhelmed and delighted and a bit sick.

Hannibal sweltered in hapless adoration. “There’s something we need to discuss,” he ventured, having to shove down his former self-protecting instincts when they flared in defense against his new intention. “But first, let’s order. You need your nourishment, precious one.”

His foot nudged Will’s under the table and he watched the profiler’s hands trembling, reaching for his own. “Order me whatever you think I’d like? I don’t know that much about sushi.”

“I’ve missed you to an almost embarrassing extent, considering we spent the entire night together and some of the morning,” Hannibal smiled, squeezing Will’s hotly slick hand and gesturing to the waiter.

He ignored the original plan in his life regarding Will Graham and ordered him a cool, healthy and balanced meal, a large sashimi appetizer, house salad with ginger dressing, and sticky Jasmine rice, accompanied by a fresh grapefruit green tea.

“And for you, sir?” The waiter inquired, slightly confused since Hannibal had stopped speaking after ordering for Will.

“Ah. I’ll have the same as my lovely companion,” he recovered, shocked to find he’d been so concerned with planning and requesting Will’s meal, he had almost forgotten his own need for nourishment.

They drank the refreshingly tart iced tea and held hands like 1950’s teenagers at the malt shop, unreasonably happy together.

“Do you know that every head turned when you walked in the room, my darling?” Hannibal kissed his lover’s knuckles, admiring the locked bracelet around that pretty wrist. “I would

have felt a mighty dose of jealousy, except that I know you are mine."

"Oh, come on, I'm just…" Will laughed it off humbly, but he was glowing at the compliments, the pet names and praise, the promises of sexy discipline to come, and the sparkle of joy, the vulnerable smiles Hannibal kept giving him so liberally, with a generosity the Ripper had never bestowed before.

"It's just some new clothes, and being with you, or even anticipating seeing you makes me feel more relaxed. No big deal. *You* look amazing. I love the color of your suit, it's…um, you're so handsome. I can't believe you're here with me."

It wasn't easy for Will to open up either when it came to compliments and laying open his own intimate attraction, his own obsessive feelings for the older man. Hannibal knew it. When the boy had first come to him, he was locked up tighter inside his self-tormenting insecurity than anyone would now believe, looking at the stunning man in all black with the happy blue eyes and easy smile.

Now he offered Hannibal his version of flattery from the bottom of his sweet and deadly heart, causing the doctor to blush. "Thank you, I admit I hoped you would like it. And as for being here with the most attractive person in the room and *feeling* it, we are even."

He had been wearing a lot of darker colors lately, trying to keep himself looming in the shadows of his murderous mystique and trying to keep Will at a distance, out of his heart. Some part of him had been more honest when opting for this light suit and the high end but friendly and comfortable restaurant.

Will was an equal. He was a partner. To continue treating him as he did the other drab pigs of the world would be offensive to his every code; yet it was his heartstrings' painful tug every time he merely looked at Will that motivated him to meet the boy as frankly as he could – it would take time, but they might find their balance.

"Do you think of us as equals in the relationship?" he asked once their entrees arrived.

Will positioned his chopsticks, brow cutely furrowing in attention to the task. He was trying to show Hannibal he was "cool" and knew how to eat sushi even though he didn't. It was entirely beguiling to watch. Hannibal never could have traded such moments for the boredom of someone from his own lofty world, someone equally experienced. Will had no idea how perfect he truly was in every way.

"I do," the boy smiled sheepishly, letting Hannibal adjust his grip on the chopsticks when he fumbled with them on the first attempt to pick up a piece of yellowtail sashimi. "Even though we're, well, I guess preparing to deep dive into role play as a lifestyle and in that, I'm the… *submissive* one" – looking around slightly embarrassed, "it's what we both want, and we're drawn to do this because it's how we *feel,* what we need from each other."

"Identical opposites," Hannibal suggested.

Will grinned. "Yeah. Feels…just right. Dating up till now made me feel like Goldilocks; everyone the wrong…"

“Size?” Hannibal smirked. Will chuckled.

“*Yes,* I will give you that one, Dr. Lecter. Um, everyone was the wrong size, inclination...lots of clashing expectations and feeling used up.”

“It almost inclines me to offer posthumous thanks to Garret Jacob Hobbs. It was his case which made Jack Crawford call upon you and make sure you had appropriate psychiatric support from the best available doctor.”

Hannibal enjoyed his food, making deft work of the sashimi, but enjoyed Will in a far more satisfying way. The younger man’s presence gave him a feeling he had only ever felt from good food, in fact, safety, warm fulfillment, secure sensations which, once robbed from his early childhood had held a desperate instinct in his adult self. Will was more than nourishing, he was…

The word *love* rang in him like a bell, shaking the high, mighty walls of his entire memory palace down to the foundations. He did not know how it, or he, remained in one piece. Except that Will was safe harbor.

“Ha! Technically, you can thank the Chesapeake Ripper.” Will innocently went on sorting the intriguingly novel sashimi on his plate, trying to decide which to try next, heedless of the gauntlet to confession he’d just ironically flung down.

“That’s right. Your profile on the Ripper was one of the magnets that drew Jack to your talent. I imagine that if the Ripper himself read the file you composed about him, he would feel quite…naked.”

“Well, the only one I want to get naked with is *you,*” Will said with his angelic shy smile, lowering his voice every time he said anything remotely sexual, as if the sex police were going to arrest him for having a mature adult conversation about intimacy with his own partner at lunch.

Hannibal was momentarily struck silent by the comparisons and references with his other self, then Will’s honest and adorable profession about who he wanted to be naked with. The feeling of heated arousal growing inside him intensified as Will did his best to catch a large piece of pink salmon sashimi, still getting the hang of the chopstick holding and the texture of the cuisine being a bit slippery.

Finally, he was victorious, placing the piece of fresh fish carefully in his mouth, whole as was the etiquette. Will slowly chewed and then hummed in delight at the taste.

“Oh my God, that’s one of the best things I’ve ever tasted,” Will enthused, taking a few more sips of his cold tea. “This is all so refreshing and healthy. And the ambiance is great. We should definitely come here again sometime.”

The smile almost died on his face and Hannibal knew why.

“Abandon the old instincts that tell you to expect commitment phobia, Will. I want to come here with you in the evening and dine by candlelight, and in the summer when we can eat

outdoors and enjoy the sunshine and balmy air. I'll only be looking at one view, but it is a very pleasant vantage point on this part of Baltimore."

"Let go of my insecurities and expect you to keep on feeling about me like you do today? Tall order, handsome. And you're bossy." Will was by now playing more deliberate footsie under the table, his shoe off, toes slipping under Hannibal's pant leg to stroke his calf, then dragging back down, caressing his ankle, tiny, potent tingles of bliss left in the wake of every touch.

He could only watch Will enthusiastically finishing his meal like a good boy, listen to Will thanking him and see his lips wrapped around the straw in his drink another few minutes, and then he snapped.

"Come with me," he urged, standing, taking Will's hand, and drawing the obedient boy along with him into the next room, just as soon as the profiler hurriedly put his boot back on.

This was a function room intended for larger parties. Currently unused, it sat clean and cheerful in dim shadow. He locked the doors, thinking it acceptably unlikely that in the time this would take, one of the employees would see fit to enter a room they didn't need during peak lunch hour when the other room was brimming with hungry customers and more lined up on the sidewalk without reservations.

"What're we doing in here?" Will asked, looking around in puzzlement. His eyes fell back on Hannibal as understanding dawned. "*Oh.*"

Hannibal was breathing hard, and his cock was so engorged that Will could actually see the perfect outline of the head through his plaid suit trousers. "Do you know what you do to me?"

He rushed forward like a storm wave and grabbed Will into a vicious embrace, bearing his mouth down on the boy's with no preface of softness, his tongue shoving past Will's lips and his hands immediately groping supple ass cheeks through trousers so new they were still a little stiff.

Hannibal heard himself, wildly groaning into every savage kiss. It didn't sound like him, but it was who he was becoming, no chance of escape. He was starting to forget there had ever been a time when his every breath did not seem dependent on more and more contact with Will, too much and never enough, enveloping his senses, inundating him with greedy passion.

Will clung to him like a life raft and kissed back, wet and hard and sloppy. They tasted of tart and sweet grapefruit with a hint of ginger, at first, until they had gone on so aggressively, grabbing and kissing as though they might die if they stopped for one moment, finally they only tasted of each other, of their precious and irreplaceable sense of *"us."*

Panting, Will kissed his way across Hannibal's face with plenty of tongue, then lapped at the hot skin of his neck, rubbing the huge erection trapped by smooth wool. "You didn't wear underwear today," he gasped, finding no lines or additional fabric in his way, the warm force of Hannibal's cock there right under the elegant pants.

“Did *you*?” Hannibal asked with dark amusement. His voice was gruff.

Will slowly nodded. “I was curious, so…I tried one of the thongs you gave me.”

“Oh, Will." Hannibal trailed his index finger down Will's face from his forehead to the bridge of his cute nose, finding his luscious lips, smiling when the boy's mouth opened for him. Will was always so very much in need of satisfying that oral fixation.

"Someday, when I collar you, I think you should wear a leash as well.” Hannibal pressed his forehead to Will’s, their breaths shaky after a few more rough kisses. “It would be a delightful addition to such moments as this.”

It was Hannibal’s first mention of collaring Will, but in truth he had been thinking about it with tortured longing since the morning in Minnesota, since hazy grey-blue eyes and tiny boxers, a hesitant fascination had drawn him in and never let him go. That morning he had arrived for the visit half-thinking that during their first meeting, he must have exaggerated to himself the young man’s exceptional attractiveness and brilliance, his sweet, naive humility and such neediness in his aura, it seemed to drip off him like honeyed nectar. Yet his memory had never been able to do Will justice.

“God…I think…I might like that, too,” Will said with a sensuous, small whine that made Hannibal growl low in his throat. “Your collar on me, your leash…”

“In the meantime…”

He hooked two fingers into the front of Will’s shirt and directed him to follow him to the window, where the younger man immediately unfastened the older’s trousers and yanked them down, eager, impatient, salivating. Will hit his knees, breath hitching in excitement.

“Naughty little pet. Is this what you want?” he teased Will’s ready lips with the thick head of his cock in several wet circles that left precum on the boy’s face.

Each time Hannibal thought Will could not possibly look more beautiful, the boy effortlessly outdid himself. He was so naturally erotic, it ought to be illegal. It was certainly sinful, at the very least.

“Yes.” A whispered breath, prayer-like. “Yes, Daddy, please. Please fuck my mouth with your cock like you just did with your tongue. Hard, holding nothing back, making me feel it. I wish I could drown in you.”

He was already halfway to subspace, just from this stolen public foreplay, just from the thrill and the heady wild devotion of his role, serving Daddy however he was told. His own needs fused to Daddy’s pleasure, as they should be.

“Look at you, my pretty baby boy, so perfect for Daddy. I can’t wait to get you into my playroom. I want to see how you look, aroused as you are now, teased to breaking over and over on my table, strapped down and helpless.”

The huskily murmured words made Will shiver, a bulge growing in his well-fitting jeans, but he never even tried to touch himself. "Does it feel good?" Will asked with halting breaths, "hurting like that, being helpless?"

Hannibal roved his hand roughly through Will's fluffy curls several times, finally grasping a handful tightly. "Yes, my dear, it will feel so very, very good."

Will sighed and gave the side of Hannibal's cock a soft, kittenish kiss. “Daddy, please.”

Hannibal groaned and sank his weeping cock almost all the way to Will’s throat, undone by the wet warmth and how his gorgeous angel’s lips curved to hold in all his hard girth.

Will was still a novice at this act, but his determination and wildness made it better than Hannibal had ever felt with another lover. The pleasure was so far above what he had thought possible, and he repressed the loud moans which tried to erupt from his own lips only by the greatest application of his remaining self control.

Hannibal half-sat on the window-seat, his pants shoved down just enough to bare his cock, his eyes glazed in ecstasy, mouth open except for when he bit his lip to keep from growling louder, or issued praise and commands to Will. He had one hand on the window-seat, one on the back of Will’s head, buried in soft curls. Will’s head bobbed relentlessly; he kept trying to take more while Hannibal held slightly back, letting the tension and tempo build before he fucked in harder.

“Mmm,” Will hummed as he slurped and worshipped, the vibration adding to the older man’s bliss. Then he murmured, voice distorted because he never stopped sucking, harder, deeper, ecstatic, high, “More, please, Daddy, more–”

Hannibal wrapped both big hands around Will’s head and held him in place as he controlled the movement, dragging the sweet face forward and back, pushing Will all the way down on his cock.

The older man was at least as desperate as his passionate submissive; the doctor was hardly recognizable, his hair falling loose from its slicked back style and fanning his forehead, his tailored, perfect suit hanging around his thighs in messy wrinkles. Every *“Good boy, Will, that’s it”* sounded like *“I love you;”* every gritted out, lustful whisper of praise made Will work harder until his fingers sank into Hannibal’s thighs hard enough to leave bruises and Hannibal’s own fingers went painfully tight in the boy’s silky curls; he had climaxed with a harsh last thrust into pillowy lips, holding Will’s hair in one hand and his chin in the other, treating him like the pretty, shameless little cockslut he was for Daddy.

Delirious, Will smiled proudly and rested his wrecked throat, taking a few deep breaths with his head pressed to Hannibal’s lap, cum coating his puffy lips, his only words when he finally spoke, “did I do good, Daddy, did I make you happy?” A hoarse sound, euphoric and still, *still* needy.

Hannibal gazed at him in lust which had mounted to frantic. He straightened his slack posture and roughly grabbed Will, laying a molten kiss on his lips, tasting his own seed and Will’s fevered sweetness intermingled. His hands busily worked the boy’s nice, brand new belt and

his trousers open, then pushed them down, the buckle making a satisfying clunking noise as it was hastily pushed aside. He could hardly breathe, confronted by a thin slip of silk and lace between Will's plush cheeks which still bore pink slap marks from the night before.

"Angel," he sighed, palming Will's bare ass, playing with the flimsy thong and spanking between every wild kiss, "You don't understand, you don't understand. You're so beautiful. You make Daddy so happy. I'm going to give you a treat."

He cupped Will's face and stared into glossy, worshipful eyes, kissing the boy's forehead when Will sighed, "I just want to be good for you, Daddy. I want to make you feel so good… Thank you, thank you…" still fervently pressing more kisses all over the older man's face.

His heart wanted to explode with every innocent sighed sentiment of devotion, every flutter of long, dark lashes over luminous eyes. Hannibal spun him around and held the firm young body against him, fingers splayed across Will's stomach under his shirt, his free hand lightly clasped on the pretty, long neck and strong throat. Every part of Will formed a different, fond, and highly distracting fetish to Hannibal.

"How did it make you feel, wearing that tiny, slutty little thing under your clothes today for Daddy?"

"Sexy," Will said, leaning into Hannibal's hand which rested on his throat without squeezing. His body remained otherwise trembling but still, relaxed into Hannibal's hold on him. "A way I'm not used to feeling. I like it."

"That's how you'll feel every day and night with me, my darling."

He let go of the boy's throat, enjoying Will's low moan of confused disappointment, rewarding his charming curiosity by pressing Will against his body harder, causing his own cock to rouse again to a valiantly half-hard state, and Will to grind against him, his instinctive sensuality something Hannibal would far rather witness than the most skilled performance of a professional exotic dancer. And he found the Freudian dimension of Will's dazed, overzealous sexual awakening dizzyingly erotic. There was so much of Will's unresolved childhood traumas wrapped up in his behavior. Hannibal wanted nothing more than to be his protector, his possessor, his world. He knew that being the one to help Will work through those old agonies, the one to give him what he'd always craved and never received, would make Will even more dependent on him, and his selfish love skyrocketed at the mere thought.

"Go to the window-seat," Hannibal ordered gruffly, "Present for me. Pull your pretty little panties down."

Will did as he was told, still blushing and fumbling a little, nervous. He climbed into place and slid the thong, white and lacy, down to his thighs and gulped as he looked out the window, noticing he might be noticed. That they might already have been seen, although the likelihood wasn't all that high.

Still, he felt anxious, and it made him harder, moaning softly as Hannibal loomed behind him, free as always to play with Will to his heart's content.

“Worried someone on the street below might glance up and see us? The room is dark but they might just be able to make out our figures and understand what’s going on.” Hannibal smiled and bit Will’s shoulder hard, licking a broad stripe on his lovely pale skin, nuzzling and kissing. “You like thinking about that don’t you? That everyone could know you're all mine, and I’ll do to your beautiful body absolutely anything I feel like doing.”

“Yes!” Will whisper-gasped at the bite as much as the words, moving the one leg which rested on the window-seat so that Hannibal had even better access to his hole.

He wore only his shirt and sweater, plus his silky new socks, his creamy skin standing out against all the smooth, black fabric. “Gorgeous baby boy,” he sighed, both hands on Will’s ass holding him open. He leaned in and kissed Will’s hole indulgently, breathless on the act he’d dreamed about so long. He thought he would never get used to having the privilege of pleasuring him this way, but would only become more intense, more obsessed as time went by.

Will leaned on the window-sill, tears of pleasure rushing down his cheeks in place of the moans he smothered. He trembled convulsively, looking over his shoulder to watch as Hannibal flicked his hair out of his face with a look of concentrated obsession, then groaned in throaty bliss and stared at Will’s wet hole for a moment before spitting on it twice. The older man buried his face in Will's ass, lapping at his hole. He held Will’s cheeks, squeezing them, and spanked him, all the while licking, sucking and kissing with unhinged ardor. Saliva dripped from his chin and he didn't care; he knew how good this had to be for Will, the knowledge of how disheveled he was himself only turned him on more. And he was surprised and delighted when – without him having the chance to add a finger or two – Will came hard, barely managing to bite back his strangled, startled cry, face smudged against the windowpane as his body stiffened, cum dripping on the ledge beneath him. Will shuddered and whispered weakly, sweetly, “Daddy, I never imagined I could feel like this, like I do with you.”

Hannibal tenderly turned him around, looked into his eyes and said, so heartfelt, “Nor I with you, sweet boy.”

He went down on his knees and sucked Will into overstimulated, helpless whimpers, gripping the boy’s lovely, delicate hips. Afterwards, smiling indulgently, he used his own shirt sleeve to wipe Will’s tears gently from his cheeks, tasting the salt of them as his lips followed the same path.

Then, with a mischievous grin of sharp fangs, Hannibal dressed Will again, his thong, his trousers, and another hot, long kiss to end their raunchy tryst. “Let's clean up, and then I had better go out through this door and you the other,” he suggested. “Meet me at the front, naughty minx. I'll have the car brought round.”

“On the way to Wolf Trap to pick up the dogs,” Will said excitedly.

“Yes, sweetheart. I’d like to make just one stop on the way, if you agree.” He summoned his full reserve of bravery and added, "I must tell you of a delicate and perplexing matter which I have kept from you for too long. Although I may wish the secret unsaid the next moment."

Chapter End Notes

*the end of the chapter has a small homage to Mr. Knightley from Jane Austen's Emma: *"a delicate and perplexing matter"* and *"though I may wish it unsaid the next moment."* 🖤

Almost done with the next chapter, which will feature: Hannibal admitting something difficult and Will's reaction, the return of Sassy!Will, Jealous!Will, Hannibal deciding on his next murder victim, and yes, the negotiation of kinks I promised!

This fic is probably going to have more than the six chapters originally planned -- I'll update chapter count when I'm more certain. Thanks for reading! 🥰

What a stupid lamb. What a sick, masochistic lion.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Encephalitis," Will repeated, still blinking and a bit cramped from the MRI. "I guess it tracks."

He sat in his hospital gown, staring at the brainscan which Dr. Sutcliffe had hung on the wall.

"With a proper course of treatment, it's really nothing to worry about, even in this advanced a stage." Dr. Sutcliffe delivered this good news with a smarmy smile.

Hannibal had described him as an excellent neurologist and a former colleague, not a friend – Will was beginning to see why.

On top of the jealousy that burned through the profiler every time Sutcliffe checked Hannibal out like he was a slab of meat at the supermarket, he kept doing the same thing to *Will,* which disgusted him. Sutcliffe also obnoxiously peppered the appointment with fond tales of his former days working at a hospital with Hannibal, who bore the whole annoying business with what Will could tell was increasingly thin patience.

When he'd gotten in the Bentley with Hannibal after the restaurant tryst, the last thing he expected was for his boyfriend to suggest they stop at Johns Hopkins so he could get a brain scan.

"I'm increasingly concerned at your state of health," Hannibal had explained with a strange quirk of something like…guilt or maybe regret?

"If you have what I think you have, we need to find out immediately and make up for lost time. It was my failure to act at once when I recognized your symptoms that has allowed the sickness to grow."

He listed the possible ailments, none of which thankfully included a tumor or the idea that Will was simply getting deranged, finally losing his mind.

"I'll go with you," Will answered firmly, "Anywhere you want to go. I think that will always be true. But why did you wait so long to tell me I should see a neurologist?"

"In my own short-sighted pride, I believed I could treat you myself, secretly, for your benefit." Hannibal's voice was stiff with the difficulty of this confession. Will's eyes widened, but he heard his lover out.

The bluntness surprised him more than the actual confession; he'd always known Hannibal had a dark side, and he'd always felt attracted to that.

As Hannibal drove, Will considered the matter, along with the city covered in melted snow which glided past them as they made a deft path for the hospital. Of course, Hannibal knew

the best way to get to his old job. And Will considered his profile, tense but proud, on the defensive even though he was the one who had done wrong. He felt his frustration getting all mixed up with his affection. Hannibal really never had cared for someone before, had he? It was obvious he cared so much for Will, he didn't know what to do with himself.

"What would your originally conceived course of treatment have entailed, doctor?" His voice was wry, which they both knew it got when he was feeling hurt and threw up cynicism as a shield.

"I was going to use psychic driving and a steadily rising intensity in our sex play in order to push you out of the boundaries set up in your mind by society and a past of being mistreated, so that you have learned to undervalue yourself and your natural instincts. Your instincts, which are indescribably beautiful and deserve to be free." Hannibal made an effortless sharp right turn and drove into the Johns Hopkins parking building, pursing his lips.

The older man continued, "I thought, and I still do, that with the enhanced delirium of your fevered state, the high you'd experience while in subspace would be more profound than could normally be reached. And if I could gradually get you to level 5, a state of nirvana, you might experience visions that would alter your self-perception and make you feel alive with your hidden self, awake to your true desires."

"Why tell me now?" Will chewed his thumb, anger wrestling hard with the love inside him that didn't want to be mad.

"I can't stop thinking about how you've disassociated, driven while in a near-mindless state, lost time, and the day you believed you heard an animal in the wall. What if you should disappear on me like that and put your head in the oven or else go outside and walk into traffic? And how could I go on deceiving you about this illness when I've come to care for you to an extent…"

He heaved a sigh and turned in the driver's seat to face Will in the passenger's. Despite his shoulders being so immensely broad in his winter coat, his leather gloves so dominating in appearance, his smoothly chiseled features pristine as ever, his eyes were full of fear.

"Finish the sentence, or else start a new one and tell me what you feel. How do you care about me?" Will snapped.

"I care about you more than I care about myself," Hannibal said on a shocked rush of breath that cut him to the quick. It was obvious he had realized it was true at the same time he said it aloud. "I care about *us* so much that I don't want it if it comes at the cost of danger to you or to our bond, because I started out the gift of knowing you with a cruel manipulation, mainly out of habit."

"Is there something specific you are trying to tell me here, maybe it rhymes with 'Gaim Lorry?'" Will pulled an exasperated face.

"Oh. I am. I'm truly sorry Will, and I'm never sorry."

“How often do you lie in your everyday life?” His eyes locked on Hannibal’s and he became a human lie detector, scanning for pupil changes and other tells. He saw none, and Hannibal was far too emotional to be in any kind of sociopathic or psychopathic state.

Storms in his eyes, and old ghosts. Something, too, that scared Will, something he wanted to taste. “Often.”

Hannibal got out of the car and opened Will’s door. When the younger man emerged, Hannibal pressed him gently against the car, framing his face between large, shaking hands.

“Even if not today, I hope you can see it in your heart to forgive me with time. I understand if you no longer want to move in…”

“Yeah, that’d make sense, right?” Will let out a humorless laugh. “Lucky for you I’m a raving nutcase.”

He patted Hannibal’s hand with a gentle humor that surprised the doctor, and then began walking towards the hospital entrance, irritated, worried, but no less in love. No less addicted.

“Will?” Hannibal, who had paused in surprise, caught up with a light sprint. “Are you saying you will still go on with what we planned, to live together, for us to play out our desires and –”

“I need you to shut your mouth for about a half hour, okay?” Will rolled his eyes and stalked past Hannibal, examining the hospital map and finding Sutcliffe’s office quickly enough.

“Very well,” Hannibal agreed, a bit red-faced and mollified from his dread of Will breaking up with him.

Will gave him a look and Hannibal nodded, then feigned zipping up his lips. With a nod and another roll of his eyes, Will continued on his way, taking the elevator to the right place and introducing himself to Hannibal’s old colleague, experiencing hate at first sight.

“Hannibal, are you well? You’re not talking,” Sutcliffe had observed, confused as they sat in his office discussing what the MRI would be like.

“He’s not gonna talk for about another…fifteen minutes or so,” Will explained completely deadpan.

“O…….kay.” Sutcliffe looked from the stony face of his former co-worker to the determined one of the new, younger lover whom Dr. Lecter had brought. “In that case…”

It was an hour later, the MRI done, Will diagnosed and advised to follow up with treatment, given a list of physicians who might oversee it and told many of them were not only excellent, but also in house.

“I’m sure you can get a bed as soon as,” Sutcliffe remarked, “Especially since Hannibal is by your side. He has an almost epically heroic reputation around here.”

“You know what,” Will said, his face scrunching up in preparation for losing his temper, “I’ve had just about enough of your little remarks and insinuations. Maybe peel your eyes off of Hannibal – *and* my ass, for that matter, long enough to finish up our consultation properly. *Professionally*?”

Dr. Sutcliffe turned an interesting shade of purple. “I assure you, you’re mistaken –”

“Dr. Lecter is going to oversee my recovery personally,” Will informed the bearded man, whose neck he’d like to wring for even looking at Hannibal once, ever, despite being pretty mad at Hannibal at the moment. Hannibal was still *his.* Will didn’t like anyone eying up what was *his.*

“He takes very good care of me, you see,” Will continued coldly, stepping into Sutcliffe’s personal space with a lethal glare.

“That’s highly unconventional,” Sutcliffe said, gulping and stepping back from Will’s deadly-seeming orbit. “I can’t stop you, of course.”

“No, you can’t.” Will’s jaw twitched.

“Actually,” Hannibal said cheerfully, (clearly still very much aware that he was “in the dog house,” slash “sleeping on the couch tonight” territory, a place he had heard of in the past from other people in relationships while he laughed inwardly at his own superiority, and a place which he now dreaded like the plague), “I need to speak with you privately for just a minute, Dr. Sutcliffe.”

“Hey.” Will frowned, crossing his arms, “What?”

“Very briefly, my dear. Trust me.” He dared a wink. Will sighed and gestured for him to go on, then.

“You’ve got a real firecracker there, Hannibal,” Dr. Sutcliffe said when they had stepped into his office while Will lingered in the waiting room, perusing an issue of *Men’s Health,* turning the pages violently and scowling.

“Yes, don’t I know it.” Hannibal’s serene smile faded slightly. “I don’t want you to tell anyone that Will and I were here today. Don’t keep any records, I will let you know if we need anything more.”

“You’re…hiding his illness? What are the two of you up to? You know, Hannibal, this isn’t like you, this infatuated behavior, attaching yourself to that boy at the hip, making reckless choices.”

“Are you saying you won’t help me?” Hannibal inquired cooly. He made a casual survey of the other doctor’s desk, borderline offended by the bland lack of design scheme, the ugly row of squat, small cacti which hadn’t been watered in far too long. He looked up at his bewildered colleague, subtly threatening “I’m sure you recall the numerous secrets about your own unconventional practices here which I have kept over the years.”

“Obviously. I’ll cover for you, no need to worry about that. I’d do it anyway, out of friendship and respect. But…I’m surprised you’re not taking advantage of this via some psychic driving – it would be easy with him in the same damn bed every night. We always used to say it would be fascinating to observe the slow immolation of a genius intelligence consumed by Anti-NMDA encephalitis – I mean this is the dream scenario. Imagine what we would learn– “

“I’m going to administer high dose steroids and IV immunoglobulin, while keeping Will on bed rest and supervising him carefully to ensure his full recovery.” Hannibal rounded the desk and clasped the back of the chair, meeting Donald’s judgmental sneer with a steely glare. “You’ll provide any materials I may need transported to my home in this endeavor.”

“Sure, why not, since you’re intent on risking your career while wasting an amazing opportunity for exciting research.” Sutcliffe was petulant, both in his transparent jealousy and his unwise low first impression of Will. “He’s a gorgeous little snack, Hannibal, no doubt, but he’s not worth all that. What makes him so different from your other *pigs*, anyway? It can’t just be the baby blues and the perfect ass.”

Hannibal smiled, that smile a portent of horrific things to come for Donald Sutcliffe.

“I do realize our friendship is not only longstanding, but complicated by our mutual willingness to hide the others’ transgressions.” He approached Sutcliffe, his leontine eyes blazing though he remained otherwise pitch-perfect controlled. “That doesn’t give you the right to insult me, much less my lover, and if you speak of him in sexual terms again I will be quite severely out of temper.”

“Jeez, sorry, excuse me for rooting for science over romance. I’m happy for you, Hannibal, really. And if I went overboard expressing my opinions, if I was too crass, I’m sorry.” Sutcliffe put his hands up in a “white flag” gesture.

“Entirely forgiven,” Hannibal smiled as he lied through his teeth with the usual breeziness. He shook the man’s slimy hand and added, “As a gesture of good faith and gratitude for your assistance, Will and I would love to have you for dinner sometime very soon.”

“I never could refuse one of your dinners. Promise to make it one of your infamously dramatic presentations?”

Hannibal’s smile grew along with the glittering darkness in his eyes. “I promise it will be an evening you won’t forget.”

He walked away still infuriated and wishing to tear his ‘friend’ to shreds with his bare hands, but it would not do, obviously, to enact Dr. Sutcliffe’s inevitably macabre end at such a time. There would *come* a time, and until it was time to pay the rudeness back in kind, he would put the man’s disgustingly offensive words out of his mind.

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“Well?” Will demanded sharply when Hannibal emerged looking calm and collected. “What was that all about?”

“Not here,” Hannibal answered, crisp and certain. He led the way to the elevator and they stood waiting. “He said you’re a firecracker.”

Will glowered. “He’s a dickhead.”

“Perhaps so, but a useful dickhead until we obtain all of the supplies needed for my treatment of you. And…my emphatic thanks for your trust in me, Will.” He stared at the closed elevator doors, swallowing past his stress while Will watched his tense profile, smoldering in all manner of emotions himself.

“Oh, I don’t want you to take care of me because I trust you, Hannibal.” He shot his lover an accusing smile. “I just want you to take care of me.”

“Do you think I could earn back your trust with time?”

Will shrugged. “If you’re going to stop lying to me. Do you treat all your patients like passably entertaining, short to long term experiments designed to prove your own brilliance and remind you of your clear superiority?”

“It’s another form of dominance,” Hannibal admitted, “And not the most severe one I’ve ever used. However, if you think you were ever really just an amusement for me, you’re as mistaken as I was to believe I could make it so simply by wishing my deeper feelings for you away.”

Will stepped into the elevator when the doors slid open, closely followed by Hannibal. They remained alone as the elevator descended down to the parking level. Will stood with his coat folded over his shoulder and his glasses on over his tired eyes. With a grimace, he suddenly asked, “Are you in love with me?”

“I should think that would be almost embarrassingly obvious by now.” Hannibal stared at the opposite wall, suddenly feeling a need to focus on a flyer advertising an upcoming charity gala and another reminding everyone to get their flu shots.

“You mind looking at me instead of that Girl Scout cookie advertisement?” Will snapped when Hannibal continued studiously avoiding his eyes and continued to the next random poster on the wall.

Hannibal summoned his nerve and looked directly at Will, who was quietly infuriated. “Some people say ‘I love you,’ Hannibal. It goes a little something like this.”

Will jammed his finger into the emergency stop button and stalled the elevator, trapping Hannibal in the conversation about feelings. This was definitely an effective form of vengeance for his boyfriend’s lies, Will decided with a grim smile at Hannibal’s totally overwhelmed expression.

The lamb cupped the lion's face and looked up into his eyes, his smile fluctuating the longer he looked. “I love you.”

He nodded with his Professor Graham expression of ‘didn’t I show *you*, you poorly behaved trainee who didn’t do the homework.’ It was a sly but damaged smirk that made Hannibal even more confused.

“Will,” he asked as the profiler pressed the down button and released the emergency stop. “Was that a real ‘I love you,’ or a metaphoric one meant to illustrate–”

“It was real, you stupid, idiotic, annoying, unforgivable, ridiculous, abusive, narcissistic, sadistic, selfish, destructive, thoroughly absurd man,” Will fumed, facing him again, adding irritably, “Why do you think I’m still here? You’re everything to me. It is *painstakingly apparent* that I wouldn’t even let someone take this bracelet off my cold, dead wrist.” He held the braceleted arm out in evidence, eyes flashing a reflection of the white gold.

In a sassy but serious voice, Will went on, “If they tried to take this fucking bracelet off, in the morgue, autopsying me while seeking evidence on whatever shady misadventure culminated in my demise, I would come back to life and stop them. Is that fucking *clear* enough for you?”

Hannibal’s cheeks were burning. His fingers clenched on his own suit jacket, the blush extending down his front, shading his neck and the top of his chest above his shirt collar in rose pink.

“If I can’t tell you everything today, or even for a while,” Hannibal began hesitatingly, tears clinging to his lashes from Will’s words.

The insults only proved the boy’s intense adoration, and he practically took them equally as compliments, and as a reminder of how he must work on some of his more difficult behavioral patterns as they moved forward in the relationship.

“Fine. Fine, I *know* you keep your secrets. It may come as a surprise to you, but somewhere around the time you invited me into your lap during a therapy appointment, it’s been relatively obvious to me that you’re far from a slave to ethics.”

Hannibal shrugged. “A fair observation.”

“So, I don’t have a problem with your darkness, the layers of yourself that are both dark and sensitive that you’re still afraid to show me. But don’t ever lie directly again. Do we have an understanding?”

“Yes, indeed. Thank you, Will. I…I am uncomfortably aware that I don’t deserve you.”

Will’s lips twitched into another wince of a smile. “That’s a good place for you to linger for a while.” His anger receded a little as he gave his lover a look of undeniable affection and his tone softened. “But it doesn’t mean you’ll never deserve me.”

The elevator ended its journey and they walked to the Bentley. Will paused, allowing Hannibal to open his door before he got in.

His face still tense, indicating his racing thoughts, Hannibal returned to the driver's seat and started the ignition, ready to back out of the space.

"What if I still want you to do it?" Will asked.

"Do what?" Still looking in the rear view mirror to determine if he was clear to back up.

"Dom me while my brain is on fire. What if you were right and it's something I need?"

"I wasn't right." Hannibal eased the car from the space and started the downhill slope to the ticket machine and exit. "It isn't safe. I can still induce extraordinary intensities of adrenaline and endorphins in you that will lead to euphoria and eventually nirvana. We don't need to endanger you in the process."

"I want to know myself," Will said frustratedly, wringing his hands as Hannibal turned right out of the parking building and drove towards the highway, pointing them at Wolf Trap.

"Then be with me," Hannibal insisted, sternly switching lanes to the center one, joining the flow of traffic. "I can take you there."

"But with the encephalitis, the fever, the way you described how sub space would feel – "

Hannibal's mouth twisted into a frightening scowl. He made a rapid switch to the low speed lane that made the car behind them beep their horn, then turned onto the closest random exit so abruptly that the Bentley's tires squealed.

"What the hell are you doing?" Will blurted.

Hannibal swerved into the first parking lot they passed, which happened to be a Dairy Queen. He undid his seatbelt, then grabbed a handful of Will's sweater and yanked the younger man closer, amber eyes glaring into sapphire ones as terror and rage poured off of the older man's aura, making Will's spine tingle.

"Let's be perfectly clear that I have no intention of risking your life, and if you attempt to risk your own, I will stop you. When you have recovered from your illness, we will begin our scenes and daily roles, and I will *get you there.* For your part, you will *obey me* from now on to the last detail, or I will take you over my knee, *boy.* I will *not* let you wilt another day under this fever. You are *mine* and will behave as such."

"Why would you want to abandon the experiment?" Will got past his dry mouth and thundering heartbeat to ask the question, staring at Hannibal's wrathful expression. "For one thing, telling me the truth risked your career on a downright masochistic level, and I know you're a sadist. You were so intrigued by the fire in my brain; you thought you could do and learn what no one else had. I always held a low enough standard for my own importance, I could begrudgingly respect you, if you honestly offered me a chance to experience that intense nirvana that so few ever get, and if my life might be lost, why wouldn't that be a worthy sacri-"

“*Because I love you,*” Hannibal answered, the words firing like bullets. His powerful knuckles tightened on Will’s shirt. “I love you, Will Graham. I’d far rather die than ever risk losing you while I’m forced to go on without you. I never could. And I won’t. Do you understand?”

“I…yes?” Will attempted, not at all sure he believed what had just happened had happened. Was this a fever dream; was he still in the MRI machine or walking down the road with empty eyes? It seemed that unlikely.

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed and his nostrils flared.

“Yes, *Daddy,*” he managed with a sort of matter-of-fact meekness.

“*Good.* See that you remember it well. Now, adjust your seatbelt and rest there while I drive to your soon-to-be-former home. We’ll have the dogs home with us in Baltimore by dinner time.”

Will was still frustrated, and he knew it was going to take a while to fully get over having been lied to about his sickness, much less objectified as just another intriguing specimen under the brilliant Dr. Lecter’s microscope lenses.

But he smiled to himself anyway, looking out the window, just a very small smile of satisfaction at Hannibal’s confession, then this outburst of love. He’d broken the lens. In his own way, he’d already broken *Hannibal.*

Hannibal was Will’s now, entirely, as if – merely by existing and being himself – a self who offered the man unflinching, unconditional love, as few would, having seen his true face, even a hint of it -- Will had captured the most dangerous, unruly beast and held the reins in his hands only to wrap them around himself, too, binding them together.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter title, of course from Twilight. which Hannibal probably has an a personally annotated version of in his bedside table drawer but i digress

Next: Alana weighs in on the recent changes Will has made in his life and we see what cohabitating Hannigram are like. Hannibal works hard to prove Will can trust in his love and care. Later, Will decides just *exactly how kinky* his new life as a sub to Daddy Hannibal is going to be, and rules -- scheduling -- and plans are set for his schooling.

(the story keeps getting longer every time I try to get to the next planned point, but now I have actually written into the ridiculously kinky next arc, so we'll get there sure enough😈)

Nobody's gonna love me like you

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"No oxygen, could barely breathe / My darkest sin, erased, released / And it's all because of you, all because of you / I don't know what it is, but you've pulled me in / No one compares, could ever begin / To love me like you do / I wouldn't want them to" - Selena Gomez

***

After two weeks, Will had recovered quite as nicely as the dogs had settled into their luxurious new home and all of its inhabitants had fallen into a certain routine together. The bed rest was only necessary for the first week while the IV drugs were administered by Hannibal's meticulous hands, and then Will could exert himself, if gently, and still under his lover's strict supervision.

They would wake each morning with snuggles and words of love, then Hannibal would make breakfast while Will watched and they spoke of their plans for the day. Left on his own with limitations on his activities, Will took plenty of refreshing, if shorter than usual, walks with the dogs, discovering the beauties of the posh neighborhood, full of gorgeous big houses with architectural wonders and lovely yards speckled in snow.

He explored his new home, especially the library, where Hannibal's collection of fascinating, gorgeously curated tomes kept him occupied for hours at a time, some days. Sometimes, he'd sit behind Hannibal's desk and touch all of his little, snobby knick knacks and obsessively organized sketchbooks, pencils, scalpels, smudging erasers and such. He liked to listen to his lover's pretentious opera records, drink his allowed and frequent eight ounces of water with fresh lemon and the nutritious snacks Hannibal had left for him in the fridge, outlawing all other food and drink. He'd put his feet up and peruse a deep, classic work of literature, learning for the first time, possibly in his whole life, what it felt like to just…be. Just relax. His muscles were shocked by the feeling of his legs stretching out for such a long period of time, his mind reeling almost in rebellion at his contented mood.

It was an established psychological fact that a life of suffering made people shrink back from happiness as Plato's cave-dwellers fled the vivid reality once they exited their prison to confront the many wonders of the real world. Because he had been sad for so many years, it did hurt to let the joy come in and stay. The feeling was so unfamiliar as to be quite terrifying. He didn't even know what happy people did -- strike that, he'd never even been *calm* before, never mind happy. It took effort to try and like himself, take care of himself as Hannibal had commanded. Without the implicit order, Will doubted he would be able to manage the task so competently.

Will loved to look through Hannibal's clothes, smelling them, touching with reverence his gold watches and extravagant collection of cuff links, his ties, oh, the ties. He could not *wait* to confirm the swelling in his brain had gone completely down at his next MRI with the

nefarious but necessary Sutcliffe, after which he could freely indulge the life which he and Hannibal so joyously awaited.

The two locked doors in the basement remained a mystery. He would often pass them daily, when he went to the dogs' recreation and sleeping area, and his curiosity only grew stronger with time. Several days found him poised with a screwdriver and small, blunt knife from Hannibal's cheeseboard sets (well. One of them) and preparing to pick the lock to see what lay therein.

But he would always sigh and stop before he started.

He had promised Hannibal to wait. When Hannibal did decide to fully open his heart and his world to Will, it should be on his own terms and with the expectation of Will's ready acceptance. It would take time for Will to show his lover he could be entrusted with the darkest of secret proclivities, and it would just as surely take time for Hannibal to show Will he could be trusted not to manipulate him with outright lies.

One day, a knock on the front door sent him striding at his slow, obediently careful rate to open it. He was yawning after a nap, dressed in lusciously cozy pj's and running a hand through his rumpled curls while using the other to twist the doorknob, when doing so revealed Alana Bloom to his view.

"Hi," he said in surprise, finding her unannounced visit somewhat weird. "How are you, Alana?"

Alana looked him up and down, as if she had expected him to seem or appear different. He couldn't read her expression, except that she was confused and suspicious. "Hi, Will. I'm fine, thanks, um. It's awkward, but I got a call from Jack a couple of weeks ago…you may have gotten the multiple voicemails I left you to touch base on what he told me?"

"Hmm? No, I haven't been checking my phone," Will replied casually. "I'm on vacation. And I've had a cold. Want to come in for a coffee or some tea?"

"Some coffee would be great," she answered, coming inside with an increasingly perplexed look about her otherwise pretty and as-always fashionably attired person.

"You've been here before?" Will asked, noticing that when the dogs came trotting upstairs to greet the guest, she not only leaned down to pet them affectionately, but also seemed to register in her face a weird contrast between this place and the dogs, even Will, being in it.

"Yes, lots of times." She followed him into the hallowed kitchen, her black high heels clacking on the floor, and pulled up a seat at the center island counter. "I used to come and cook with Hannibal, or drop by for a beer if I had an especially baffling case at work. Those invitations, including the open door policy to our friendship, dried up right about the time you dropped off the map and Jack Crawford called to tell me you were walking around dressed like…How did he put it again?"

She rapped her short, shiny red nails on the counter, slightly annoying Will. "Oh, yeah. Like a brooding male supermodel making the FBI corridors your personal runway, suddenly

spouting life-changing announcements that don't seem based on your own decisions, and –"

"And in general, making his life difficult, huh?" Will slid a coffee mug to Alana with all the politeness he had on hand for someone that attractive who used to just *drop by here for a drink with Hannibal* and *cook with him*. "What a shame. We all know the only thing that matters is what Jack finds convenient."

"That isn't true, I mean. Jack is Jack, but he – we all do care about you, Will. I stopped by the forensics lab and Beverly Katz said you haven't spoken with her, Zeller or Price in the same amount of time. You actually just– disappeared. Forgive the rest of us for being confused as we try to play catch-up."

Will nodded slowly. He did want to chat with Beverly about his love life and see how she was doing at some point, but had procrastinated out of the expectation she might try to dissuade him from all the major changes he'd been making and of course, dating his former therapist. That kind of thing.

"I figured I'd get around to talking with you all again," he shrugged, blowing on a cup of chamomile tea (he wasn't allowed caffeine until full recovery). He opened a tin of homemade tea biscuits which were light and airy with tiny, sweet bits of toffee in them. "Here, these taste amazing with coffee."

Alana had carefully watched the expert way he worked Hannibal's complicated coffee making equipment and navigated the kitchen as if he knew it inside and out. Will smirked into his mug, thinking there was no way she'd ever had this kind of access to Hannibal's world.

Granted, he'd still like to smack her over the head with the still very hot teapot on the stove, but that was just a darting jealous and possessive tangent of a thought. Obviously.

She was no threat, either to his relationship or anything else in his life. If she wanted to come over here and investigate to make sure he wasn't tied to a bed getting tortured, he supposed it was a good thing she'd chosen this week to come and not next, since by then he really *hoped* he would be tied up and tortured, ideally in the "playroom" Hannibal had alluded to (probably one of the two locked doors. But what was in the other?).

"Hmm," Alana said, gesturing with a cookie. "These are great." She finished it, took another few sips of coffee.

Then, "Will, Jack and I are a little concerned about you. Worried, in fact."

"What exactly is so worrisome, Alana?" Will smiled charmingly, leaning against the counter across from her.

He could feel the effortless charisma exuding from his posture and cocky expression. He loved the new version of himself he was becoming, who Hannibal helped him find. It felt amazing.

“Hannibal barely returns my calls and texts, and even then all he has to say are generic, small talky, vague remarks, which isn’t like him.”

Maybe I’m more an expert on what Dr. Lecter is like than you are, Dr. Bloom. And…maybe he’s just not all that interested in talking to you.

“I keep him pretty busy,” Will answered blithely. She turned red and he smothered a laugh.

“Oh,” she cleared her throat, letting the next cookie dissolve in the coffee by accident, confusedly glancing from Will’s handsome, arrogant demeanor to the cookie floating in the drink.

“Let me just get you another coffee,” he suggested pleasantly.

Will felt her watching him as he prepared the fresh brew of bitterly perfect coffee, knowing exactly how he looked in his dark purple, slightly clingy, soft lounge set. The long-sleeved shirt draped over his fit torso and arms with teasing adhesion, just short of transparent. And the pants weren't see through or anything, but they slid over his bare skin like water, skimming his pert ass and ending at his ankles, which were bare, his feet encased in tan suede slippers with a soft white shearling lining. Essentially, walking on clouds.

He removed her mug…situation and replaced it with a new glass mug full of steaming coffee, then he enjoyed more of his tea while taking back his place at the counter, raising his eyebrows inquisitively, china teacup held just under his lips.

“What?”

“This just isn’t like you either, Will!” She threw her hands up, as if she was giving a hysterical person a slap in the face.

Alana wasn’t shouting; the exclamation had come at a room temperature sort of volume, though her pale blue eyes were huge with the concern she had mentioned.

Uh huh.

“How do you figure that?” he asked, blase, vaguely curious, definitely amused.

“You take an abrupt leave of absence from a job you used to eat, sleep and breathe,” she began ticking his “behavioral aberrations” off on her fingers. “You start dating *your therapist*--”

“He was never officially my therapist.” Another smirk.

“And you move in with him, less than a month after you start dating…”

“Oh, we were living together a few *days* after we started dating. Really, Alana, don’t you think life is too short to fuck around with the usual mind games and foot-dragging once you’ve found *the one*?”

“It’s not normal, stable behavior, and you know it, Will. I don’t even recognize you right now.”

“Is that such a bad thing?” He gave her his softest, most condescending smile. One rebellious curl had tumbled across his forehead; he wore expensive vanilla bean lip balm and high end woodsy cologne, and his whole way of *holding* himself had changed. While it was a learned new behavior, taking up his space proudly, the stance suited him exquisitely.

He smelled of his Daddy’s preferred perfume for him, Sweet Addict, which had notes of bergamot, pink pepper, orange blossom and marshmallow. Short of being with his lover, nothing felt better than lavishing himself from head to toe with everything pleasing to Daddy. It was more than a way of getting ready for that evening when they would *finally* be together again; it was a way to keep that love all over him constantly.

“You’re Will Graham. And you’re standing here in your former psychiatrist’s kitchen, having moved in because that somehow seems appropriate to you–”

“Well, I never said it was *appropriate.* Of course it wasn’t. That was part of the fun,” Will laughed amiably.

“You’re in your pajamas at 2:30 in the afternoon,” she pointed out in a wan attempt at further reasoning.

“Why shouldn’t I be in my pajamas? I’m relaxing. I’m on vacation. I’m *cozy.* Listen, Alana, you seem really hung up on the fact that I have changed. You’ve always known me as a sad, insecure man, riddled with anxiety and desperate for approval, working myself to the point of sickness and severe mental illness. Right?”

“You had, and have, a lot of really wonderful qualities,” she corrected him. “Don’t sell yourself short–”

“Oh, I’m not.” He rolled his eyes, leaning his elbows on the island counter across from her and making unafraid eye contact. “Here’s how I see it, Alana. That *was* me. I was so lonely, and so afraid to breathe the wrong way around anyone. People like you were attracted to me but only to toy with, then reject because I was just *too unstable* to be worth your real emotional involvement.”

“*Will!* You know that isn’t how it was at all.” She looked genuinely sad to realize this had been his takeaway from their meager non-relationship.

“That’s exactly how it was, Alana. And now, instead of living that life of deprivation, self-hatred and confusion, I wake up every morning in this stunning house, every luxury at my fingertips and anything else I could want a mere ‘please’ and eyelash batting away from being mine. A handsome, brilliant, kind man takes care of me and adores me constantly, and never lets me doubt my worth for a second. I eat five star meals every day whether at home or out, and we’re going to take trips together all over the world, staying in the best hotels and seeing wonders. I have my dogs and all my hobbies are available to me. I don’t have to work ever again in my life unless I happen to *feel* like it. So can you tell me what is so worrisome about me now, and why you wish I’d go back to being the guy who was just about worthy of

being your occasional, absent-minded charity case? Boohoo." He mimed wiping away a crocodile tear and did a fake pout. "It sucks to be you, with one less loser to fix."

This speech had the effect of completely shutting Alana up. She sat stock still for a few moments with blanched skin, staring at him with the most bewildered, astonished, offended look.

"You should see your face," he said lightly, very pleased. "We might have a pool put in for the summer."

"Will, look. I don't know why you think I came here to judge you or investigate your…new life…" She pressed her lips together. "You know what, that was really cold and unnecessarily condescending. And there's clearly no getting through to you. As your friend, I wanted to make sure you were okay."

"Don't make me laugh. Jack wants me to come back in, and he sent you as his proxy under the saccharine premise of a friendship between you and I that simply never existed in any real way."

The challenging statement was followed by another princely smile.

"Jack wants you back in the field." She stood and slung her pocketbook over her shoulder, indignant. "I wanted to make sure you were okay, genuinely. If you change your mind about unhealthy power dynamics and ever want to talk about how you were possibly coerced into–"

"I think you should leave, Alana," he said, as if giving the kindest, most saintly advice. "If you go on much longer in that vein, you won't be invited to any of the pool parties."

With a saintly and wounded huff, Alana proceeded to show herself out.

Will lingered in the kitchen for a few moments to simmer in smug delight. The only thing that would make him happier would be for 6pm and Daddy's arrival back home to come much, much sooner.

***

That evening was Will's follow-up appointment with Dr. Sutcliffe, and the MRI results showed that his recovery was not only complete, but impressive.

On the car ride home, Will squeezed Hannibal's hand while his lover smiled, lifting Will's knuckles to his lips for a kiss while paused at a red light. Will's thumb roved over the back of Hannibal's hand, heartbeat thumping so fast that anyone hearing it would think he had to still be feverish.

"Can we…I mean, I'm all better now," he said, barely able to keep the exuberance from making him hyper. "Um…can we get back to the special things we've planned, now, Daddy?"

"Oh, we most certainly can and will, my darling." He petted through Will's curls and turned on the satellite radio station, choosing a light classical station with music that seemed to trip

along on the oxygen like bubbles of light.

“I confess I have thought of little else all day,” Hannibal admitted. He gave Will a pointed look and a small, bossy, very sexy smile. “I see no reason why you can’t get started pleasing Daddy right away. After all, you’ve been such a patient and well-behaved boy throughout your recovery.”

“Except for the time I suggested we play doctor,” Will said with a soft laugh. As the streetlights flew by them in the window and Hannibal sat steady and assured, steering confidently, his wide blue eyes flew down to those smooth suit pants.

Today, Hannibal was wearing a plaid one with all sorts of blue shades in it, a brilliant blue shirt and a paisley tie with lavender and plum hues. Will always admired Daddy’s suits in such detail, memorizing the different combinations of pattern and color, how stylish, manly and powerful his lover looked…he loved the way the soft wool fabric felt against his face, and this time was no exception…

As he dipped his head obediently and began to nose along the bulge in Hannibal’s pants. He was so excited, he could barely contain himself, and there was the zipper coming down and Hannibal’s hand placed possessively on the back of his head. This was so, *so* perfect and so much everything Will needed, what he had missed and waited for. He had been a good boy.

“Good boys receive special treats, sometimes even as a surprise,” Hannibal murmured, humming with approval and continuing his deft, unaffected driving which took them off the highway and into their own neighborhood.

It was a sophisticated area, where something like fellatio in the car, in public, while driving, would be even more scandalous than in less upscale places.

Will loved the idea of being seen or caught, but not if it meant he had to stop. He stayed low and out of sight from the windows, slowly releasing Hannibal’s cock from the elegant trousers, savoring the way the older man let out the smallest gasp of pleasure when Will kissed it.

He remembered it all now, so many wonderful sensations he hadn’t enjoyed in weeks! Daddy’s cock was so warm and big, and it felt just right in Will’s eager hand when he licked his palm and then stroked. Some precum dripped from Hannibal’s rapidly growing hard-on and Will moaned, licking it and mixing it with his saliva, getting his Daddy good and wet because that would make it so much better – messier and dirtier and hotter.

He started to bob his head up and down, slurping noisily. He liked being totally shameless, like a whore, like a body whose only purpose was to serve this beautiful, perfect man he adored.

It wasn’t because their love was free from conflict, or that they didn’t have troubles just like any couple. The way Hannibal initially intended to use and trick him hurt to find out about, but then, he had witnessed for himself during the time they’d lived together – Hannibal had changed where he was concerned.

He was the most attentive, adoring caretaker, giving Will bubble baths and washing his hair with slow, languorous attention, using fragrant oils to massage the younger man's back and shoulders and neck, then smoothing it down over his calves and massaging his feet. Several times Will had fallen asleep during the massages; it was the feeling of total contentment that came when he knew he was so very loved and special in Daddy's eyes. Daddy's hands always gave him exactly what he needed; they pressed in and smoothed out, taking away all the old aches, pains and stiffness, making him pliant, dazed in gratitude and wonder. How could Will be so lucky?

Will loved their love because in spite of all the reasons they shouldn't work, they were so passionately, obsessively changed and dependent on and by each other that nothing else would do but to throw the rest of their whole lives away and lose themselves in an irrational, mind-blowing affair that would rage on like a house fire for years and years and Will hoped forever, but the desperation of their first kisses would always be there, like it was now.

Debussey's *Reverie* spilt delicately from the radio speakers and Will kept his lips tight around the hot, hard cock deep in his mouth. Hannibal finally lost his wits and pulled over in someone else's driveway, as Will later learned, and Daddy didn't care who saw, who knew what Will did to please him any time, any place. Hannibal's thick cock rammed up into Will's warm and welcoming mouth, wildly sucked and licked at, Will's hand joining in with a few firm pumps just how Daddy liked.

Parked crookedly in a stranger's brick driveway, far too close to the looming, contemporary house with its large windows and stone walls, only the dark and chance or luck to spare them being caught in such an obscene moment, they both dissolved into a near-panic extent of lust.

Will moaned around the girth in his sweet little mouth as Hannibal grasped his hair, pulled it hard, then fucked up into him with all his might, and Daddy smelled of vanilla musk and spice, of raunchy arousal; he tasted hot and hard and salty, so good, so good, and then Will tasted the thick, creamy seed that Daddy pumped into his mouth, raggedly gasping and accidentally hitting the steering wheel when his free hand went to slam down on the nearest surface to stave off the unbearable pleasure coursing through him – because Will hadn't stopped sucking. Moaning even louder, he lost himself into the thought of how much *more* he could make the older man feel so good, how he could show and prove his love and what a nice, special boy he really was.

He relished proudly the results of his extra work, which hurt his jaw and made his eyes water while his throat begged for mercy, but oh, God – Hannibal shuddered and squeezed his eyes shut, rammed Will's head up and down over and over, moaning hoarsely at the tremors of oversensitive ecstasy tormenting and lighting him up in bliss.

A light flicked on in the house, and Hannibal pulled his attention back to the external world in a blearily efficient sort of way, immediately backing out as if they had merely come into the driveway to check for directions on GPS or adjust the directional settings, or turn around and go the other way.

But they. *Hadn't.*

Will took his mouth off Hannibal with a pout, licking his lips and nestling down into the beloved lap. Daddy was a real man, after all, and deserved to be pleasured as such. Hannibal massaged the back of his neck and told him he was precious, the best boy in the whole world, the most beautiful and treasured. From now on he would be very spoiled. He would have to follow some strict rules of conduct, but he would understand it was all for his own good, and that Daddy would make the decisions, Daddy would control Will so that Will didn't give in again to the ways he could get so chaotic and out of hand, so insecure, wild and confused, forgetful and even self-destructive. Will needed all the structure that a powerful guiding hand could provide, and all the love he tasted in Daddy's kiss when Hannibal parked in their own driveway, then lifted him tenderly by the shoulders, planting a soft and adoring kiss on his upturned lips, still sticky with cum.

"Love the sound of your voice," Will murmured hazily. He did, he loved it so much; he couldn't live without it. He wanted to hear Hannibal say his name and praise him all the time.

Hannibal had redone his pants and exited the Bentley, opening Will's door. He carefully slid his boy from the car and up into his embrace, carrying him into the house and speaking huskily all the while, "There now, wasn't that a nice treat after all your waiting? And just think, we have so many, many ways to love one another, for Daddy to explore every sensitive place on your perfect body and make you come until you beg me to stop. Then make you come again. I know what you deserve and need, baby."

Will whimpered and nuzzled into Hannibal. The older man walked straight into the study while the dogs trotted upstairs with fond greetings. He sat with Will in his lap upon the armchair in the evening shadows, and he said softly into the mop of curls that smelled like heaven, "Sweetheart, I know you're eager for more. But I'm going to make you a yummy dinner first, and we'll talk about everything we both want to explore in our new life."

"Okay, then," Will said, emerging from his tired state after the intense blow job, fingers clutched to Hannibal's shirt, eyes big and needy. He played with his Daddy's tie, thinking how dignified and fancy his lover was. How seductively debonair, all the smooth layers and the severe but desperate emotion and lust beneath. "I'd wait forever. But…can we do the whole schedule tonight? And talk about our scenes? I've been…so curious." He bit his lip. "I haven't looked up anything online even though I wanted to."

"Darling. You pretty, impish thing. I will show you everything you need to see, hear, watch and learn. Beginning with some ground rules for how your life will be maintained from now on."

"Anything you want," Will promised, tears filling his eyes at the amount of time and care Hannibal put into their love and making sure Will was always doing as he should. Teaching Will how to please him was the best lesson of all, and Will could hardly wait to continue his studies in that department.

So this was what it felt like to have his affections, messy and inelegant as they often were, innocent and dark and pleading, *reciprocated*. This was the feeling Will had waited for all his life while telling his foolish heart to stop wasting both their time on aimless, impossible wishes. But Hannibal was so very real, solid and firm beneath him, his husky voice so sure and calming.

"Anything, anything, *everything* you want, Daddy," he repeated, dizzy again. He couldn't help pressing a few frantic little kisses to Hannibal's noble jawline, savoring the slight prickle of a five o'clock shadow on his still cherry-reddened lips, the sophisticated, seductive scent of aftershave tickling his nose and making him feel safe. The sickness was gone, but Will was held in a much more delirious thrall that required no drug, no manipulation, nothing more than what was theirs to share.

“And, everything we both need,” Hannibal grinned, a sunny smile so rare in its openness, and hugged Will close to his heart.

Chapter End Notes

Next: heartfelt conversation, ground rules tested, and so much sex, just. All the sex.

Thanks for reading and hope you enjoyed! Back soon. 💕

(the complaint box is closed, permanently. negative comments will be deleted immediately and without my giving them a second thought. 💅)

Pretty baby, don't you leave me

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"*You light me up and then I fall for you / You lay me down and then I call for you / Stumbling on reasons that are far and few / I'd let it all come down and then some for you"* -Vanessa Carlton

***

Upstairs in bed after dinner, Hannibal painted Will's toenails in glittery blue polish, which made him laugh. "Why bother doing that?"

Will watched Hannibal, taking in his serious, concentrated expression as it melted into a small, affectionate smile. He made sure every single stripe of sparkling polish was perfect, then met Will's gaze.

"Because, my dear, from now on you'll be wriggling these pretty toes quite often while I treat your precious little body to all the bliss and discipline it deserves. A hint of shimmer is so very becoming, particularly when combined with the severe aesthetic of bondage." His smile remained so casual, his tone light, but his eyes burned with desire for them to begin playing those special lover's games.

Will wore a pair of silky pj's with shorts that left his legs bare to dangle over Hannibal's lap. The older man had directed Will as to what he should wear after they shared a sensuous, teasing bubble bath which did not end in climax for either despite plentiful opportunity. They were holding back knowing it would be so much better because they had denied themselves an earlier taste.

"Um." Will's cheeks turned pink, a gentle rose shade to match his pajama set, which also featured a tropical flower print in white and green.

"Yes?" Hannibal inquired.

He set the small bottle of nail polish down neatly on the side table and returned his attention to his lover. Big hands were sculpting lightwaves of pleasure effortlessly, massaging Will's bare feet and ankles, then smoothing that warm, knowing touch up his calves, all the way back down again as Will bit his lip. Still, Hannibal was so attentive, studying Will as if to do so was the most important activity he could conceive.

Hannibal had on a pair of black silk pajama pants and nothing else. He looked like a god as usual, but perhaps tonight he was God with a capital "G" in Will's eyes.

His *body*...firm, muscular and filled with casual power; the confident, mature swagger of his serene expression, and then the much, much darker, very intense shine of his eyes. By the soft light they looked not amber but deep maroon and brown in alternating, jewel tone shifts, and

Will was going down fast. Every time he thought he had no further to fall, another floor fell out from under him and he plummeted into unfathomable depths of passionate obsession and aching, desperate need.

Silly though he'd felt slipping into his own pink pj's, because he would never pick something like this for himself, never in the past would have let himself admit he was attracted to the silky fabric, the traditionally feminine shade of blushing pink, the concept of innocent spoiled brat that seemed woven into every inch of satiny comfort – this was far from the most indulgent piece of nightwear in Will's new wardrobe. No, it was also light years away from the most *scandalous* – when he was home alone and Hannibal was at work, a few times Will got up the nerve to more specifically peruse the collection.

There were several pairs of lace underwear in the huge walk-in closet, tucked in pleasant pastel rows within a glass drawer on the side which was now Will's own. And Will thought well, he could get used to lace, since it was making him *very* enjoyably flattered and aroused to think that Hannibal wanted to see him in these…but then he lifted one pair up to examine and discovered they were all backless. And he hadn't been able to decide how he felt about that – or resist the occasional urge to think of it in shivering confusion and lust – since then.

Will shivered now, undone by Hannibal's light words and their heavily seductive implications. Intrigued by his boy's collapse into nerves, Hannibal smiled in a glowing way, then lifted Will as if he weighed no more than a child. He simply gathered the profiler around his back and under his legs and scooped him closer, placing Will square on his lap. Automatically, the classic pose made Will dissolve into soft neediness.

He lowered burning, trembling lips to Hannibal's forehead, leaving damp and helpless kisses. "Daddy…" His voice threadbare. "I'm so new at this."

"Relationships?"

(It would have been hard to describe the way Hannibal held Will.

Will had never been held this way, so he didn't fully understand what it was about or why it felt like dry ice scraping off the skin of his emotions which he used to think he'd toughened up to be so thick. His emotions weren't tough at all, it now emerged with frightening clarity. And yet this place of sitting in Hannibal's lap and kept in place with warm, large, firm hands also made Will more blissful than he'd ever known one *could* be.

This didn't make any sense, but it was as if this particular position, wherein Hannibal held Will's hips and gazed up at his face with constant fondness and pride, it hurt something Will never knew he was holding inside him deep in his heart, a version of himself he had never met before or didn't remember. A Will who had yearned to be held in an older man's lap like this and regarded not as a burden or a disappointment or an afterthought but the very most fascinating and worthy companion in the universe.)

"Yes, relationships, for one thing…" Will swallowed hard.

His arms were looped around Hannibal's neck and he was perfectly capable of looking down into the adoring, irresistible, sparkling and dangerous eyes but instead he scanned the wall,

the door to the walk-in closet, the various art and – noticing again the bedroom was actually large enough to fit a fireplace, two big leather armchairs, a vanity table with mirror, a wardrobe and a full-length mirror all slotted with plenty of space to spare in the enormous space that felt cozy anyway. What was he doing there? He could never fit into this luxurious life, he was too messy and uncertain and – and –

"*William.* I don't know where you went. I often cannot find you even when I hold you in my arms." Hannibal wasn't reprimanding him, despite the use of his full name; this was placed at the start of the statement merely to force Will's attention back and indicate the doctor's words were important, must be attended to. "Look at me."

Will did so, and the older man tenderly swept an errant lock of hair behind the boy's ear.

"I love you, Daddy loves you and will take care of you now my darling, every day, every night. You needn't worry any more about all these concerns that scare you. I have to know where your mind is, your heart…"

Hannibal's breath caught. He held Will's face with a delicate touch, a few fingers clasping and his eyes, his *eyes* consuming everything Will was. Owning Will.

"I can't, and won't stand to have you running from me to hide in old nooks and crannies that constrict and hurt you," Hannibal clarified after a pregnant pause. "You must tell me if you believe me, first of all, when I tell you that you mean all the world to me and I will hold you close in my arms and to my heart forever after."

"I do," Will said with a tremulous smile, "Of course I do, Daddy. I love you, too. I don't ever want to be away from you, and I'm not trying to run and hide. It just happens sometimes."

"I see. Can you tell me more about the places where you go in such moments?"

"I just make myself think of anything except whatever's making me anxious," Will shrugged. "Just now I started looking around your room and noticing again how beautiful and enormous it is, yet how it holds me like a larger embrace around yours. And…looking at it made me feel unworthy."

"I want *you,*" Hannibal insisted, his accent thickening. He muttered something under his breath, Will believed it was in Lithuanian, and he seemed infinitely frustrated, as if Will had meant to bar him out from his heart, which couldn't be further from the truth. "Only you. If I couldn't have you, I'd go mad. If I had never met you, my life would have remained a blank, void, dull charade. Will, before you I would never live with a lover, never devote my life to their care or find my happiness therein. I would find the mere suggestion preposterous to the point of hilarity. How droll, to think I could fall in love. Yet here I am, and this is all I care about anymore. I'm never going to be looking over my shoulder for this imaginary person you seem so stubborn on conceiving, who is somehow better than you. Can't you see that?"

Will loved the way his accent fell like a comforting blanket on certain sounds of the English language…the hard American "cAn't" became a soft "cont" in Hannibal's luscious voice, a pronunciation sort of like a posh British accent but more exotic. So beautiful.

“I want to,” Will explained, fumbling to get out of this conversation. Hannibal’s words were much more than he could handle. He could not accept love from him on this level of intensity; they had to build up to it or something, for he was going insane, he was getting – what was this feeling? “I want to,” he repeated, now he was the frustrated one –

Hannibal waited, patient now as he had been in session.

“I want to. I – want to believe in your love and that it’s never gonna be anyone else, but…it’s never been like that for me before and I can’t *understand* it. I’ve tried to train myself to see me like you do, and it’s really just another one of my brilliant acts; absorbing your fantasy Will and projecting him. It feels good until it falls off me like…shedding a skin I don’t deserve to wear.”

“I see.” Hannibal began massaging Will’s back under his shirt, sending tiny, potent tingles of pleasure through the younger man’s body through sensitive, smooth, pale skin. “I apologize, Will. Perhaps I’ve been pushing too hard for you to heal overnight from wounds that are far too deep for an easy fix. I cannot force you to believe how much I desire you, but…I think that I can teach you over time. I shall devise a series of lessons, in fact, and endeavor with every fiber of my being to make you face your own worth, absorb it and let my love in completely. You’ll do as Daddy says in this regard?”

“Oh, Daddy, yes, of course,” Will sighed, relieved and regretful of his silly drama. Anyone would kill to have this man’s love and here he was doubting it and himself. Still, there was nothing he could do to fix it. Daddy had to fix it, and he had to follow Daddy’s lessons very carefully and obediently to make it come true.

Will’s throat was raw, not from his naughty behavior earlier but with the sandpaper rub of anxious tears barely held back. “I…please, tonight and until the lessons help me see, could *you* just love me, even if I can’t love myself or understand why you love me, can your love, and how much I love you be enough? I want to please you, Daddy, I don’t wanna let you down again.”

Hannibal shook his head. He lifted Will off his lap as if the younger man was an ethereal angel, too beautiful to be real and much too precious to be treated otherwise for a second. He lay Will beneath him on the bed. Will was on his back, staring up into the most handsome and devouring face, trembling in need and self-consciousness.

“You’re not a let-down, Will.” Hannibal hovered above him, silver-flecked bangs falling into his eyes. He kissed Will’s lips with his own feverish insistence and swallowed every needy moan, tasted Will’s loneliness on his tongue and tried to wash it away with the deluge of his own endless love. He straddled Will and clasped him by the back of the head with a hand deep in chestnut curls and kissed over and over those cherry lips that met his every touch, tease, lick, suck and bite with addicted reverence and pliant desire. Hannibal licked his fingers between one particularly hard and sweet kiss, then began grinding slowly into Will, never letting all of his weight pin the boy to the bed, and as he gripped the curls and tongue-fucked Will’s mouth he began to press his wet fingers deliberately to Will’s chest, finding that his nipples were already firm under the silk. “Oh, Will…” Hannibal had kissed him so much that his voice had gone hoarse. “Tell me what else about us is new for you.”

Staring with the need to *know,* to understand Will entirely. To give his whole life over to helping. Will moaned softly, eyes fluttering open and shut and his cock wakening, cradled in silk that felt so nice against his hard, hot flesh.

"Mmm, the…" Will gulped as Hannibal continued slowly twisting his nipples and watching them get harder, watching the twinges of pained arousal spread through Will like wildfire. He knew how to get a man hard and begging in seconds, that was for sure, and knowing this made Will *mad* with the need to be Hannibal's – "The spanking…and you said you have a playroom…you've mentioned bondage. You want to make me a schedule and control my life. Daddy!"

Will gasped before he could think of any other confession, because Hannibal had rewarded his honesty by unbuttoning his shirt with that same slow, deliberate intensity, drinking in the sight of Will eagerly, listening to every word the younger man said without ever losing sight of his physical…what Hannibal thought was beautiful.

And once he had undone the shirt, Hannibal left it open and pressed his lips to Will's rosebud nipples, one at a time. Whichever he wasn't kissing he gently tweaked with his fingers. He lapped at the firm, rosy peaks and then sucked, humming in pleasure at the feeling. He hadn't shaved yet and his prickly cheek rubbed Will's smooth chest, sending more delicious sensations right to Will's cock until he was rigid and had decorated the front of his shorts with a few obvious wet splotches of precum.

"You like that, sweet baby boy?" Hannibal gave him the most loving smirk and looked up, his chin lightly resting on Will's pectoral. "You are being a very good and brave boy even though it is dreadfully difficult for you to tell Daddy the truth about this. I only need one more thing before I give you a very special treat to reward your honesty, alright my angel?"

Will nodded, "Okay," his voice wan, hips shuddering. He bit his lip again and thought he was legitimately going to die if he couldn't get friction on his dick soon. Sweat dotted his forehead and his breaths were shallow.

"Why should any of that be quite so bizarre and unexpected? While the specific kinks to which I'm introducing you are new, that does not seem to be at the root of your confusion. Is it that you can't comprehend why I would spend this amount of time and effort on loving you, bringing you pleasure and joining our lives?"

Will nodded emphatically. God, God, he was so - *so* glad he didn't have to say that himself out loud.

He could only add in slight illumination of the matter, "Because you have to understand, I usually have a hard time getting so much as a call or text back. I've never been enough for anyone I wanted. I've never wanted anyone like I want you, Daddy, and…" he squeezed his eyes shut; Hannibal's hand was slowly, slowly traveling down his side, gripping the soft curve of Will's thigh then skating suggestively toward his groin. "Please." He whispered.

"You needn't worry your pretty little head about anything anymore, my dear," Hannibal replied, tone wantonly slurred with arousal but his meaning implicit. "Let me make all the decisions while you enjoy the liberation it will bring you. No one deserves it more."

“S-sh - oh!” Will’s request cut off as Hannibal’s fingers just barely brushed the bulge of Will’s cock straining the silk shorts. “Show me what you think I deserve, Daddy?”

Hannibal looked up into Will’s eyes with a devastating gaze, and in a throaty voice he simply said “*Will.*”

Then he eased down the waistband on Will’s shorts much faster than he’d done anything else so far. His restraint seemed loosened, but not all the way broken. He was operating under a tenacious fire of intensity and he would have his way with Will that night, as he chose, not quite so patiently as before.

He’d quite specifically instructed Will to forgo underwear, and the sight of his boy glistening with desire and throbbing for him made Hannibal lick his lips as a low growl escaped his lips. He resembled an elegant predator. Will couldn’t take his eyes off him all of a sudden, even when his expert lovemaking made it hard not to shut his eyes to better bear up with the pleasure. He never looked away from Hannibal again that night.

“Stunning,” Hannibal murmured.

He climbed back up the bed to seal his mouth to Will’s, and this time he reached down and hooked the boy’s naked leg around his broad, golden back. His own slippery silk pants rubbed carefully against Will’s cock when he ground his desire down against his younger lover, a heated gasp escaping his lips although he still controlled himself to the extent of not crushing or intimidating Will. Yet the aggression he was barely managing to control, tying the feral urge to ravish Will harshly like hands behind his own back. The rope was fraying, now even more.

Because Will’s lips had fallen open under his own and they were warm, plump and moist, swollen from Hannibal’s use and taking, and between kisses this time he said, so petal soft, eyes locked on Hannibal’s own, “That feels so good, Daddy.”

He was so trusting, wide-eyed and moaning, already falling apart from little more than kissing, nipple play and a bit of grinding. What would he turn into when all of Hannibal was unleashed upon him?

“Yes?” Hannibal watched his features attentively and reached down between them. He pulled his own pants down and immediately brushed his huge erection against Will’s hardness. “And that?”

“Ah! I – oh –” Will stared at him even more shocked with new sensations. “Would you please do that again? I liked that – um – very much. How did you even…” He laughed shyly, blushed so becomingly. “I mean I didn’t know this was a thi–”

Hannibal threaded their fingers together on the mattress and muttered “You do like that, don’t you, naughty boy?” in a roughly eager way, nipping lightly at Will’s earlobe, then licking, curling his clever tongue against the soft, sensitive spot.

He seemed to have a small fetish for Will’s ears, which baffled and kind of embarrassed the profiler; they stuck out, he thought they looked awkward, but there was Hannibal’s voice

again, pouring hot breath onto one as he asked, “So, you did not encounter any frottage during your foray into internet pornography?”

Will blinked in confusion at the strange new word. “Huh?”

“I thought not.” Hannibal looked absolutely triumphant when he put his face directly above Will’s again, smiling lustfully. “Let Daddy show you then, baby boy. You just lie there and let me take care of everything.”

Will’s moans were getting higher pitched and more broken, equally from Hannibal’s words and expressions as from his body moving with precise skill on top of him. Hannibal sat back, momentarily, and with smooth hurriedness obtained a bottle of lube shaped like a tall medieval potion bottle or something, Will thought – fancy, expensive lube of course, and this reminded Will his lover thought he deserved nothing less. That Hannibal wouldn’t even use a product on his body in any way which wasn’t high end and even so exorbitant as to be classified elite.

He knew Hannibal was drizzling both of their throbbing cocks with the lube by the slightly cool, slick sensation that added to his excitement, but he didn’t look there, even knowing that the sight of their rigid cocks pressed together, sticky-sliding and sinful, must be unbelievably hot. He couldn’t stop looking at Hannibal's face, though, couldn’t tear his eyes from the way Hannibal was – desperately needing Will.

The older man straddled Will again and with an aching sigh, began to move, his hips gyrating and his beautiful body moving up and down so that their hard cocks were gliding slowly together. Up and down – their balls were touching too, and the amount of sensations from what seemed like a move that wouldn’t cause that much of a reaction – astonished Will. The pleasure, while a slow build, was *incredibly* intense. He could taste the bliss of this sweet, smooth contact, feel it taking him over, destroying all other concerns.

He held onto Hannibal’s thighs, hoping that was okay, to feel the rocking motions while each careful thrust of Hannibal’s cock above and against his own made pleasure start building, a familiar pattern, and controlled: not anything Will could cause or stop. He could, indeed, only lie there and let Daddy take care of everything.

The loss of the constant obligation to do all the work, to make everyone else feel better or justified started to flicker and fade, and the freedom in that felt transcendent.

Will was transcending. His body, usually a tiresome burden, felt lighter than air, every nerve, every drop of blood in his veins, every feeling and thought attuned to Hannibal. The doctor knew exactly what he was doing, and although he was also panting with pleasure, he smirked again and lavished Will with a possessive look while he changed the tempo of his thrusts to rub them together quickly – they were exactly aligned, Hannibal’s heavy, hot cock sliding forward to caress Will’s over and over, 1-2-3, and a drag back, 1-2-3, “oh, God, oh, God,” Will gasped, heart pounding faster. How was he *doing that*?

Hannibal sat up straighter and stretched his arms behind his head, shoving his hips forward and back hungrily, high on bliss. There was something performative about this move, how it displayed Hannibal’s physique and his talent as a lover all at once. Will could tell Hannibal

was putting on a show to impress him, and it was terribly flattering, but he wanted to look at Hannibal and feel what Daddy gave him, not think of his own feelings, not think his insecure tangents into this heavenly escape.

The body strength it must take to kneel and rut precisely onto Will's cock was incredible, but Hannibal's strength and flexibility were right there on display, rippling in his muscles, stretching as he moved, 1-2-3 –

Hannibal swore suddenly in French and collapsed on Will, giving him more weight on top than ever before. God, it was nice, he loved it, to be nearly crushed under someone bigger than him, who would ever guess it wasn't scary but soothing and hot?

The older man hadn't stopped grinding even as he buried his face in Will's neck and began biting him, not gently, quick but sharp new wounds from potentially deadly fangs, then shameless wet kissing, licking and sucking, Will's neck now hurting, pain adding to his joy, and as Will felt his climax building faster, Hannibal wrapped his arms around the younger man's head and bore down even faster, taking the tempo of his moves where they both needed.

"Oh, that's so good," Will sighed, "*Ohhh! Oh, Jesus…ohhh…*" He licked his lips, his adam's apple throbbing in his throat, pupils large and focused only on his man.

Hannibal was delighted with Will's responsiveness, his sensitivity and hapless vocalizations that were, to Will's own blushing confusion, *way too loud* and frantic. He'd never felt anything like this in his life, to have a big, strong man above him playing his body like an entire orchestra full of different flavors and sounds – notes plucked from his submissive form.

Instead of finding Will's cries and moans annoying, Hannibal grew wilder and more aggressive as they got louder, grunting, snarling in Will's ear, "*you don't know what you to do me, baby boy. You have no idea.*"

"Daddy," Will pleaded, and that's what it was, a request only to be with Hannibal. Nothing more complicated; he didn't need promises or explanations in these heady moments, just needed his Daddy.

"I can't be apart from you," Hannibal growled, holding his wrists down so hard that it hurt, looming over Will with his biceps tensed. "Ever again. And I won't. Do you understand that? You aren't going to have a choice anymore, boy."

"Show me," Will whimpered, his whole body soft, open and offered. "Please."

Hannibal kissed Will's lips deeply, their tongues moving wildly together, and he slid them together three more times, *1-2-3,* his cock dragging over Will's, before – "My baby," Hannibal sighed, climaxing with a shudder right against Will's own orgasming cock, both of them spurting sticky release all over each other, "Baby, so perfect, my angel…"

Will's vision had blurred for a few seconds, wiped out like his whole capacity for thought by the shock of pleasure rushing through him, because Hannibal really was going to drown him

in too much love, too much attention, and it made him so goddamn happy, and Hannibal made his body feel so fucking good, like Will never knew it could feel. He clung to Hannibal's back, mewling like a kitten while Daddy kept riding it out, their cum now lubricating the glide and making it even easier to extend their orgasms into absolute paradise.

"Aahh– Ahhh!" Will's whimpered cries of surprised, overwhelmed ecstasy kept escaping his lips without his permission. He sounded absurd. He couldn't help it.

"Your body, your lovely, exquisitely sensitive and inexperienced body, all mine," Hannibal was gripping Will to him tightly, somehow managing to find a few inches of the profiler's neck that he hadn't bitten and marked yet. "*Mine*."

The doctor was so big, strong and his skin hot, his breath and teeth and the forceful jut of his dick still pressed into Will's thigh, the intensity of this man was so dazzling, Will could only lean into every kiss, bite and word of perplexing praise with *"Yours, Daddy, yours, yours, yours."*

The bracelet had been pressed hard against Will's delicate wrist with the roughness of Hannibal pinning him down. When Hannibal lifted his face, he looked delighted to see how, although backwards, the word "mine" was now clearly written on Will's skin.

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"While we are temporarily sated and have our wits about us, with proper blood flow to our brains," Hannibal said with an intellectual, teasing smile, "I think now would be the optimum time for our discussion. There are aspects of the BDSM world and my plans for you which are unfamiliar, and we must ensure you've given your full permission. If anything I'm proposing repulses you, I will redesign the plan accordingly."

There he sat, naked as the day he was born save for the sheet tossed over his lap, and a legal pad on the bed beside him, a red pen, a blue pen, and a folder, neatly placed as if he was in an important meeting…like a medical conference, Will thought, delighted with his adorable quirks and obsession with organization. Impressed and bewildered with his casual ease within that stunning physique, his comfortable nudity no big deal at all...but Will could hardly drag his eyes away. He kept looking from the handsome, aristocratic face to the hairy, still slightly sweaty chest, the cute round tummy, the powerful muscles...the sheet earned his jealousy, lying there over Hannibal's glorious cock. Sometimes lately, Will wished they didn't even have to take breaks between times he could have Daddy in his mouth, pounding into him, roughing up his throat, giving him the taste and power he craved, the delight of being submissive to Hannibal and in this way making the older man want him ever more...incomparable.

"Nothing you could do would ever repulse me," Will smiled back, trying to blink away his sexual mind tangents to little success.

He sat next to Hannibal but not touching, in an attempt to respect Daddy's wish for a Serious Conversation. Also naked, save for the navy satin sheet, he sat up straight with his back supported by a pillow just like Daddy had arranged him. He paid attention.

Hannibal's own smile faded. "Don't be so sure, Will. I'm capable of taking sex to extremes which aren't to everyone's taste."

"Really?" Will asked, fascinated, "Tell me more, please?"

"I don't believe my words of warning had the intended effect," Hannibal chuckled, "Goodness, sweetheart, you do make it hard not to fuck you senseless nearly every second of the day."

He ruffled Will's curls and tapped his nose lightly, enjoying how the younger man's cheeks flamed at his latest words. There was still a part of Will that hadn't adjusted from the concept of dignified, professional Dr. Lecter and his own lover and Daddy, who would use dirty talk freely, breezily, to play with Will, knowing the effect without acknowledging it. He'd managed to strike Will completely silent, so he calmly continued on with his planned discussion points.

"I have a very interesting bit of reading for you to do, my dear." Hannibal passed Will a list, written in his florid calligraphy on thick ivory paper. "Or that is, I hope you will find it interesting."

The list had been attached to a small clipboard and accompanied with a fountain pen to make it easier for Will to make notes in bed. Since the list appeared to be so formal and beautifully prepared, Will was somehow less prepared for some of the eye-popping, naughty words and phrases that soon danced across his view.

"This list is captivating," he observed, brow furrowing in thought as he sucked his lower lip into his mouth, thinking deeply on each item he read.

"You're too far away," Hannibal sighed, "So much for my attempt at decorum. Come here at once, baby."

Hannibal settled Will between his legs, back resting against the older man's chest. It felt so nice because his skin was warm, his chest was hairy and strong, he smelled amazing, and his arms could criss-cross over Will while he pressed kisses to his ears and neck or played with his hair. Will automatically relaxed into him, so happy.

He returned to his reading. It was an intimidating list, but that wasn't a bad thing for someone in his lucky position.

"So, this is a list of…common-slash-popular kinks and scenes in the BDSM and 'Daddy/Boy' community?" Will scratched a nonexistent itch behind one ear, feeling shy and naughty and nervous.

He'd never dreamed he would grow up to be somebody's Boy, after all.

"Yes, first we'll set our rules as to your preferences...for the sexual component of our play," Hannibal explained, letting his lips brush the shell of Will's ear. "I want you to mark down your choices as follows: *Want, Curious, Soft Limit, Hard Limit.*"

“Hmm,” Will nodded, heart beating faster as he perused the list of extremely kinky activities. “Let’s see…”

Hannibal smiled and enjoyed the way Will’s breath would catch and blush at certain items on the list, how he started to squirm slightly as he always did when aroused, so boyish and innocent.

“Okay, I’m good with this,” Will determined after only a few minutes with the list. He passed it back, and Hannibal looked with great interest.

Neatly, in his small black printing, Will had marked nearly every single item with “Want.”

A few items, such as “sex in front of others” and “double penetration” were marked “curious,” as was “electrostimulation.” But nothing had been noted down as a limit. Granted, Hannibal had only presented options free from any of the kinks Will had heard of that he found gross and unpleasant-sounding; it was quite frankly a yummy list that made Will's very active imagination catch fire with vivid fantasies he longed for Daddy to make real.

In slight concern, Hannibal asked softly, “Where are your limits, my dear? I’m sure you can’t be willing to indulge all of these…many of them are intense and even frightening at first, to a beginner.”

“I don’t have any limits on what you can do to me.” Will put his hand possessively on Hannibal’s strong forearm and squeezed. “I don’t want there to be anything between us to keep us apart, ever again.”

“Very well. Your body belongs to me now,” Hannibal murmured, voice going husky. “Now you’ve clarified your wishes as to these activities, I may plan and enact them whenever I choose, depending on what I feel is best for you. With the obvious exception of using a safeword, you aren’t to disobey any of the commands I give to you on sexual matters. I will make one more exception, in the form of an escape clause should we try one of the activities marked curious wherein you discover it repulses you.”

“Um, it seems like the key word for when it’s okay to disobey your sexual commands is… repulsion,” Will observed, the words blurring on the page he held so politely on his lap, convenient since he was getting so hard he felt the bulge of his cock beneath the sheets nudging the clipboard.

“That’s correct. This means that you are by no means allowed to deny me if you are uncomfortable, afraid, in pain, wishing a break. There is no escape clause from activities you’ve marked as ‘want’. You did so for a reason, and we will explore that reason in detail. Without discomfort, fear, pain and being pushed far past your comfort zone, we simply would not get anywhere.”

“I see.” Will tapped the pen against the paper, eyes busily traveling back down the long list of activities, swirls of erotic images dancing in his mind’s eye…*bondage, counting spanks, sex club, ice play*, *wax play*, *breath play*? *PET play? plugs, vibrators, dildos, roleplay: teacher/student, doctor/patient (medical)...* Jesus, Will had to stop reading or the list was going to make him come then and there.

“Do you understand?” Hannibal was firm, lest Will’s attention wander too far.

“Yes, Daddy.” Will leaned back against him, closing his eyes. He saw the two of them, in what he pictured the playroom to be, an elegant dungeon with lots of black leather and torture implements that were confusedly blurry as to shape and purpose; the idea was of severe punishment and that fit the aesthetic well enough. He saw Hannibal, tying Will, naked and helpless, to a table, a bench or a cross on the wall, blasphemous. He pictured Hannibal administering him erotic stigmata (was there any other kind, after all?) circling him in the shadows of the dark room and wielding a whip he planned to use to--

"You're sure that you are open to all of these experiences?" Hannibal hadn’t expected that process to be quite so fluid. But he read Will's expression and body language well enough to know the younger man had been entirely honest. There was no doubt from Will's blushing, excited face, he was already entertaining detailed fantasies on some of the darkest or naughtiest kinks he had listed.

“Oh," Hannibal added with a cute chortle, "Very well, then.”

“Why are you so surprised?” Will laughed brightly. “I can’t wait for everything you want to do to me. I hope it hurts, I hope you make me uncomfortable and teach me how to exceed my admittedly somewhat Puritanistic concepts of stamina in…these types of acts…I wasn’t raised to see sex as anything but probably a mistake and a way you ended up having a baby.”

“Deplorable.” Hannibal hugged him closer, tsking under his breath, and Will hadn’t realized that a “tsk” could sound quite that threatening. “You were raised to see your own desires as a threat to your manly independence, shown nothing but the view of sex espoused by a bitterly depressed parent. In school, repressive and homophobic lessons were taught you, abstinance described as the moral choice. Am I right?”

“Yeah.” Will sighed. “I never even let myself think I might be into men. I certainly never thought about sex for its own sake until I started dating and actually got to have it…even then, it became this unreachable dream of shared intimacy. It never had special emotion attached to it because I was afraid to go there. I’m not with you. Afraid.”

“Good. We have quite a lot of work to do in healing the wounds dealt to you in your youth, my darling. In the meantime, you asked about my surprise at your easy acquiescence. You see, this sort of contract is usually more of a negotiation between the Dominant and submissive.”

“Really.” Will felt an immediate surge of angry jealousy. Hannibal had not alluded specifically to his past affairs; respecting Will’s wishes, he had merely explained in answer to the previous question, with a polite evasion of detail.

Will turned in his arms, climbed into his lap and pouted, tossing the clipboard aside. “I hate that you’ve done this before. I wish I could…” He wanted to kill anyone else Hannibal had touched, cut off the hands of lovers who had touched him (which was even worse) and *God,* the idea of someone else being Hannibal’s sub made him boil over.

“You wish you could kill my ex-lovers in cold blood, my dear?” Hannibal’s guess did not disturb him; on the contrary, he looked downright proud. “That’s showing your true vigor of spirit and inspiration.”

He held Will around the waist with a pleased smile. As if Will had revealed an A+ report card or something by fantasizing about murder. It wasn’t the first time he had practically threatened to kill Hannibal’s exes but he knew it wouldn't be the last either. Potentially mass murder, he glowered, thinking how could Hannibal be that fucking good in bed unless he was very, very experienced? Infuriating. There were ten years between them, meaning that Dr. Lecter had ten extra years to play around on top of his apparent enthusiasm for experimenting.

“Despite the way you’re encouraging me to embrace my dark side, which I guess psychologically speaking is the healthy thing to do, since repression is unhealthy and I’d be better off looking at the urges for what they are and simply not acting on them,” Will said quickly and energetically, “It *hurts* me that I’m not your first sub. This is going to keep happening, I know it, even though you’re trying not to bring it up. It brings up my *dinner*.” He crossed his arms, in a huff.

“Will.” Hannibal frowned, shook his head. “You’re my first love. That’s all that matters.”

Will started crying, ashamed of himself, and Hannibal hugged him, murmuring, “It’s quite alright, sweetheart, don’t blame yourself. I do love you so, my beautiful baby boy. If you can't understand or believe it, can you perhaps feel it in my touch, the sound of my voice?”

“I don't know, I don't know...” Will sniffled petulantly, “But I love you, too.”

“I have something for you,” Hannibal said thoughtfully. He leaned back slightly and clasped Will’s tearful face, then kissed each wet, blushing cheek. “Poor baby. I have something special that I truly hope will reassure you.”

Hannibal produced a medium-sized, flat gift box from the bedside table drawer and placed it on the bed near Will, then raised a finger playfully to indicate “just a moment.” He crossed the room, bare ass and long legs and broad back distracting Will in the process, and opened the bureau, removing another gift box. It was wrapped in soft blue tissue with a big, glossy white bow just like the other, but this second was a bit larger, square as opposed to narrow.

Will blew his nose, then asked permission to clean up in the bathroom, and Hannibal gave it. He went briskly and blew his nose a few more times before splashing his face with water. He slapped himself and scolded savagely in a whisper to his reflection, *look at everything he’s giving you and how ungrateful you’re being! Stop it!*

“Excuse me, Will.” Hannibal stood directly outside the bathroom, now with a maroon bathrobe on, a second robe for Will in his hand.

Embarrassed at his still wildly agitated state, Will nearly stumbled out and faced his Daddy’s sternness with a gulp. “Y-yes, Daddy?”

“I did not mean to eavesdrop, but I would know anyway by your face.” Hannibal cupped Will’s chin and examined the pale cheeks he’d slapped so meanly, in such self-hatred. “You’ve struck yourself, my dear, and you must know this will be the last time.”

“Sorry,” Will’s shoulders dropped. “I get so mad at myself for…my temper and how immature my reactions can be, so overblown.”

“Stop that immediately.” Hannibal’s grip tightened. “If you feel a certain way and to a particular intensity, you have a right to let those feelings be known. I will always respect it. And, my darling, we have now progressed far enough in our agreement for me to remind you, your body no longer belongs to you. I forbid you ever to hit yourself again. This includes slamming your head into a wall or any other such acts which I suspect might have been occasional events of your past.”

“Yeah,” Will admitted sullenly. “I’m so sorry. I’ll stop, I swear.”

“I promise, Will, I’ll teach you not to be sorry.” Hannibal wrapped the blue plush robe around Will’s shoulders to keep him warm and then folded him in his arms. “I love you,” he whispered, kissing Will’s forehead. “I’m the only one who gets to hurt your body, Will. Never, ever forget it.”

“Okay,” Will nodded, clinging to the fine, soft material of Daddy’s robe and smelling his skin, his chest above the v of his robe. Daddy smelled of sex musk and cologne and perfection.

“Sweet boy,” Hannibal praised, kissing every remaining tear away. “Do you want your presents?”

“Yes,” Will grinned shyly.

Chapter End Notes

> I have another 9k written 😂including Hannibal's typically long and verbose list of rules / schedule for his precious boy 😈 and a demonstration of Daddy's discipline, for Will's education, of course...
>
> Brb! 🖤

I may be bad but I'm perfectly good at it

Chapter Notes

> 9k ballooned to 11k...hope you all enjoy! Lots of fluffy, smutty...yeah, that's it, that's the chapter. 🥰

See the end of the chapter for more notes

His Daddy tied his robe (quite loosely) around Will's still shivering form, a body aching with emotion, unresolved arousal and anxiety.

A body which no longer belonged to Will. What a relief, what a gift. He could almost desire no other, but then again…the gift boxes on the bed looked awfully enticing.

Will went to them, sat down and asked thoughtfully, "Do I open them in any order?"

Hannibal shook his head. He always got excited to see Will open a present, and this was no exception; he was practically vibrating with cheerful anticipation of Will's response to the latest treat. "You may open them in either order."

He sat across from Will and the younger man picked up the flat box, unwrapping it while trying not to feel so self-conscious at being the object of Hannibal's entire concentration.

Inside the box, nestled into more tissue lay a necklace…no, Will discovered, lifting it gently into his hands, a *choker.*

It was made of white gold to match his bracelet. Dangling from the front of the choker was a round, ice blue gem, sparkling and pure, surrounded in delicate lattices of more white gold. Will looked a little longer and realized the framing of the jewel was more than decorative; the intricate curls of gold formed infinity symbols.

"*Wow,*" He breathed, his mouth hanging open for a few beats in an "O" to match his astonishment. "This is so…beautiful and fancy…"

"Do you like it, pet?" Hannibal smiled and moved a little closer.

"I love it," Will said honestly. At the back of the choker, he'd found a small, heart-shaped lock, and he touched it reflectively. "Especially this."

"I thought you'd like that bit," Hannibal nodded in happy approval, "Being locked into Daddy's mark on you."

Will stared at the choker in his hands, as if it belonged to someone else – because of course it must – and he'd merely been allowed to hold it for a few minutes.

And he supposed that he felt that way about his new life with Hannibal, too.

He felt a little more sure this was real, however, when he noticed the inscription in fancy cursive on the inside of the choker: *Baby Boy*. With a soft giggle, Will felt himself going scarlet again.

“Do you know what this type of choker means?”

Will shook his head. He lifted the necklace to his throat but fumbled with the clasp, so Hannibal reached over and did it up, then sighed at the sight of the gleaming light gold and extravagant jewel against Will’s skin.

A collection of bruises, suck and bite marks in differing shades of bright to pale blue, vibrant violet and fading yellow from the less severe ones, covered Will’s neck, making the choker look like what it was, another claim. That much, Will understood.

He hummed in thought and went to the vanity, sitting down to see how the new jewelry looked and further assess its potential purpose.

Marveling at the sight of his reflection in the mirror, he kept touching the choker, moving it against his bruises to feel an exquisite pain like the kiss of a vampire. “It’s a reminder that I’m yours,” he concluded hopefully, his heart and everything inside him quickening all at once. “And yours only.”

“Yes, my dear, and as such, it will mark you indisputably as mine – not just to us. Perhaps just as importantly, to any fellow partakers of our proclivities who might otherwise attempt to seduce you.” Hannibal came up behind him and slowly stroked Will’s neck with one finger, under the choker, when reaching the front tugging it where there was a little bit of give.

“Why would anyone…” Will shook off the typically humble response and replaced it with a careful, “That’s so kind of you, Daddy.”

“Once we go into the special clubs and descend further into dungeons, my dear, it both infuriates and ignites my lust to know how desired you will be. You must be marked so as to keep them at bay. This is called a collar.”

“Oh. Is it…part of pet play?” Will asked, confused.

“No, darling, that is, it can be used for that, too, but not inherently or exclusively. A collar is what Daddy puts on his boy to stay with him always in claim, even when they are apart. So that you always remember I’m holding you and loving you…and that your choices belong to me, your obedience is required, the right to discipline you *mine.*”

“Um, *wow,*” Will repeated, dumbfounded, “I’m feeling overwhelmed and…trying not to feel unworthy…”

“Feel how you feel, angel.” Hannibal nuzzled into his neck and slid his mouth softly down to his shoulder, biting lightly. “I will take care of the rest.”

He propped his head on Will's shoulder and they looked at their reflections in the mirror. So perfect, a matched pair, inseparable.

"This piece is appropriate for regular days during which you may run errands, exercise outdoors, attend appointments or when we dine out in vanilla establishments. It is more of a reminder to you and a compliment to your great beauty than a firm warning to would-be seducers. There are those who will nonetheless know its purpose. Does it bother you to have others understand this part of our relationship?" Hannibal's breath tickled Will's face and the younger man found his desire to be kissed by Daddy extremely distracting.

"It doesn't bother me…" Will bit his lip. He tasted blood because he'd done this, and Hannibal had done this, so many times in this one night alone. "It makes me feel shy, though. It's private…"

"What we did in the banquet room at the restaurant was not private."

"That…really turned me on," Will admitted. Well, he hadn't marked "others watching" as "curious" for no reason, after all.

"Your shyness only makes the mere idea of exhibitionism with you *breathtakingly* appealing."

"Haha," Will said weakly, about to dissolve into a lustful puddle on the floor. "We'll see."

"Yes, indeed." Something stern about this too, a reminder of who was in charge and that Will would be made to endure a full exploration of his naughtiest fantasies.

"Is this aquamarine?" he changed the subject easily, since he was going to faint from sexual thirst if he didn't, and *God*, that jewel.

"It's a sapphire. Many of them are this pale shade in their natural form, although some jewelers dye them to the more traditional dark blue. I much prefer this color to bring out your eyes."

Will couldn't say anything. He stared at the jumble of his fingers in his own lap and tried again to understand being seen in this way, fussed over and obsessively claimed.

"And as for the other," Hannibal kissed Will's cheek and ran his finger under the downward cast of his stubbled chin. "Open it now, dearest. We'll set this one aside," unlocking the collar with a small key which had been slipped casually into his robe pocket, "for now."

He placed the first necklace back in the box and watched politely with his hands folded in his lap while Will unwrapped the next gift.

Will stared once he'd lifted the lid on the second present. It was a black leather collar with a thicker band and a heart-shaped padlock on the front. A design of beautiful black roses alternated with silver studs, and the prettiness did not distract Will from the ring hanging from the lock, which looked a lot like…he stuck his hand in the box and felt around in the tissue, finding a matching leather leash which obviously…they went together, and…

Hannibal waited with an expectant smile. Will's mouth opened to say thank you but all that seemed to happen was that his lips remained parted in awestruck, overwhelmed arousal. He looked up and saw Hannibal watching him with a dark, burning gaze now.

"I love it," Will said softly. He unfastened the buckle and held it up to his neck; Hannibal fastened it for him.

"Oh, my darling," Hannibal breathed, "How very lovely you are. Doesn't Daddy's beautiful boy look stunning in his collar for at home?"

He took Will by hand and led him to the full-length mirror, framing the younger man in his embrace. As Will marveled at the sight of himself, naked save for a luxurious robe and this heavy-feeling, gorgeous and doubtless very expensive collar around his neck…

Where was bedraggled, grumpy Will from Wolf Trap, hiding in his little house, tired of eyes on him and judgements, tired of never connecting except with the nightmares that excited him too much? Will, who owned exactly one bathrobe. It was from Walmart and cost $15.99 on sale, and he'd let it get threadbare almost over three winters without bothering to get himself a new one. Will, who never wore jewelry a day in his life, or expected someone to "claim" and master him.

"I look like someone else," he said, staring into his own wanton eyes.

Hannibal hooked his index finger through the ring on the collar and tugged once, firmly. "Whomever you may be at any given moment, you are always beautiful, and now you're mine I intend to fuck you *several* times a day, at the very *least.*."

"Oh, God," Will moaned, embarrassed and exhilarated; he was getting so set off by everything Hannibal said and did.

"God." He hugged Hannibal desperately and burrowed his hot, red face into the older man's robe. "You…you're driving me crazy."

"Will?" Hannibal rubbed his back and murmured, "I know that."

"I know you know…oh, Daddy…" Will kept rubbing his face into Daddy's chest and hugging him tighter, and thinking about how the collar felt, physically and emotionally, a clear tether to match the metaphorical one joining them. Daddy would never let him go. Would he?

"Did you give anyone else a collar?" He knew he shouldn't ask, and sure enough Hannibal's posture stiffened.

"Of course not," Hannibal replied. "What in heaven's name is it going to take–" He took a deep breath and squeezed Will's supple little body.

"How you still don't see, the innocence of that, the inexperience, the past hurts shining like bruises on your skin with every insecure, mistaken word. Will, it's going to be difficult for me to resist fucking you even when you've been bad."

His arms tightened, that hug he often gave that was nearly unhinged, gripping the profiler's shivering form to him as if mutely terrified of losing him somehow. Will couldn't imagine what he must be thinking to hold on so tight, but he knew he needed it.

After a few minutes spent like this, Hannibal murmured, kissing his head, smelling his curls, "I love the way that you feel in my arms, sweetheart. Isn't it nice, belonging to Daddy?"

"Yes." Buried in his chest, kissing fervently. Chest hair tickled his nose, and if he moved just a little to the side he could nudge the robe more open and lick at the older man's nipple…

"Now then," Hannibal chuckled, cupping Will's face and bringing him up to eye level. "We have a discussion to finish before any more detailed demonstrations begin. Since you are so eager to please me, I'll be sure to slot in plenty of opportunities for that in the daily schedule. Come and sit with me, and we can put the last few touches on the plan for your new life."

Will smiled and nodded, eagerly moving towards the chairs by the fireplace, but Hannibal clucked his tongue with a fondly correcting, small smile. "No, my dear. I'd like you to wait for me to sit first, then crawl to me. You like to sit at Daddy's feet, don't you, sweet boy?"

"Oh…yes," Will sighed, "Thank you, Daddy." He was delighted for the chance to serve so soon.

Hannibal sat down as if they were in session. He had straightened out his robe and held a clipboard he'd taken up from the small table by his chair. His legs were crossed, posture perfect, gentlemanly. He looked attentively at the papers on the clipboard propped in his lap and said distantly, "Oh, and Will? Drop the robe."

Now Will stood there, half-attended to at the moment, Hannibal remaining focused on his reading, which somehow turned Will on more…how did that work?

"If you want me to," he shivered uncertainly.

"I do." Hannibal's tone grew sterner but there was still no eye contact.

"I want to obey you, Daddy." Will let the robe fall from his shoulders and hit the floor, immediately feeling more than exposed. "I…want to make you so happy."

He wore nothing except for his brand new at-home collar, the one that basically screamed in no uncertain terms that he was Daddy's precious baby boy and subject to his every whim.

Will had never quite got used to being naked in front of another person, never mind so frequently. When past flings landed on his lonely little bed in Wolf Trap, briefly writhing, himself the selfish object of another fleetingly exciting one night stand, he'd ended up half-clothed mostly, and so soon left behind that it never seemed to matter that his body hadn't been fully unveiled.

"This is very new for you, this, in particular." Hannibal didn't look up at him, but as his hair slipped down over his pensive brow, his jaw tensed, the pencil in his hand dragging down the

page hard, leaving an indentation of a line down one edge of the paper. “To have someone desire you fully nude, displayed for their pleasure. For someone to worship your body.”

“I just…” Will found suddenly that wearing the collar somehow emboldened him to be honest, even painfully so. “All I’ve ever really experienced before, um, dating, or… sexually…because hardly any of my past times were, really dating, uh…I never got completely undressed?”

Hannibal let Will linger there, standing and waiting for his permission to crawl to him.

He must know the suspense and impatience were eating Will alive and that while it was nice and warm in the room, that hardly helped relieve his shivers.

The trembling started in his legs and absorbed his whole being.

He was a puppet on Hannibal’s strings, woven around those deft, artistic and powerful hands, sometimes it seemed easy as breathing – but exactly *how* he was known like this Will couldn’t fathom. He had never possessed the level of understanding or control of himself that his Daddy now wielded casually, as a foregone conclusion.

“During previous sexual encounters, you never fully undressed. Was that a question?” Hannibal’s thumb stroked up the pencil, and for a second Will thought it might snap in two.

He was very upset, internalizing it, and Will saw that same possessive, protective rage flaring subtly, the light of flames surging in his downcast amber eyes like hellfire, a beautiful danger.

“No, Daddy, it was a statement. I’m sorry that I–”

Hannibal’s voice had quickly gone from breezily commanding to low, rumbling and intense. A tone even less smart to disobey.

“Stop apologizing,” he ordered firmly. “You may simply say ‘no’ if that is the answer. And relax your shoulders. Stop that nervous twitching of your back muscles and spine; this is where much of your previously near-chronic back and neck pain comes from, aside of course from overworking. You’ll cease overworking your brain, at once, boy. Yes?”

Hannibal was now making notes on the document he was reading, still not looking over his shoulder at the naked and drastically confused, spellbound and blushing Will.

“I…how can you possibly know what I’m doing with my back or my shoulders?” Will shook his head. “You aren’t even looking at me.”

“Daddies always know, my dear. You may come to me now."

Will had forgotten the very specific excitement of this act, which in other circumstances might seem humiliating. He found it made him feel very sexy instead, in a way that for him was hard to achieve.

He loved the way his knees felt slowly dragged over the rug, the light burn already digging into his pale skin. He adored knowing that he was doing this to show his devotion, to lower

himself in tribute to the man he loved, and to be viewed, even under subtly lowered blonde eyelashes, as a display of bare sensuous beauty. Knowing his innocent and submissive obedience stoked wildfires inside the older man.

Will knew he was going to be spending quite a lot of time on his knees, that they would indeed often grow pink and red from rubbing across rugs, that they would often ache from remaining in one position for so long. He couldn't wait to begin.

When he reached Hannibal, he knelt at his feet and looked up, awaiting the next order.

The doctor sighed, seeming mildly exasperated. "You will insist on looking at me that way." He'd lost his ability to focus, even supposedly, on his reading alone, and leaned down to raise Will's chin and look discerningly at the flushed, excited face.

"Tell me, Will. Growing up, were you told that you were beautiful?"

"Beautiful?" Will smiled, brow crinkling cutely at the suggestion. "No, not that. Sometimes, after middle school started and ever since then, um, occasionally I would get the idea someone found me attractive. Usually because they thought I was good looking enough for a quick hook-up in a car or a storage closet or a motel room–"

Hannibal stopped the boy's explanation with a sudden, hard kiss on his upturned lips. "How dare they? What happened after this 'quick hook-up' was over? Did any of them pursue a relationship with you?"

He let go of Will's chin and ran a hand through his hair, playing with curls, winding them round his fingers, lightly tugging.

"Mmm," Will was absorbed in Daddy's mild manhandling and the kiss still tingling on his lips. "They, uh, no." he laughed at the mere idea. "I would usually ask them out if I liked them, but it was always sort of…'who are you again?' Turned out grown-up dating wasn't all that different."

"It enrages me to think that they touched you intimately," Hannibal said in a gruff tone Will had never heard before. "That your self-image was tarnished repeatedly through so many instances of poor treatment."

This new tone of voice was scary and sent lightening jolts of fascinated, worshipful lust through Will's body.

"It's okay, Daddy," Will reasoned cheerfully, "I'm here now."

"Oh, my dear boy," Hannibal relented with another sigh, "Yes, indeed you are." He appeared to be getting his emotions back under control to the extent he could. It seemed a gargantuan effort, as if he did not realize that he didn't have to hold back his anger or any other feeling from Will.

Will reasoned to himself that Daddy would come to understand with time how much he could trust his boy.

If Daddy was to teach Will all about love and sex, surely Will wanted to teach Hannibal romantic trust beyond limits, true intimacy. Wild boy that he was, the one instinct he knew could never be tamed was the need for total bonding with Hannibal, and that they must come to a place of complete honesty for him to be satisfied. Time, he knew, would bring this about.

He would stay and listen and be as good as he knew how, and he would show Daddy that there were no secrets too dark, no outbursts too frightening, Will would take it all, happily. Hannibal was his protector, and Will was the protector of Hannibal's heart, whether or not the older man understood this yet.

"Thank you for answering those questions honestly. I needed that information to build important elements of the schedule and designs for upcoming scenes. Put your head on my lap. We'll continue now."

Will smiled delightedly and let Daddy run fingers soothingly through soft curls, comforting the very head he'd made a little sore with hair-pulling. He loved both feelings so much, he could not decide which he preferred. How nice that those decisions no longer belonged to him. Daddy knew what he needed in any given moment.

"Since those questions required a sensitive confession, I will provide a break now…I'm going to ask you several relatively easy questions, darling, and then I'm afraid I must ask a few more which will be difficult for you. Do you understand?"

"Sure," Will shrugged. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal's leg like he had in the office that first night, sighed contentedly and rubbed his face against Daddy's leg, covered in the red velvety robe. "I'll tell you anything you want to know, Daddy."

"That's my good boy. How do you best like Daddy to be dressed? In other words, what sort of attire, or the lack thereof, arouses you?"

"Any," Will chuckled, rolling his eyes at his own truly pathetic, drooling obsession with the man. "But my favorite is…" Oh, this was. Making him feel very shy, sentimental, soft… turned on…

"I like your suits, Daddy," he admitted, bashfully meeting the older man's gaze, not so far above him but always seeming so lofty. "They make me feel…" he swallowed. "Hard. And I think…also. When you're um. When you're half-dressed, so you're not wearing a shirt but you just have your suit pants on, the thought of you spanking me like that…I've fantasized about it."

"I see." Only a fluttering of light lashes and a sudden twitch of Hannibal's mouth announced his strong reaction to Will's confession. But Will wondered what he would find as further evidence, if he dared to look at Daddy's cock under his robe. Of course, he didn't dare!

"Very well, my dear. And prior to our relationship, how many times a week did you masturbate, on a regular basis?"

Will bit his lip, arms tightening around Hannibal's leg, cheek hot against the velvety fabric, feeling the strong thigh beneath. "It, uh, might be easier to go by how many times a day,

Daddy."

"I see," Hannibal said again. *I See* seemed to be his way of repressing his own arousal as the questions and Will's answers made this increasingly difficult.

Will began to triumph with each "I see." After all, he didn't even need to exaggerate to get the obvious affirmations, since Daddy liked him just the way he was.

"You are a very sensitive, needy young man with a high sex drive, an oral fixation and relatively little self control. That is perfectly natural. Would three times a day be accurate?"

"Going by times I jerked off or times I orgasmed?"

Hannibal gave him a very gentle slap to one cheek. "Naughty thing. Going by masturbating sessions."

"Oh, okay. Then yes, usually about three times a day."

"That is morning, afternoon and evening."

"Yes. Sometimes I would do it again after waking up from a nightmare. Helped me get back to sleep. Do wet dreams count? I wake up sometimes to find I've come in my sleep and the sheets are all–"

"Understood," Hannibal sighed, "*I see.* Thank you, Will."

Will's triumphant smile faded at the next question.

"My dear, as a boy did your father have you do chores around the house?"

Boring. What did this matter? "Yeah, I had to do all the usual stuff kids do for chores."

"And what do you recall those to be?"

"Oh, um, let's see…I'd take out the garbage, do the dishes, fold the laundry, clean the floors, sometimes I'd make dinner, when I was old enough. I would go grocery shopping once I was old enough for that, too."

Hannibal asked in a gritty tone, "And what did your father do by way of housework?"

"I don't know, he paid the bills," Will laughed, "That's what he kept telling me, anyway, but we sure moved around a lot. Dunno how many bills he was paying. He did work hard and often, and I'd go down to the docks to watch; he taught me boats, and from boats it was easy to understand how other mechanical devices work, like cars, eventually even guns. That was really nice of him, and he didn't have to do that. Made up for the times he seemed so far away in the same room, or when he'd get upset with me."

"When he got upset with you, what happened?"

Will's face fell; he didn't want to go back there. "Do I really have to say?"

“Yes, angel, but I promise this line of questioning is almost done with.” Hannibal had his pencil posed over his notes, having jotted a few down with the last few explanations from Will. His tone was sweet and encouraging, his eyes warm.

“He’d ignore me, if it was something small, and then, if it was more important, like I failed a math class once out of sheer boredom and laziness, or the time I got in a fender bender with his truck…he never shouted or hit me, like I said, but he’d sort of…list all the ways I was a let-down, and once…he said he didn’t know why he had a kid anyway. That my mom wanted one and he wanted my mom, but then she couldn’t cut it as a parent or wife and hit the road leaving him with this screw-up on his hands. His voice was always sort of flat and cold then.”

“I’m terribly sorry this happened to you, Will.” Hannibal shook his head, anger flaring in his eyes. “Only one more, sweetheart. Did your father ever use physical touch as a means of affection and reassurance?”

“You mean like hugs?”

Hannibal nodded.

“No, he wasn’t the touchy feely type. I think the most he ever touched me once I was old enough to do most things for myself was…he shook my hand the day I left for college. Last time I saw him, in fact.”

“This is very helpful, darling,” Hannibal assured him, “Thank you. I've finished my work here. Are you ready to hear about our schedule and rules?”

“Yes,” Will nodded, head resting more heavily on Daddy's lap from having to answer those questions; they peeled back the bandages on his old emotional scars that never healed. “Please.”

Hannibal laughed tenderly. He reached his arms down and said, “Come into Daddy’s lap, my good boy, and we’ll look at it together.”

***

Schedule and Rules

1. On days that you wake up before me, you may begin the day with cockwarming.
2. Each day you will eat the breakfast that Daddy makes for you. You will make coffee and remember to make Daddy’s the way he likes it.
3. On days that Daddy has to go to work, you will keep your phone on, charged and nearby.
4. While we are apart during the work day, you are not to spend more than two hours, two separate hours, on remote profiling work for the FBI. You will time yourself and honestly report to Daddy at the end of the day whether you followed this rule.
5. You will always send Daddy at least two nude photos during the work day. This includes when you are occupied outside of the house and in public places.
6. You will eat the snacks and lunch that Daddy leaves for you in the refrigerator each day when you are at home, drink your water, stay hydrated.
7. If you go out for coffee, drinks or food without Daddy, you’re to text asking what to order

and wait to do so until Daddy tells you.
8. You will send Daddy messages about your day every few hours. These may be flirting, affection, sexual, or simply to tell me how you are feeling (honestly).
9. If you go out to run errands, engage in hobbies or socialize, you will report to Daddy on who you saw and how they interacted with you.
10. Ten minutes before I arrive home from work, make us each a drink, our favorites, and bring them into the library. Return to wait for me in the front hall. When Daddy gets home from work, you will be waiting at the door. You will be wearing lingerie or one of Daddy's sweaters or shirts, no panties if the latter.
11. You will then immediately ask if Daddy would like to fuck your mouth.
12. Also on this topic, you will tell me right away when you have a need for oral occupation, so that I can offer it to you promptly via cockwarming or previously mentioned.
13. Daddy will tell you what we will be doing each evening upon his return from work. We may be going out to dinner, to the opera, charity function, book reading, museum, a movie theater, a sex club, or we may remain at home for a quiet, private night of shared company. You will immediately accept Daddy's plans and whatever he wishes for you to wear (and not wear).

This was the end of page *one.* Hannibal's perfect cursive had filled three pages with this list. Will was sweating and his hand behind Daddy's neck brushing through his hair was shaking; his other hand had clamped to his own thigh, trying not to dig his nails in.

"What do you most like *me* to wear, Daddy?" He asked, batting his eyelashes, voice so frail with wanting, curiosity, need.

"I prefer you naked." Hannibal spoke lightly and casually. He turned the page over and clipped the second part of the list to the front of the board for their mutual review. "You'll find this referenced in the very next rule, in fact."

14. Once we retire to the library with our drinks in the early evening, you will strip naked and climb into Daddy's lap.
15. There will be times when Daddy needs to work at home without being disturbed or interrupted. At these times, I will instruct you to do one of three things: a) to stand or kneel naked and silent in my home office so that I may enjoy you while I work, b) to cockwarm Daddy under his desk, c) to perform simple housework while wearing the apparel of my choice.
16. You will accompany Daddy regularly to sex clubs to observe and learn the lifestyle, and for our mutual arousal/enjoyment. During these occasions, you will trust Daddy to keep you safe.
17. During these outings you are never to leave Daddy's side or speak to strangers without my express permission.
18. If you ever feel jealous regarding Daddy, you must confess it immediately.
19. You must confess immediately if you masturbate without permission and while away from Daddy.
20. You will make your body available to Daddy's use at any time and in any way I deem appropriate.
21. When punished, you will accept your discipline without objection or questioning.
22. For each orgasm you receive, you will say "Thank you, Daddy." Each time Daddy comes

in or on you, you will say "Thank you, Daddy."
23. You will practice anal training until you can take Daddy's cock with ease.

"Oh my fucking *God,*" said Will, crimson-faced. He shifted nervously, adjusting his back muscles unnecessarily in a way that had been a subconscious tic from childhood.

"Read the last page," Hannibal directed, placing a hand firmly on the small of Will's back. His skin, so warm and nice against Will. "Control your reactions. I don't want to see you twitching your back again, boy. I believe I will have to condition you out of this habit."

"Condition…me…" Will felt dizzy. He swallowed. "I see."

He was hard, too, and with no way to hide it. So embarrassing, so arousing, holy shit, how was he going to handle the rest of the damn list without blowing untouched and getting in trouble? Did he want to be in trouble? Jesus.

Hannibal calmly turned to the last page.

24. You will wear a butt plug selected by Daddy every day, for our mutual pleasure and to continue your training.
25. Once a week, Daddy will conduct an inspection of you. You will stand naked in our bedroom whilst I examine you, and you will provide an honest review of your obedience and training during the week.
26. Once a week, you will write a letter telling how you feel about our relationship at that time, if anything troubles you, if there is something else you desire for me to give you, and what your favorite things have been.
27. Every night before bed you will lay out my clothes for the following day on the chair. You will change the sheets in the morning after I leave for work and make the bed.
28. Daddy will select all of your clothing, including for days you will be out of the house without me.
29. You will wear your home collar always with the exception of showering and sleeping, when we are in the house. When you leave the house you will always wear your outside collar.
30. You are not to drive. Daddy will drive you anywhere we need to go unless he is at work, in which case you will travel in a hired car. 31. You are never to do the dishes, the laundry (aside from placing sheets or clothing in the hampers to be washed), the cooking (unless we make dinner together), or any other form of household labor which I have not ordered you to do.
32. You are never to harm yourself physically. If you are tempted to do so, tell me immediately. If you hurt yourself and try to hide it from me, consequences will be severe. Tell me at once if you disobey this rule.
33. You will continuously consider and devise ways to demonstrate your submission to me.
34. What Daddy says is law. Mine is the final word. Disobedience will carry consequences modulated according to the severity of the offense.

Thus endeth the list and most of Will's remaining capacity for thought above needing sex, from Daddy, *now, now, now.*

“I love it,” Will whispered, “So much. Thank you, Daddy.” He kissed Hannibal’s neck and nuzzled his nose in, smelling his skin and cologne.

“I’m so pleased you approve, sweetheart. Any questions on your mind?”

“A few.” Will settled in cozily, having gotten sort of used to being naked on Hannibal’s robed lap, enjoying the contrast, the admiration and suggestiveness that kicked heat in his stomach and made his head swim. “I assume I’m not allowed to watch porn?”

“I certainly don’t mind occasionally watching pornography together, and indeed it has its place in certain types of scenes we’ll share. However, you mustn’t watch it alone, Will.”

“Okay, no problem…can’t touch myself during the day…that’s gonna be hard. I mean, I will…” he laughed. “I’ll be hard, in your – our house – with all of your fancy, nice things around me, doing what you ordered me to do, taking sexy pictures for you, I mean you’d find them sexy, and um, what am I supposed to do when I get hard?”

“You will send me a message,” Hannibal informed him crisply. “If I am able, I’ll to come to you or share in a video chat in which you will put on a show for me until you orgasm, if I give permission that is. Otherwise, you are to occupy your pretty, naughty little hands in some other way. You will *wait,* knowing that very good boys not only get what they desire, but earn extra special treats and surprises, too.”

“Yes, Daddy. Yes…” Will swooned, realizing he was leaking now, all over Hannibal’s robe. His heart was hammering in his ears and he clung to Daddy, repeating the phrase, “Yes, Daddy” until Hannibal held him back just as tightly, growled, and playfully bit his earlobe, a gentle, too-teasing flick of tongue and flash of teeth.

“What do you want from me right now, Will? Don’t tell me politely. Don’t play it down. Say it.”

“I want to know what it’s going to be like when you discipline me,” Will blurted.

Tears welled in his eyes from being too aroused without the touch of Daddy’s hand or mouth, and even his hole seemed empty without Daddy’s fingers and tongue making him feel so good. He was addicted to things he never even knew he could want before, and it hurt, so he let the tears trickle down his hot cheeks. This was being honest.

“You're the first one who ever spanked me, and I love it so much, but...what will it be like when you punish me? How will it feel? Can you show me?”

“My precious boy,” Hannibal praised gruffly. He stood, lifting Will in his arms at the same time, hugging him close again. “How happy you make me. What a good boy you are.”

He walked to the bed carrying Will in his arms bridal style, and gently placed the younger man down in a sitting position at the end of it.

“Now then,” he said teasingly, “By now you understand that Daddy will take you over his knee -- or indeed over any surface I find appropriate -- anytime you are badly behaved, but

do you know the reason, love?"

At the same time he spoke, Hannibal had crossed the room to the bureau, removing yet another gift box. It would be inconceivable how he managed to have so many treats stowed away in there, except that it was one of those big antique dressers with deep drawers that had secret compartments. Of course it was.

This box was square, a bigger rectangle than the collars. Will suddenly felt the leather encircling his neck with greater clarity, suspecting the box to contain – given the subject matter he'd requested – more BDSM types of…*things.*

Hannibal placed the box on the bed and awaited Will's answer. He stood broad-shouldered with an eerie calm, his hands folded in front of him almost professionally.

"Because you love me?" Will's gaze dragged from the box to Hannibal, up his body to his face, every inch of looking overflowing with boyish curiosity and hunger.

"That's exactly true. Daddy's hands are here to show you the difference between right and wrong, as much as they are made to offer you pleasure and comfort. You'll never feel a touch from me that isn't bestowed in complete adoration." Hannibal smiled fondly. "I would be unwilling to discipline you if there was a shadow of a doubt on this matter in your sweet little head. You're never to worry that Daddy will stop loving you because of this or that infraction."

"I can't control how I feel, but I'll try to believe you won't stop loving me. It's hard to believe…I can be…anyway." Will shrugged. "I know you'll give me whatever I deserve, and it makes me happy to take it."

"I'll also withhold from you what I please, Will. That's nearly as important. Now, open that box."

Will did.

Inside were all manner of sex toys, contained in a soft pink box with latches on it like a suitcase. Within velvet slots were neatly placed vibrators, paddles, feathery things Will thought might just make him sneeze, butt plugs and anal beads.

"See something you like, Will?"

"Everything except the feather thing," Will said. "I sneeze easily."

Though still red-faced and trembling, he spoke frankly. Something in his earnest response set Hannibal off.

"You're truly adorable, do you know that?" the older man purred, giving the naked boy a hug and ruffling his hair. "I want to see you over my knee now, waiting, wondering. We'll start simply. This particular set of toys, too, is a beginner's collection. I just wanted to give you an idea, however minimal, of what we will be doing. The playroom will be more intense, of course…much more."

He sat down on the bed and arranged Will over his lap with authoritative skill and insistent, big strong hands. Will got distracted by his smooth skin and the veins standing out in his hands, and almost forgot those same beautiful hands were once again about to spank him.

He wriggled as this reality set in.

“Something wrong, sweet boy?” Slowly, Hannibal massaged Will’s ass, taking the time to just admire him, gently squeezing the soft, plump cheeks, enjoying the pale skin with thoughts of how soon he could turn it pink, and even red.

“No, it’s just that I kind of forgot in all the – being incredibly horny – that it hurts when you spank me,” Will answered, again with the same forthright attitude, again with the same pliant and needy body language.

“Yes, sweetheart.” Hannibal drew his hand back and gave one solid slap to Will’s butt cheek, immediately leaving a pink mark on the sensitive skin.

Will moaned, “Oh! Ow!” Theatrically, somehow managing to flirt and play games through his genuine pleasured pain and nervousness, Will batted his lashes with a pout. “What did I do to deserve this? Have I been that bad, Daddy?”

“Count your spanks, Will. That’s one. Ten is usually a good number to start with for beginners.”

Will’s lashes fluttered quickly over dazed bright blue eyes. Still, he could be playful; he could be so many things all at once, he could be this other boy he didn’t know but loved being, wondering where he got the bravery and nerve.

“Good,” Will replied with a daring smirk, “In that case I’d like twenty to start.”

“Will…that may not be –”

“To start,” Will repeated, settling in with his chin propped up on his crossed arms, as if he had laid down to read a magazine or texts on his phone.

“What did you do to deserve a spanking?” Hannibal’s voice was a low grunt, and he was one hundred percent focused on what he was doing. This was so fucking kinky, Will could barely stand it, like porn but so much better.

“Yes, what? Ahh! *One!....Two!*” Breathing hard. “I know I’m a good boy because you – *ahhh, ouch! Three, four* tell me all the time!” The soft, begging squeals made Hannibal come undone just like Will hoped.

“Firstly, you deserve a good spanking simply for *existing,*” his last word became a gasp of erotic exertion as he started alternating light spanks, which were just a quick slap of his fingers, with unpredictable harder strikes from the flat of his palm.

They got up to ten like that, then fifteen, and by twelve Will became insatiable. He hit some kind of peak in his pain threshold that crossed further into ecstasy, and he had to have more.

Will's moans grew louder and more wanton, and he yelped on the harder hits going up to twenty, his body shaking harder than ever. His cock was rigid, leaking against Daddy's thighs and probably staining his fancy bathrobe even worse, *Good,* Will thought, lost in a daze he couldn't understand and never wanted to leave.

"Second, you are *teasing* and provoking Daddy while he is already *spanking you*--" Hannibal reached behind him. Will looked up and saw his hair falling into his eyes, fanned in soft shades of blonde, brown and silver, but through the haze of disheveled locks he caught sight of animal eyes in ferocious lust.

Panting slightly, Daddy displayed for Will the paddle he'd just taken from the "beginner's collection" of sex toys. "Are you tired, does it hurt, and do you want more? I'm not asking because you have a choice, mind you. I'm asking because I am curious to know what you will say."

Will nodded, "Yes, please, Daddy, I…want you to spank me again and with the paddle this time. As many times as you think is fair." And he licked his lips.

The paddle, seeming nearly demure in its bubblegum color, still intimidated Will. Lying across Hannibal's lap with his hands planted shakily to the bed and his blue, sparkling polish-decorated feet indeed twitching and wriggling with fearful anticipation, Will hardly knew what to do with himself. He didn't do anything, except to stare when he noticed that the paddle had the words "Daddy's Boy" written across the back of it in cursive. Then he felt proud, centered and ready, and looked up at Daddy with a shy, inviting smile.

Hannibal had his hand on Will's bare ass again, just slowly dragging back and forth, occasionally squeezing, giving a small smack just to watch how the firm but plush cheeks wobbled with his firm touch. Will got up on his elbows and dragged himself up and down once, his cock sliding over Hannibal's thighs, a little bit of relief flooding him from the instinctive move, coming as it did from desperate need.

"You naughty, disobedient boy," Hannibal snarled. "What have I so recently taught you about taking your own pleasure?"

"I'm sorry, Daddy, please don't be angry. I didn't mean it." Will's weak voice and big eyes added to Hannibal's frustration; he could feel it in the way the older man's posture stiffened, how Hannibal's hand squeezed down harder on Will's ass cheek, right on a sensitive place he'd already spanked.

Will moaned, "Oh, God, Daddy, please forgive me, please still show me what it's going to be like. I won't try and move like that again, I promise."

"You most certainly *did* mean it," Hannibal accused with a growl. "But I will deal with your misbehavior accordingly. Lie *still* for me now, boy. Obey Daddy. Learn to follow Daddy's rules."

"Yes, of course, of course, I–"

“Hush, now, brat.” His voice a hoarse, savage thing, the term “brat” immediately going right to Will’s cock and drawing a meek, needy cry from his lips.

In the bath earlier, Hannibal had told Will he had no intention of employing degradation in their play, as he was of the belief it was the very last thing Will needed. But a little well-applied embarrassment, he’d noticed to be extremely erotic for Will…and adding to this the occasional praising, accusing pet name would also be fine, as Will had eagerly agreed.

Coming from Daddy, the word “brat” indicated amused affection, sincere discipline and sexual intensity all at once. It was a compliment. Will thoroughly planned to act the brat on a regular basis to get a rise out of Daddy, knowing they’d both enjoy it.

(They had also decided that ‘slut’ and ‘whore’ were terms of endearment, but they would get to play with those at a later time)

“You wild, wanton little brat, don’t you want to know how far I can take it?”

Will nodded quickly, “Yes, please, I do!”

Hannibal put a hand on Will’s low back, pressed him back down flat so he couldn’t rut, then used the paddle to stroke over the younger man’s ass, a quiet but intense threat. “You’ll have to *wait*. Every day, I’ll increase the level of our play just a little bit, and a very long time from now you’ll taste the full brunt of my discipline. You still won’t be ready, but building you up will be so very delicious, knowing you will suffer unspeakable torment from the deprivation and teasing. This paddle is only made of leather, Will.”

He struck Will once with the paddle, and the soft material had a surprising bite to it. The rectangular spanking implement was also the right size to cover a larger amount of Will’s skin than Hannibal’s hand. With the paddle, Hannibal could either strike a single ass cheek with shocking impact or spank Will’s whole ass in one go. He tried both, back and forth, in between, and while Will cried out, “*Ow! That hurts, Daddy!*”

Hannibal had a cold smile in his voice. “That’s the point, brat. You see, it amuses me that you think *this*” – he spanked Will three times briskly with the paddle, all over his dark pink ass, breathless at the sight of the profiler’s curves bouncing and changing color with the discipline. “‘*Hurts’*.”

“Ahh!” Will hissed, involuntarily starting to jerk away and up the bed at the smacking force of the leather paddle, not enough to break skin but more than he’d ever had before, certainly, in fact the novelty of the whole experience – he was stunned; he kept going from deliberately teasing to genuinely naive and overwhelmed.

Hannibal shoved him back down, then grabbed a handful of hair and pulled Will’s head up roughly. He stroked the paddle over Will’s ass, admiring his handiwork, pleased but aching with the desire to give Will more. So much more. It was written all over his body language, it was in his hectic breathing and the sound of his throaty commands.

“Keep still,” he ordered, gripping Will’s curls and enjoying the boy’s surprised moans as he administered another series of good spanks. “Don’t you want a treat from Daddy? You lie

there like a good boy and take your punishment, and then you will receive what's coming to you in full. Understood?"

"No," Will whimpered, ass wriggling, fingers scrambling weakly for purchase on the luxurious royal blue duvet, legs trembling, "I haven't been naughty enough for this, Daddy. I need to come and you won't let me, and you're spanking me too much. *Hurts*."

"The safeword isn't 'no', Will." A grim smile this time. "You remember the safeword?"

They'd decided on one during the bathtub conversation as well. Will, with a giggle, had dubbed it "*vanilla.*" Hannibal had been far too amused to deny using this, although Will *never* planned to speak the word during their play.

"I do," Will recovered slightly from the bewildering mess of his simultaneous bratty performance and sincere response to the pain. "*And I'm not fucking saying it, Daddy*."

"*Language,* William," Hannibal snapped. He tossed the paddle aside and spanked Will with his bare hand again, and Will heard the noise of that strong hand smacking his naked skin as if it must come from somewhere else, it was so profane and hot, he couldn't even believe– he was yelping, Hannibal had let his hair go and he was crying into the bed, ecstatic, his ass stinging with pain, burning with the heat of such prolonged punishment.

"I – don't think it's fair that you can curse as much as you want," Will retorted. His sassy tone was quite intact despite his muffled voice against the bedding and his body shaking with sobs of pleasure and wanting.

"Daddy is much more grown up than you, baby, and can say whatever he damn well pleases. But *you* need to learn your manners, and to respect my word as law." Hannibal slapped Will's bottom again, and although he couldn't move now even if he wanted to, other than to writhe unsuccessfully, Will knew that his lover had that look of intense desperation again, the one that said Will was well and truly in for it.

"You think I have bad manners?" Will stuck his lower lip out even further than before and did his best to look up at Hannibal. His vision was a little blurry, but Hannibal saw his expression plainly enough.

"I think you're a beautiful, sassy little brat and you're driving me out of my mind, yet again, with full intention. Still…" Hannibal stopped the spanking for now and went back to massaging the boy's supple ass.

"You have borne up so bravely under your first real spanking, I do think that you deserve a treat."

"Another one?" Will fingered his collar, so proud to be wearing it, feeling so comforted and safe no matter how rough Hannibal got, or perhaps even more so the rougher Daddy became. The collar gave him peace in his heart and mind as he had never known it, made him brave enough for what was coming.

“Yes. Tell me, while I’m preparing it…” Hannibal had dragged the box of toys closer and was doing something with one of them, Will thought he heard the squeeze of the lube bottle; his body tensed. “What were you thinking of when I spanked you?”

“That I wonder what it will feel like when you fuck me, to have your big cock inside my innocent little body.” Will’s words were a breathy whimper, but yes, he knew, he *knew* what the statement would do to Hannibal, and he wanted those consequences.

“It’s going to feel amazing, Will,” Hannibal answered, voice gritty, “You won’t want me to stop. You’ll want it all the time, even when it hurts, and that will be *often*. Look how much you want Daddy’s cock constantly already, and I haven’t even fucked your sweet little ass yet, haven’t made you feel me so deep that it twinges in your belly. It’s going to take some time…”

He nudged the insertion tip of a plug between Will’s rose-colored ass cheeks, pressing into his virginal, resistant entrance, and Will felt the pressure of soft silicone accompanied by the cool stickiness of a lot of lube, a *lot*. Hannibal had only been teasing this time, pushing the tip of the plug barely into the rim before withdrawing at the shallow penetration. But he wouldn’t merely tease much longer.

“Ahhh,” Will moaned, trying to hold still, hold still…nothing had ever seemed more challenging; his body had at least five different instincts between pushing his ass up invitingly to the plug, grinding again, slipping off Hannibal’s lap to run and hide, fainting, et cetera.

Hannibal continued, with that thoughtful, concentrated tone again, intellectual in such a moment, which drove Will even fucking crazier. “Some time to teach you how to take a cock as thick and big as mine. We’ll progress now from my fingers to this plug. I need you to try and relax, despite your urge to wriggle like the naughty, deliberate imp you are.”

He squeezed Will’s ass cheek, every time reigniting the delighted pain of the spanking, and circled the plug several times slickly over the younger man’s hole.

Will tried to relax.

His body remained instinctively tense; even his calf muscles strained with anxiety. What would it be like?

He knew Daddy’s fingers and how his tongue felt inside, touching and taking him in the place no one else had, but this sex toy was another matter. While the smallest of the set, it looked big compared to the tightness of Will’s hole, a big, tear-drop shaped, pink toy that would soon be so deep inside, controlled by Hannibal and his every wicked whim.

“Poor baby,” Hannibal sighed into a soft laugh, melting at the sight of Will’s struggle. “Let me help you.”

Hannibal firmly rearranged him so that he was pushed up on his knees, ass sticking out, feeling so tender and exposed. And he leaned down to kiss Will’s sweaty brow, stroking his arm and shoulder with free hand while he began to push the plug in, for real this time.

Will knew it would go easier if he kept his ass up and open as possible, if he kept the quaking of his body and the natural resistance to a minimum. But his hole tried to clench shut, tried harder with every tiny bit further Hannibal thrust in, and it didn't really hurt yet, more a tender discomfort with the promise he'd be sore later (not at all unappealing) – but he was frustrated.

"Daddy, why can't I make myself relax for this?" he fussed, "My body won't let me–"

"Your body will demand and beg for more the moment you experience full penetration, pet. Stay where you are, breathe deeply in and out. I won't hurt you in this way, not ever. The pain you'll feel during our fucking will be of a different kind, the sense of stretching to accommodate more girth than seems humanly possible, the thrill of fullness, the joy of submitting to greedy, hard sex."

If there was one thing that could get Will to relax (and in this world there were precious few), it was Hannibal's dirty talk and threats to sexually wreck him. As soon as he started talking like that, Will's body relaxed a little, even his tight hole, opening enough for Hannibal to make substantial, careful progress.

"There now." Hannibal spoke soothingly. He left the plug halfway inside Will, already making the younger man feel unthinkably full. Then he began to stroke Will's cock, slowly twisting the plug. "Alright so far, baby?"

Will mewled, "Uh – Uh huh, ohh!" Hannibal eased the toy almost all the way out and slid it back in, once, twice; he added more lube to the toy so it was even cooler and more slick when it pressed in again. When they were done it would be burning hot from the embrace of Will's body.

"Oh, it's so – oh, *God,*" Will's fingers tightened on the sheets; he looked back with great effort and saw Hannibal, gorgeous and dominating, concentrating so fully, pressing the toy inside him, gliding it in and out, in and out… "Aaahhh! Daddy…" He'd never heard his own voice quite that whiny before.

"I'm sorry, was that a yes or no? Use real words, please." Hannibal pulled the plug out again, slowly, tormentingly, and Will snapped that easily. He stopped stroking.

"Yes, yes, please, Daddy, I swear I'll be so good– please let me have my treat."

"In that case," Hannibal replied crisply, clearly pleased. He thrust the plug in more deliberately and started twisting then sliding with deepening thrusts, finding a rhythm.

His had had stilled on Will's cock while they talked and now he was moving again there, too, expertly masturbating Will better than he'd ever jerked himself off in his life full of probably hundreds of jerk off sessions.

Hannibal stroked with a perfect combination of tightness in grip and knowledge of sensitivity, soon matching the rhythm of the slow ass fucking with his hand, slickly stroking Will into fire floods of bliss.

“One more time, and then,” Hannibal muttered, hard at work but so talented in the endeavor. He focused and thrust the plug in until it was fully seated, and the heart design on the outer end winked beguilingly from Will’s ass, wet with lube, his whole body screaming with pleasure beyond dreams. It was a little uncomfortable, but that was more from novelty and having to learn how to relax. This was…extremely good, Will managed to piece together the realization while his whole being was swept out to sea in delirium, because Hannibal was still playing with the plug and now he’d found Will’s prostate.

“Daddy – please –” Will yanked at the sheets, toes curling and uncurling, heart on a rollercoaster ride, “Daddy, I’m begging you, fuck me, make me come–”

“When I decide it’s time,” Hannibal hummed. He left the plug fully seated in Will again and spanked him again. “How many more spanks from Daddy till you come, do you think?”

He kept stroking. The plug, nowhere near as big as Hannibal, felt huge, and it was so, so, so good to feel full. This could become an addiction, not that Hannibal was likely to complain.

“Ten?” Will guessed feebly.

“We’ll see.” Hannibal began again spanking his sore cheeks and stroking him while the plug taught him how to hold a cock inside, and Will lost track – he tried to keep counting, but around five his mind simply drifted away into the sweetest dream land.

He was still there on Hannibal’s lap being pleasured half out of his mind in three different ways, but he was flying, too, or rather floating through kaleidoscopes of mysterious feelings, fantasies and horrors.

Detached from his negative emotions, he was fully attuned to every sound he made, begging and panting, every ragged breath from Hannibal, the slapping sound of the strong hand colliding with his long-since reddened ass. He saw his own hands clutching to the blanket and heard Daddy roughly praising him for taking this so well.

He didn’t know where he was, but it seemed to be a place between reality and dreaming where both were equally accessible.

The stagman was there, crouching by the fireplace, crooking a long-nailed claw at Will with a severely beckoning smile, eyes blank as ever, temptation ever deep.

There was blood everywhere, splashed on the walls, raining from the ceiling, spilling from numerous victims of cases he’d worked in the past few months, mostly Ripper cases. The corpses lay on the floor and smiled, no eyes, vacant sockets not seeming scary to Will but somehow amusing and reassuring.

Nothing could harm him there. He was safe with Daddy, and Daddy had put him here. He could think about any depraved vision he liked without guilt, take it all the way to the extreme limit, even. He could do anything he wanted, who would stop him? Not Hannibal. Will laughed, tears cascading from his eyes. Never Hannibal. Why was that? Well, it didn’t matter, right?

Hannibal pushed him over into climax with his nonstop punishing pleasure, and Will fell down against him with the force of the orgasm, making a mess all over Daddy's robe again. He liked marking Daddy.

He was shuddering but he was smiling. He curled up on Daddy's lap and Daddy played with his hair. A glass of water appeared with a straw put to his lips; Will sipped it like a good boy. Hannibal murmured tenderly that he was going to remove the plug now and it wouldn't hurt, he was going to do it slowly.

Will moaned at the loss of penetration and fullness, but he knew Daddy was right about how and when he should wear a plug. Daddy knew absolutely everything and that was just one of the thousand reasons Will adored him completely. Hannibal shushed his moaning with such caring words of affection. Will was the very best and loveliest boy in the whole world, the prettiest and nicest, the smartest, the bravest. Daddy was going to make sure Will felt just this good and someday much better every day and night. Will was so very, very sexy that Daddy could barely keep his hands off him.

"You don't have to keep your hands off me," Will said, sounding drunk. He laughed at how he sounded.

Time kept sliding by, crooked clocks decorating blood-slick walls. Time didn't matter; it bled from the walls and poured to the floor. Place didn't matter. Will and Hannibal could conquer the world with a love this massive. They could do whatever they wanted.

Hannibal sang to him, soft-voiced lullabies in his native tongue, then French and Italian, gentle and old-fashioned melodies, soothing and sweet. He cleaned them both, then massaged Will's sore ass carefully with a healing salve that smelled of lavender and eucalyptus and eased the biting pain still emanating from his skin down there. The heavy, wonderful collar was released, leaving a longing for its return which have to wait until morning for satisfaction. Daddy's hands could bestow so much love in such different ways, Will thought, stimulating and harsh or adoring, achingly so, like now. Life would never be boring with Hannibal. It would never be boring again, or lonely.

"Do you know where you are, Will?" Hannibal's voice was attentive, low and close to Will's ear.

"Mmm. With you, Daddy." Will let the older man lift him, wrap him in a blanket, carry him to bed.

With a contented sigh, Will snuggled up to Daddy and nuzzled his chest, which he found bare and very warm. Flushed from domming Will. That was…literally hot. Will giggled.

"You're someplace *else*, too, my darling, and I'm impressed with you, remarkably impressed. Quite astonished."

"What?" Will looked up at him, thinking he looked even more gorgeous in the wake of performing discipline. "God, you're so handsome," he sighed.

“As are you, sweetheart. Do you realize that you’ve gone into sub space? On only your first submissive scene? It’s…incredible, Will.”

“Wow, is that why I feel like I’m full of darkness and it’s leaking out of my pores to fill this room up like a swimming pool, but that’s okay? And also…I feel in some way like I’m still coming. I know I’m not but..God there’s this pleasure reverberating through me, and I feel… floaty.”

“Yes, that is why. How beautiful your fantasies, Will, how amazing your ability to take pain and turn it into escape. Now you’ve found a place to take all your worries. I’ll bring you here as often as you need to go. Never hesitate to ask, unless you are on punishment. Even then…” Hannibal kissed Will’s forehead. “I admit I could be persuaded.” He chuckled self-consciously. “Unless I’m blindfolded, I cannot imagine denying this lovely face, those adorable big blue eyes, anything you want if I can give it. It will always be up to me *how* I give it, of course.”

“Yes, that’s the way it should be,” Will said very seriously, although still smiling. A big, goofy smile and it didn’t matter. Hannibal would always find him pretty and cute. Why had he spent such a long time hiding in his insecurities and denying himself full realization that Hannibal could actually feel this way about *him*?

“That’s exactly right, my dear. How clever you are, look how quickly you are learning to take what you need from me. One day, you will even learn to expect me to bestow it continually. As for now, are you comfortable – is there anything more you need?”

“You’re so sweet to me.” Will cuddled into Hannibal’s chest even closer. He held on good and tight and felt the older man’s heartbeat quicken, felt the roughly soft grey curls against his own stubbled cheek, kissed Daddy’s handsome, strong chest several times, then answered happily, “No, I just want you. Thank you for taking care of my, you know…”

Will laughed, “*Ass.* And everything.”

“Aftercare is an essential component of Dominant and submissive play, perhaps equally as important as the discipline which precedes it.” Hannibal sounded so fancy and smart when he Explained things. Will wanted to listen to him talk forever.

“Is this part of the aftercare, too?”

“Yes. I had thought, perhaps once we begin using the playroom, you might like me to make you a nest down there as well. A cozy place with blankets and pillows, any other comforts you would like to indulge after we play.”

“Can I just use you as a body pillow and listen to you singing to me and talking to me and *hold you,* feel your arms around me?” Will sighed. “It’s heaven. I don’t need a special place outside of your arms, Daddy.”

“You are my sweet, special boy, Will.” Hannibal sounded very touched and Will was proud that he had communicated his honest feelings so that they actually made sense, even to him.

“Daddy,” Will realized all of a sudden, still not worried, still floaty, but confused. “You didn’t come this time.”

“No, I didn’t. Don’t worry, baby. This wasn’t for me. It was for you. I know I’ll have plentiful enjoyment of you for my own pleasure tomorrow. Did you enjoy your discipline?”

“So much. I guess though this is kind of different because it’s a scene. When you really spank me for being naughty, you’ll be…different.”

“I suppose I will, sweetheart, but I will be no less in love with you for all of that. If I am stern…even very frustrated with you…depending on which rules you break and why…”

“That’s okay, Daddy, it just shows me that you care. I’m not used to someone caring about me this much. All this attention, how you’re always there when I look. You’d never leave me waiting.”

“Leave you waiting?” Hannibal looked down at him, seeing the younger man nestled against him with endless trust, rosy cheeks and a relaxed smile.

“Like…at the talent show. Fourth grade, fifth? One of those. It’s a long story. I sang a whole verse and my friend and I even made up a dance. One of the few times I made a friend, we moved again like a month later, I think. But I’ve thought the whole act was stupid ever since I looked in the audience.”

“While performing, you looked for your father in the audience and discovered he hadn’t come to the show.” Hannibal tightened his embrace around Will and kissed his forehead protectively.

“Yeah, but don’t worry about me, either, I’m okay. That was a long time ago. You’re here now. You’d come to the show wouldn’t you? Even though it was kind of a silly act. We worked hard on it.”

“Will?” Hannibal waited for his lover to look up into his golden eyes before he continued. He cupped Will’s face and stroked his cheeks and jaw with his thumb. “It wasn't silly at all. I wish I could see it now. I’d be in the front row. I’ll always be in the front row for you.”

“I knew it.” Will grinned. He kissed Hannibal’s chest again, then either bicep, then collapsed into him with a heady, joyful moan of sleepiness. “Tired. Tired, but too excited at the same time. You know?”

“Yes, but you need your sleep, angel. Would you like another song? Or for Daddy to read you a lovely story?”

“Oh, you’d read to me?” Will had his leg slung over Hannibal, wanting to be wrapped around him like a cheerful octopus. There, that was just right. He liked Daddy’s legs. They were bare, long, elegant and strong; Daddy had on silk boxers again, *so fancy all the time, mmm.* Will loved it. He didn’t need clothes, he was warm and safe. He had his best pillow and blanket all in one.

“I’d be delighted. I have several books ready in the drawer beside the bed, so I won’t have to leave you to get one.”

“Oh, thank goodness.”

“Would you like an adventure story, or something more amusing?”

“I’d love an adventure story, ‘specially if there’s magic. You’re magic.”

Hannibal’s voice was thick again. He took a book from the side table drawer, then kissed Will’s forehead and held him close. “I’ll read you to sleep, sweetheart. Starting tomorrow, your life will be entirely different to what you’ve known.”

Will laughed. “Thank goodness,” he repeated. “Nite, nite, Daddy.”

Hannibal laughed, too, wonder of wonders – not one hint of reserve or falsehood. He was so real now, with Will. Cradling his boy in a fond hug, he managed to hold the book open at a certain angle above his eyeline so that he wouldn’t have to let go of Will.

“*Chapter One,*” Hannibal read in the most patient, nurturing tone, rubbing Will’s back. “*’Peter Breaks Through. All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day…’”*

It was perfect. Daddy read on for a while and Will listened attentively, drifting along on the happiness of the simple sound of his voice and all of this wonderful, unheard of affection, all of this caring. He never realized he fell asleep, because even then he still heard the story, gilding his dreams with the gold of Hannibal’s eyes as they looked by lamplight.

Chapter End Notes

Next: The first day of the rest of Will's life...trying out the new schedule and rules: can Will obey every one? Later, a trip to a sexy club provides an opportunity to try out that leash...

(we will eventually see other regular characters and visit a crazy little thing called 'the plot'...😂)

I did make a Pinterest board of Will's outfits...many more to come of course! https://pin.it/1rKmQJH

Even though the stars are blind

Chapter Notes

cw: Fantasy of consensual dubious consent and double penetration. Consensual sleepy sex. Very affectionate and enjoyed face-slapping. No degradation, as previously mentioned. Hard spanking, but Hannibal is still holding back here from his most vehement discipline. Will dreaming darkly again with some typical murder husbands violence described.

This is a whole lot of crazy smut. I can't peel them off each other tbh. 🤦♀

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"*I can't believe you exist / I could get used to this*" - The Veronicas

***

It was the first day of the rest of Will's life, and he was made to be intimately, *deeply* aware of this fact even before fully awakening.

He had read the new schedule and rules carefully the night before, despite his state of aroused distraction and emotional frenzy. Will thought he had the lists almost memorized and was determined, with a perfectionist streak he had never really shown before, to get every single detail exactly right, the way that Hannibal wanted it.

One of several details which had been news to him was that cock-warming did not necessarily only refer to using one's mouth to keep Daddy's big cock warm and comfortable. However, this revelation, and the option to be penetrated while he was still asleep or very sleepy had been checked off with an enthusiastic, extra big check on the list of kinks he consented to.

Will was tired of making his own decisions. He wanted to be controlled and let Daddy make the choices that framed his life. What could be more exciting than to give his body over to Daddy's whims, knowing that when Will needed to be fucked, he didn't even have to ask? He didn't even have to think about it. It sounded perfect. He wanted his body to be nothing more than an offering; given freely and with total trust.

Of course, he also couldn't imagine having too much of Daddy's cock. Ever.

In his former life, back in his Wolf Trap farmhouse Will usually woke up pretty early because the dogs wanted breakfast and a walk. He'd put on a pot of Folger's coffee in his drip machine, throw on jeans and flannel, stuff his feet into scuffed workboots and usually forget to eat, too busy taking care of the dogs to slow down and take care of himself.

Sometimes he'd realize halfway through his morning lecture that he felt weak and realize he had not eaten. As for the quickly stuffed down and flavorless bagels from the Quantico teaching staff lounge, he could guess what Hannibal would say about them being his only sustenance until dinner on many a colorless, dull and sad day.

In his new life, things worked differently. Hannibal had developed a habit already of waking extra early and tending to the dogs so that Will could sleep more. He also brought his boy breakfast in bed, often feeding him by hand, kissing him indulgently between bites.

On this particular morning, it being a special occasion, perhaps, or simply because Hannibal wanted to, Will woke up to the slow realization that he was being fucked.

Without bothering to open his eyes, Will relaxed into the feeling, moaning softly. He lay on his side in the large, luxurious bed, nestled into white, insanely high thread-count cotton sheets with a lace edging. Hannibal had told him yesterday that he'd ordered the sheets from Italy since they reminded him of Will.

He wore one of the very nice outfits from his own side of Daddy's big, lovely closet, so many to pick from and more items appearing almost every day. The closet was so overstuffed that Will joked they'd need to knock out a wall soon; to his surprise, Daddy had not only concurred, but gone into a fairly matter-of-fact explanation of how he would indeed add more closet space when needed. Daddy had already worked up blueprints.

Will liked the way the deep blue t-shirt hugged his sensitive skin, and he liked even better that the shirt said *Loved, Collared and Owned* in pretty white cursive font right across his chest.

He had on a pair of silky, cheeky boyshorts – high cut so that the lace detailing showed half his ass. In case that wasn't quite suggestive enough, the panties also featured a criss-cross of ribbons in the back over a window revealing his crack right where it began.

They were also very comfortable, fitting him perfectly and providing a thrill of naughtiness, if not quite a thought so ambitious as him actually being sexy enough to warrant such attire.

Rather than removing the panties, Hannibal had neatly pulled them to one side while inserting a well-lubricated dildo into Will's hole, inch by careful inch.

"*Daddy,*" Will whined in pleasure as he tried to thrust back and take more sooner than Hannibal apparently planned to give it.

"Shhh, baby," Hannibal soothed, a smile in his voice. He was right behind Will, massaging his bare tummy under the t-shirt while he worked the slick toy in and out of his boy. "Go back to sleep."

"Mmm," Will mumbled. He felt a little petulant about having to wait because the toy, which was made of a new, softer material he hadn't felt before, was so delightful. He had quickly grown addicted to the sensations of being fucked, and the mere suggestion of it would be enough to make him beg.

Actually being woken up in the process of being ass-fucked slowly while Daddy grunted and purred, admiring how his hole sucked the toy eagerly inside, how he could see the toy sliding all the way out and then back in with torturous, gradual pacing, this was a dream come true.

Daddy's hand roved hungrily up Will's t-shirt to cup his pecs and play lazily with his nipples. "I have to be ever so careful with you, my beautiful vixen," his husky voice poured into Will's ear.

Warm lips and tongue worked just as slowly and velvety on Will's ear while Daddy's large, warm, strong hand moved from his chest down into the front of his panties, testing a theory.

"I see my boy didn't exaggerate how hard he gets in the morning." Hannibal gently arranged one of Will's prone legs, bending it upwards, allowing him to more easily thrust the toy in deeper. "Daddy wakes up very hard, too, sweetheart, and every inch is all for you. I only wish you were prepared enough to take me here and now, but I can be patient."

"Huuhhh," Will moaned, "Ahhh, please, you don't have to be patient. You can have me anytime you want."

His eyes were still closed, face straining into the pleasure being provided him in two places at once, joy reverberating through his whole being with Hannibal's every wickedly expert move.

"What a fussy little puppy you are," Hannibal clucked his tongue. "Don't you know that Daddy wants your very first time to be entirely pleasurable more than he wants his own pleasure in some fast and inconsiderate way?"

"But, Daddy," Will put his hand on top of Hannibal's where it rested over the rock-hard dick under his silky panties, thrusting into Daddy's warm grip. He was slippery, too, cock bathed in precum, which made Hannibal's breath catch.

Hannibal left the dildo a little over half seated in Will and gave him a firm stroke in his panties. "Look how *wet* you are. You drive me crazy. I know what you're thinking, naughty thing. That you'd actually like for Daddy to take you selfishly, impatiently, to use your sweet little body hard and with no other concern than my own enjoyment. Is that right?"

"Y-yes, yes, yes," Will's eyes finally fluttered open; his mouth too was wide open on a gasping moan.

Hannibal shoved the dildo all the way inside Will so that only the small insertion handle protruded from the pink and flushed hole. Will mewled desperately and bucked into Hannibal's hand.

"Does that feel big inside of you, darling?" He bit at Will's neck, taking his time with this as well, tracing pale skin with sharp fangs before occasionally marking the boy with a bruising jolt of delicious pain.

"It feels so big and good, so, so good." Will concentrated on trying to control his reactions, be patient for Daddy if that's what Daddy wanted. He needed to be a good boy. But good

boys were honest, too.

“It’s so hard to wait,” he added meekly. His breaths were short and he was already sweating, panting. “I need more.”

“It know it seems that way, beautiful.” He kissed Will’s damp curls and forehead, then put his hand on the dildo and moved it against the boy’s prostate.

When Will cried out, Hannibal added, “You think this toy feels big inside you, but this is only five inches of soft, pliable material made for beginners. Daddy is much bigger, and feel how hard.”

He poked his cock abruptly into Will’s soft ass cheek, then stroked the tip slowly there to illustrate the point, leaving a creamy smear of his own precum on Will’s skin.

“Oh!” Will threw his head back and moaned, “You feel amazing. So amazing, Daddy. I love what you do to my body. I never felt like this before.”

“I know, baby,” Hannibal sighed. “Let me give you a little bit more.”

Will confusedly heard some kind of small device being slid out from under the pillow, and the next thing he knew, the toy lodged tightly in his inexperienced walls began to vibrate and turn warm, like Daddy’s fingers had been warm inside him, not as good but close – and the vibration sent pulses of bliss thrumming to his center, the swollen gland inside him instantly giving way to orgasm. “I– I — I can’t take it, I’m sorry, Daddy —”

Will felt tears streaking his face as he trembled convulsively, spilling cum all over Hannibal’s hand while the older man stroked him through the waves of joy that filled him and soon become worrisome.

“So, so sorry,” he wept, “It’s my first day as your boy officially, and I came without your permission already. I’m ashamed of myself.” He hung his head and sniffled.

But Hannibal held him close in a crushing embrace, big spooning him so that his huge cock pressed between the underside of Will’s ass cheeks, touching the dildo’s protruding end. “Shhh, no, no, no, not for one moment, precious. Stop that right now.”

Will trembled and pouted. “Why?”

“Shhh, hush now, baby. I’m inclined to forgive it this one time.” He petted Will’s hair and stroked his face. “Let us say I gave you this orgasm as a gift, and so it was mine as well. I said that your orgasms belong to me, and this is an example. What you must not do is to touch yourself without me, unless requested and filmed for my approval. Is that understood?”

“Of course, Daddy, oh, yes.” Will was so grateful to be forgiven; he blushed and smiled tremulously. “It did feel so good, thank you.”

“I want you to do something for me,” Hannibal requested, holding Will tight and starting to thrust between his thighs with methodical moves and throaty, building grunts. “I want you to

tell me, and yourself, that you deserve to be happy. That you deserve to be loved and treated well, even to be forgiven if you do break a rule. To be punished and comforted and spoiled."

"I deserve to be happy," Will whispered unconvincingly. "I deserve to be loved."

"Angel, that simply isn't good enough," Hannibal scolded gently, but growing sterner. He changed positions, placing Will beneath him with his hands clinging to the bars of a recently installed headboard. The headboard was iron-wrought and lined with rubber so as to be sturdy, but not too punishing on a tight grip. It had pretty curly cue swirls to the design with a matching one on the bottom of the bed, which Will was certain served a purpose for some other day.

For now, he settled flat on his back with his thighs spread, clinging helplessly to the headboard, pinned in place by Daddy's commands.

"Now then." Hannibal's hair fanned loosely over his forehead and obscured one eye, but his gaze painted in animalistic dark need was impossible to hide.

With the same stern, reproving look and tone, he slowly removed the dildo from Will's clenching cheeks and set it aside.

He admired Will, clad in clothes he had given him, sexy and tight, trembling from pleasure which Daddy had bestowed and covered in Daddy's various marks, from the bruises on his neck to the bite marks covering his milky, curvy thighs. Daddy added his collar then, leveling the boy with a hard stare as the lock clicked into place.

The extravagant leather contraption encircling Will's neck made him look even more gorgeous, taking Hannibal's breath away.

"Look at you," he sighed, and Will's eyes raked over Daddy's big, strong, naked body needily, eying up the thick, bulky cock standing out to bold attention with a mouth-watering drop of precum on the tip.

"I want to look at you," Will flirted, batting his eyelashes, tears still shining in his pretty eyes, legs trembling, toes rubbing nervously over the sheets with subtle, innocent slides.

His biceps flexed appealingly under the snug sleeves of the t-shirt, and the shirt had slid up to show off his adorable, flat tummy, the very sexiest one that Daddy had ever seen.

"It's terribly reckless, Will, how you provoke me," Hannibal growled.

"I want to *taste* you," Will added, pushing harder but remaining utterly submissive and pliant in the position he'd been assigned.

"Adorable, beautiful brat," Hannibal snarled, giving Will's pretty face a good little slap on each side, leaving both cheeks red.

Will moaned loudly in ecstasy at each slap, then begged for more. "I love your hands, I love you hurting me…"

“I’m going to have my hands full with you, even more than I expected,” Hannibal said gruffly, infuriated with lust at this point. He grabbed Will’s chin in a vice grip and immediately thrust his cock deep into the tight, velvety lips that sucked him in excitedly, eagerly, with increasing skill but still a touch of naive inexperience that made him fuck in even harder, without warning.

Will’s eyes went huge and watered. His calves bounced cutely on the mattress in shock, and he moaned again, vibrations on Hannibal’s cock that made the older man throw his head back.

He knelt over Will and dragged his cock all the way out with a loud, wet pop. Drool spilled down Will’s chin, and Hannibal dipped his fingers in it, then dragged his rough touch all over Will’s sensitive nipples.

“Oh, fuck, please, Daddy, don’t stop–”

“And what have we said about *language*, William?” Hannibal snarled, exasperated. “Let go of the headboard and roll over.”

“Lay on your belly,” he ordered, roughly slamming Will down with a palm to his low back.

He put two puffy pillows under Will’s hips and took a moment, plus a few heavy breaths to admire the pert, plump ass presented for his taking in any way he chose.

Will whimpered when Hannibal leaned down and bit one ass cheek, just enough to leave teeth marks. He kissed the place and licked Will’s hole a few times, then spanked him briskly with the flat of his hand.

The alternating pain and pleasure had Will’s head spinning. He clung to the bedding and shoved his ass up higher, begging for more.

“You want me to hurt you and take you out of your self-loathing,” Hannibal reflected, squeezing his eyes shut to resist stroking himself off; he was what he considered to be *dangerously* hard, and it had to be said Will’s slightest touch might have brought him off copiously.

“It isn’t going to be that easy. I’m going to hurt you to force you to see that you must love yourself. Let me show you.” He worked hurriedly, his body going into a panic at his state of arousal while his mind remained determined to edge himself and come even harder in a few minutes to end the lesson. “Where I come in a little while will entirely depend on your behavior during the following,” he added.

“It’s evident you don’t know what to do with your hands,” he noted while he bound Will’s wrists in bondage tape and cut the end off with his teeth, growling at the boy’s continued soft little mewls of fearfully elated submission. “Is that better.”

“Yes, thank you, Daddy.” Will wriggled his fingers and tried to move his wrists unsuccessfully, testing the restraints, happy to find them airtight.

“I know you want to taste Daddy’s yummy cum in your mouth, don’t you, baby?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Will’s face was pressed to the bed and his eyes were closed; he was focused on obeying to the utmost. He was perfect. Blushing, shivering, sweating, gasping.

“This alone, just this,” Hannibal traced a finger down Will’s spine, indicating the smooth skin of his back right above his ass. “Do you have any idea how erotic that is to me? Or how many times, though not today I thoroughly intend to come right there?”

“No, Daddy,” Will sighed, “But you can use me however you want anytime.”

“I know that,” Hannibal snapped. “You belong to me, including both of your holes and every inch of your perfect body, including your heart, your soul, your mind and your obedience. Of course I can use you however I please, any time I want to. That isn’t the subject at hand, Will.”

He kneaded Will’s ass thoughtfully. “I’m going to spank you now. I’m going to use a small leather flogger. It’s nothing like what you’ll receive in my playroom, in terms of intensity but it will serve for this morning’s lesson. Each time Daddy flogs you, you’re to repeat what I told you to believe. Is that clear?”

“Yes!” Will nodded desperately, “Yes, Daddy, please.”

“Good boy. You never hesitate to take your punishment. You may hide your beauty from yourself, but you give it to me so openly, because you want to make Daddy happy. Make me happy now, baby. Tell me you’re special.”

He pulled the flogger back and snapped it against Will’s right ass cheek quickly and sharply three times, immediately marking the soft flesh sticking out from silk and lace with pink lash marks.

“I’m special! Oh, God,” Will cried softly, “Daddy, I love you so much…”

“Exquisite,” Hannibal breathed, kissing the spanked cheek and massaging the tender flesh, “Absolutely perfect in every way. You’re beautiful, aren’t you, Will?”

He lashed the other cheek with equal fervor, and Will wept with aroused pain, “I’m beautiful, I’m beautiful, Daddy.”

–making Hannibal quite well aware his boy was likely hard again, pressed to the bed unable to come without permission. Having “failed” a first time and been so hard on himself over it, Hannibal did not doubt Will would double-down on his attempts to hold off the orgasms which his luscious body tried to reach.

The idea of this struggle made him absolutely dizzy with pride, joy and desire.

He admired the sight of his sweet boy, for nothing in the world could be so sweet as Will Graham at his heights of innocence and darkest potential depravity, even in his violence, the pure sincerity and brightness of him made Hannibal come alive in a way he had never known before.

In a way he used to fear.

“Daddy loves you,” he professed, gaining brief comfort against his unbearable hardness by rubbing a few times between the plush cheeks beneath him. He lay over Will and kissed his beet red face, stroked his hair, kissed his neck and the skin above his bound wrists, kissed each perfect little fingertip.

All Will mumbled then was “Daddy,” like a prayer, nearly incoherent between sobs of baffled and embarrassed happy-sadness. He still didn’t think he deserved one damn thing in this world. Hannibal’s heart sank as his resolve grew even stronger.

Then he leaned back in his former position, kneeling at an optimum position to strike with calculated blows. “Say it.”

“Daddy loves me,” Will moaned, wincing and smiling and crying while Hannibal administered another flogging, this time two to each cheek with the toy and then another ten from his own hand that he made Will count.

Feeling wild to an extent he had never experienced in bed with any partner, Hannibal was again overwhelmed with the contents of his interior world where Will was concerned, and then how those feelings grew tendrils of taut need and vulnerable possessiveness that tried to also control his external reactions.

He lubed up the third butt plug from the training kit and inserted it firmly into his boy’s stunning and well-disciplined ass, thinking how beautifully Will had endured everything he had been given with such innocent openness and gratitude. He knew Will was going to enjoy the rest of this as much as he planned to. This *elated* him.

Will, meanwhile, was sprawled on his belly, arms bound behind his back, moaning softly.

Hannibal decided to untie him and lay the boy, weak-limbed and quivering at his every guiding touch, across his lap.

He was naked, but as he had never been self-conscious about his appearance, he scarcely noticed except for how Will’s wide blue eyes went saucer-like at the sight of him. Will settled down contentedly, just sighing quietly at the pleasure of the plug and his skin that stung from the spanking that wasn’t *quite* over yet.

Hannibal said in slight surprise, “Will, you may stretch your arms. They will be stiff since I had you tied up.”

Will nodded and did as he was told. “That’s my good boy, my lovely one.” Hannibal stroked Will’s hair and the whole back of his body slowly, from his nape down to his ankles and back, clasping, gently feeling out and groping all the stunning muscles and curves, the softness and strength, the more slight build compared with his own that made lust burn inside Hannibal, intolerably.

“You won’t take care of yourself at all unless I make you. That is why this entire arrangement came about. But there is something I need you to understand, my dear.” He went on gently

kneading, massaging and enjoying the feel of Will's smooth skin and the sound of his low, beautifully agitated cries. "Once you have learned your lessons in full, as regards your self-esteem, even once I have taken you to places that have helped to heal your childhood hurts, I will still want you. I will still be your Daddy, and you will still be my sweet baby boy. Do you understand?"

"Mmmhmm," Will said. His eyes were shut now and he seemed to force himself even to hum assent.

"Have you been thinking that I will tire of you once the uniqueness of your struggle becomes less of a challenge?" Hannibal swallowed past an unexpected swell of loving emotion, pawing more aggressively now at Will's silky brunette curls.

"Maybe."

Hannibal growled and spanked him hard again, watching with ardent satisfaction how the pale cheeks reddened even more, the pretty curves bouncing around the jeweled plug.

"Stop humming and offering me vague answers, boy," he ordered sharply. "Has this been a fear of yours? This ludicrous and upsetting notion of me abandoning you after you gain better autonomy and confidence?"

"Yes." Will pressed his lips together and exhaled through his nostrils, torn between ongoing bliss at the punishment and horror at how he had displeased Daddy with bad and wrong thoughts. "I'm sorry, Daddy."

"Alright, baby." Hannibal almost melted at this. He felt so closely bound to Will, every moment intensifying their connection, and Will was not the only one being pushed to new, terrifying horizons past places they had avoided for many years.

"Alright," he sighed heavily. "Hold still now, count off fifteen more spanks, and then you will get a very nice treat. You are a *very* very special good boy."

Will's incredible eyes, which held so many shades at any given moment with fluctuation of light and shadow, had taken on a slight hint of green, caused by the hazy sunglow peeking in through curtains behind them. Those eyes were unconvinced, but he did not admit as much. Hannibal hoped that the rest of this exercise would at least leave his boy feeling taken care of before beginning his day in earnest.

He stroked the firm but soft body which lay upon him with the scent of aroused sweat, that earthy sweetness mixing with the acidity of fear. How could someone have such a divine natural scent? It was distracting, just as Will's sighs and moans and his dangerous angelic beauty distracted Hannibal and beguiled his senses.

"Here you go, baby, almost done," Hannibal sighed, even his own hand beginning to smart from the sound discipline he bestowed. "Count with me; this will hurt much more than earlier, sweetheart."

Will smiled at him, looking over his shoulder. "Okay, Daddy. You know best what I need."

“That’s right.” Hannibal smiled back rather solemnly.

When it was over, Hannibal was out of breath with an aching hand and wrist but a surge of adrenaline that restored his former hard-on to an even more insistent state. Will lay in his arms, floating through sub space and asking with the most adorable smiles if he could have his treat now. The boy's voice was weak and hoarse from his screams of pain under Daddy's loving hands.

“Of course you can, precious.”

Hannibal helped Will to lie down and rest on several plump, silk-covered pillows, still naked and trembling. In this position, Will’s head rested near the edge of the bed just slightly hanging over, so that he could watch Hannibal and prepare for his treat with properly grateful behavior. And then Daddy stood behind his boy and began stroking his thick, reddened cock, the pleasure building much too quickly for him to resist, particularly when Will was watching every move of his hand on his rigid erection, licking his lips and looking completely entranced. Particularly when Will was hard again as well, the mere sight of which made him groan loudly and come as planned, all over Will’s face – especially careful that some of the thick seed landed directly on the boy’s open lips and outstretched tongue, though it also looked very charming dabbling his rosy cheeks and making him blink in slight disorientation at the drops that landed on his eyelashes.

“Mmm,” Will sighed, still floating, smiling that eerily overjoyed smile. He sucked the cum off of his lips onto his delighted tongue and followed suit with the sticky mess on his face, licking one finger at a time, delicately savoring while Hannibal started stroking again.

He kept the pleasure going, unwilling to resist the chance to watch as Will lapped up his naughty and well-earned gift, and he shuddered, calling out Will’s name roughly as the bliss roared through him wildly. Will's mouth was wide open and welcoming, his head thrown backwards on the edge of the bed. An irresistible invitation. Hannibal slid his cum-slick cock deep into Will's ready mouth and kept thrusting, cursing all the while in his native tongue. The feeling of an orgasm extended actually too far into overstimulation made his hips spasm while throaty groans escaped him, his face desperate with inconceivable bliss. Will's mouth felt extraordinarily good, licking and ambitiously choking him down. Hot, slippery and wet, with all of those innocent little moans and noises of happy pain. Daddy's thick cock was quite a lot for a sweet boy to fit into his mouth. It made Will's jaw ache and his eyes were reddened with more tears.

Finally when he couldn’t wring another bit of pleasure from his cock, Hannibal slipped out from that gorgeous, loving little naughty mouth with a shuddering moan of immediate deprivation. He'd been indulgent and greedy in the past when it came to sex, but the other lovers had merely been objects. Never had he found himself so perilously insatiable.

"Daddy, it's so much work for me to fit you in my mouth," Will grinned proudly, "Imagine when I'm finally ready to take your big cock in my tight hole. I can't stop thinking about it."

"How do you read my mind and know just what to say in order to make me nearly feral, you sinful, provoking little thing?"

Still looking elated to have pleased Daddy, while he drifted in his lovely reverie of subspace, Will shrugged. "I guess you're making me into your very own little fucktoy. I love being Daddy's cumslut."

"*That*," Hannibal gasped, shivering at the eroticism of the naive boy saying such profane things to him, "Is being a very well-behaved boy who understands his place."

And at this point, a bit wobbly even on his strong athletic legs, Hannibal might have settled for the profound enjoyment of his own afterglow, which normally left him feeling quite relaxed. He could have simply laid down and merely held Will until he returned to surface reality. A glance at the clock on the wall would have reminded him that he was already late for work and would miss two appointments unannounced should he tarry much longer. But Hannibal didn't look at the clock.

He listened to Will still thanking him for his punishment and treat in that dreamy voice that tore Daddy up inside with affection, and he looked through heavy-lidded, darkening eyes at the beautiful dick resting heavily against Will's stomach.

Hannibal happened to enjoy pain and pleasure in nearly equal measures, whether giving or receiving, arguably making him a more sensitive and a more volatile dominant than most. Yet now he found that taking care of Will, making the boy smile and helping to shape his entire state of mind and emotion seemed to be his most natural calling. He need not separate it from the call of the hunt, since he knew Will down to his core, knew Will would hunt, kill and dine of their prey when the time was right.

Had to believe that for both of their sakes.

He crawled over his boy's quivering, lovely form, jealous to know what visions swarmed in that brilliant mind as he floated away on the cloud where Hannibal had put him. While Hannibal was ineffably proud to have been the cause of this delirium enveloping his boy, he longed for their darkness to bleed together and obscure any remaining secrets or divisions between them. The longing to be seen and loved at his most monstrous made Hannibal's sexual fervor burn on hotter and stronger, threatening to consume them both.

***

This time Will dreamed of Hobbs' hunting cabin and its chair of antlers. High on an incomprehensible ecstasy of violence, he heaved his young victim onto the deadly points and watched her naked, smooth skin broken and changed by the intrusion. Instead of a rude doppelganger for Abigail, Marissa Schurr had become art, *Will's* art, wrought by his deadly hands. She was a twisted thing of beauty, dripping dark red blood droplets that splattered to the wooden floor of the attic.

He thought…she was really a tribute, a flesh and blood sacrifice upon the altar of love, an offering to joyously represent the family he was building now. It was Will, Hannibal, and Abigail. Together they could do anything they dreamed, go any place, follow every wicked inspiration. He'd never be alone again.

The family he had longed for all his life was finally his forever. They would mark the world with their legacy, make rivers run red and turn water to wine. *Anything* they wanted.

“Who could stop us?” Will mused, laughing coldly. “They never could.”

“Oh?” Hannibal, in bed with him trailing hot kisses from his neck down to his belly, and with him in the hunting cabin with an arm around his waist clamped tight, had a guiding hand on the dagger in Will’s aching grip.

“Yes. Together we are magnificent.” Will stared off into space and into the deadset blank but deep eyes of the stagmen, who had joined them in the cabin.

Teasing him with lots of tender and rough kisses, Hannibal listened intently while Will described what he saw in his special, floating world, above reality.

“Abigail left, she’s going to a friend’s house but she’ll be back for dinner later. Good thing, too, we have so much meat. But I’m glad the three of us can have some alone time.”

“The three of us?” Jealousy spiked in Hannibal’s stomach. If there was another potential lover in his boy’s heart, he would rip their entrails out on sight. “Who else is with us, angel?”

“The stagman,” Will smiled. “I dream of him often.” His body was totally relaxed, but still highly sensitive to every small touch which Hannibal bestowed.

The younger man moaned as Hannibal’s mouth moved lower, sucking a fresh bruise onto his upper thigh.

“The figure of the stagman in your dreams…you described him to me in session as possibly representing the Chesapeake Ripper.”

“Yes, Daddy, that’s right. Now, I hope you won’t be jealous.”

“In this case, I believe I will be able to control my envious and possessive feelings,” Hannibal smirked, hugely relieved. Thankfully, his only competition for Will’s passion appeared to be…himself.

“Oh, good. I can see that now. You hold onto me and rub your cock on my ass. It feels so, so nice, Daddy.” Still smiling with his eyes closed, rapturous. “And you’re holding me in place while *he*-”

Hannibal sucked each of Will’s balls attentively, then licked his boy’s leaking cock with equal ardor; Will cried out in soft, overpowered delight. “Oh, daddy, he’s got his mouth on me and it feels so good, too –I think he’s gonna – ahh –”

As Hannibal swallowed his cock down with one confident, slick move, Will’s hips jerked against his face, greedy in his special place as he never let himself be when conscious. “I always wanted – *yes,*” Will gasped, fucking roughly up into the warm, wet, relentless mouth surrounding him.

In the cabin, Hannibal held Will's arms behind his back forcefully and kept grinding his big cock against Will's ass through his jeans – the front of the jeans had been plucked open carelessly, all the easier for the stagman to free his cock and begin eagerly fellating him, stroking with his long, scary claws and scratching at Will's chest and stomach under his shirt while he did so. The curved devil's tongue of the ravenous creature wrapped around Will's dick and stroked, slurped, swallowing every bit of pleasure he forced from the boy while Hannibal held him so tight that there was truly no escape.

"You're spearing me open, *oh god,* your tongue in my ass while he's sucking me – soon you'll both fuck me at once, but first, you want to watch me play while you both play with me. You both say I'm so special, so perfect…"

"Yes, Will, my brave, incomparable boy, so special and sweet. Let Daddy take care of you, now, and let our friend help me make you feel even better."

Will had his hand wrapped tight around his knife and with a depraved smile, eyes flashing with malevolence he began stabbing Marissa, or maybe it was Cassie, even Elise or the other girls, their images phasing in and out, showing off the gorgeous art of their hunt. He stabbed, over and over again, even though she was dead, over and over and over…he loved the satisfying punching noise of the blade slammed into flesh, the feeling of his own power, the peace it brought him to watch the blood, by now absolutely pouring out of the many wounds like stigmata.

While Hannibal and the stagman pummeled their impossibly enormous, slick cocks into his ass, fucking Will like the beasts they were, taking turns until Will was done playing with his food. Then they took him to the dirty wood floor of the cabin and had their ferocious way with him at a more advantageous angle. He lay atop Hannibal, the older man's divinely thick member lodged deep inside and pressed to his prostate while he moaned in bliss – then before he could catch the breath punched from him by this penetration, the stagman climbed on top of him and pushed into his hole above and pressing to Hannibal's dick.

"You're both – at the same time – both of you inside me, oh, my god, I can't take it–" The overstimulation of Hannibal's skilled oral sex on top of his salacious fantasy had driven Will to extremes of sensitivity. His breathy moans rose in pitch to rival the scream he had let out during the brutal last round of spanking, and Hannibal stroked him wetly, purring words of comforting seduction.

"That's it, darling, of course you can take it, it's all for you. You need us so much, so let us take you where it feels so good you're sure that you'll break apart in too many pieces to put back together. That's the pleasure and sin you've earned, baby boy. So *take* it."

With this growled invitation and heady fevered darkness in his owning gaze, Hannibal drove his big, warm fingers into Will's hole in tandem with his mouth still moving up and down on his cock. "Feel us," he urged. "I'm so proud of you, Will."

"You're both so big, and I feel – so full – he's very rough with me Daddy, and you won't ease up your hold on me, so I just have to lie here and *take* it – it f-feels amazing, *amazing* –"

When Will came, he didn't make a sound; his mouth fell wide open and his cum filled Hannibal's mouth, pleasing his palette as only the essence of Will ever could. His body shook and his hips bucked uncontrollably. His face was rosy red and his pupils wildly dilated.

"Thank you, Daddy. I love being your good boy," Will whispered as tears of exertion and pleasure streamed from his eyes, body ragdoll weak in Hannibal's arms.

"That makes Daddy so very happy, sweetheart," Hannibal beamed. He gathered Will into his lap, holding him tightly as the boy cuddled up on his chest and clung to him with those lovely, nimble, fumbling fingers.

Will always wanted so much love and attention that Hannibal couldn't imagine the pain his life must have been when he lived in denial of the fact.

He stroked Will's hair and rocked him gently for a while, until the boy started to get sleepy again. "You'll have a morning nap, angel, while Daddy fixes breakfast. A big brunch, actually, by then. Just right for your adorable, hungry little tummy, baby."

"You won't be gone too long?" Will asked, curling up on his side as Hannibal tucked him in and pulled the blanket up to his shoulders. He was still shaking.

"Oh, no, my dear. And while I'm in the kitchen, here is somebody to keep you company." His proud daddy tone grew gently encouraging as he nudged a plushie under the sheets for Will to snuggle.

The stuffed animal of a puppy, a fuzzy, cutely naive looking labradoodle to be exact, had been purchased by Hannibal when he passed a toy shop window on his errands recently. Arrested by the expression on the puppy's face that so reminded him of his special boy, Hannibal hadn't been able to resist bringing it home.

"My puppy," Will smiled, pressing it gratefully to his heart.

"Yes, and you are my sweet little puppy, forever and ever." Hannibal's voice rumbled warmly against Will's clammy forehead as he kissed the hot skin and played with his hair just a little more. It was simply so hard to resist.

"Mmm. I'm the luckiest, the luckiest," Will marveled drowsily, yawning and tipping closer to a deep slumber. "I *love* being Daddy's good boy so much."

Hannibal stood watching over him for a few more minutes without any reasonable cause, as Will was softly snoring by then, well-loved and peaceful, even at peace with his darkest self and most taboo longings.

He made it to the kitchen before a swell of emotion nearly brought him to his knees, suddenly hitting him like a physical blow or a violent tsunami wave, like a head-on collision. It had merely been the recollection of their morning together and how Will had been, his eyes, his voice and moans, his pillowy, perfect lips and delectable body. How Will took his punishment and followed his deep dive into his own worst nightmares with such remarkable

courage, how he would do absolutely anything to make Hannibal happy, and how that made Hannibal feel…

He would do anything to make Will smile. He would die, he thought, to make Will happy. To know he was smiling.

Hannibal held onto the wall but it proved an insubstantial support against this onslaught of emotion, so unprecedented as to terrify him all over again, more than ever.

He choked back a sob by biting his fist and sank to the floor with his back to the wall. It was the way Will had said, over and over again, so deeply happy, *I love being Daddy's good boy.*

Hannibal had never loved someone to this degree. Had never been so distracted – today alone he had run late to work because of his attentions to Will, which weren't even strictly necessary; they'd just had a scene the night before. But still, it did *seem* so intensely necessary.

All else slipped from Hannibal's priorities. He hadn't killed in weeks because he had been too busy with Will, and after a while, though the bloodlust burned within him fervently as ever, he wanted to return to the hunt only to express this love, only to manifest in gruesome art his craving for Will to do the same, to join him at the table.

This love made Hannibal happier than he had ever been, and so wildly, wildly possessive. Will would be *his* forever, that was certain. He needed that assurance more than oxygen.

With a slight gasp of surprise he realized that he had been sitting on the floor lost in a crisis of feeling, and determined to shake himself free from the stifling sense that he might somehow lose Will – the life they each led was hardly a safe one, and joined together how could they be anything but more perilous? This line of thinking benefited no one, least of all himself.

Hannibal went at once to Will's cell phone, which lay nearby on the counter. He recalled how the boy had admitted he was careless about deleting contacts and had a long list of numbers saved which he had no use for. With a laughing grimace, Will confessed he had even failed to look through them in recent months to delete all the contact information for the women he had dated previously, botched dating app endeavors or casual sex with FBI co-workers who didn't care about Will but just used him for their own pleasure and discarded him. Women who wanted Will to run their lives and used him for constant advice and validation until he was a dry sponge wrung of all energy, never having his own needs cared for.

Hannibal had gleaned the truth, that Will had kept the numbers because it hurt too much even to scroll through the record of his own romantic failures, proof of his unsuitability for relationships and evidence that he did not deserve love.

Now, Hannibal had an absolutely ideal method to be used, post-haste, in order to keep himself better controlled against his tumult of love. He had to vent this rage of passion, had to express this before his repression broke the floodgates that kept him stable.

All that remained, at the proper interval of convenience, would be to make a few casual, more specific inquiries as to Will’s dating history. He…wanted to know more about these fools who had treated his boy so cruelly...

Resolved, he hummed a merry tune and began making breakfast with his usual self-assured and cheerful attitude.

Chapter End Notes

Next time: Day one of being Daddy's boy with his very own schedule and rules continues. Will meets up with Team Sassy Science and deals with their many questions as to what the hell is going on with him. 😂.

Of course, the question remains...which of Daddy's many rules is Will going to break next, and when is Daddy going to be seen at his very sternest? 😳😈👋🏻

you got a fetish for my love

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Mimosas at…11am?" Will glanced at the clock in amused surprise as he accepted the flute from Hannibal along with a warm smile exchanged between them.

"When could be a better time? Its capacity for taking place at any time one pleases is surely the most pleasantly decadent advantage of Brunch."

Something in Will's simple bemusement at Hannibal's excessive spoiling of him lanced into the older man's heart once again. Will humbled him, genuinely, even if Hannibal had been trying to swallow past the uncomfortable vulnerability of that since they met.

Still, Will caught the shyness in his smile before Hannibal recovered from the latest confusing blow to his previously impermeable inner fortress. Every time felt like a wrecking ball. And Will, so beautiful, soft, innocent…what power he held.

Hannibal shivered when he settled into place, sitting next to Will with an indulgent smile, oh, to think of Will's power when he Became.

To be victim or witness, to participate in that glory…Hannibal would happily die for that privilege. What a sweet way to leave this world. He often dreamed of being slowly crushed and sliced and killed in Will's hands, pulled apart to the very essence of what he was, savored to the last molecule. He fantasized of it, often. He saw the hunger in Will, hiding behind the naive sweetness, neither mutually exclusive. He knew the animal ferocity of Will's innocence was more dangerous than anything he'd ever seen.

He knew that if it ever came to that, Will would make him feel every brutal hurt that could be bestowed on a human body, because he would understand that Hannibal needed that, to finally understand the whole spectrum of the living experience as he died, touching the furthest extremes which only willingness to die could allow. Part of him pined for that; part of him far preferred the dream of them together for life, reshaping the world to their whims. He would be satisfied in every case, but never satiated, not when it came to Will.

Perhaps part of him slightly doubted his own ability to make Will happy enough to remain with him permanently, once Will truly came into himself with full understanding. He frowned, the fluttering of insecurity sitting strange in his stomach, slipping along his thoughts like a poisoned corset, threatening to strangle.

"What is it?" asked Will gently.

"It's nothing at all," Hannibal insisted, forcing a confident, beaming look again. "Except that you still take my breath away, and in that, there is a novelty which sometimes…slightly alarms me."

He gave a breathy chuckle. Will blushed and hid his face in his hand. “C’mon, it’s just me.”

“Precious.” Hannibal leaned over Will, took the hand from his stubbled cheek and pressed it to his own more pronounced cheekbone. “Don’t hide from Daddy. Stay right where you are, where I can see you, even in the most painful moments of openness.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Will said slowly, mesmerized. He sighed when Hannibal nuzzled, then softly bit his hand, the side of his palm where his skin held a sensitive pillow.

Hannibal growled at the immediate flash of lust in Will’s big, luminous eyes under long, dark lashes. “You will be the death of me,” he muttered, almost threatening.

Too tense, too intense. Perfect. He wanted to die in this feeling, one way or the other. Little deaths every day. Always for Will and at Will’s hands.

They would work hard to please each other because of their mutual love for extremes. There was no need for the extensive and complicated games, unless they were here for the utmost that two lovers could give and share. The most intimately they might know each other.

“Oh, Daddy, I love you,” Will shrugged, biting his lip. Hannibal read him, his favorite book. The shrug meant 'I don't deserve you,' the words were hapless. Inevitable, bubbling in his throat. “You’re so handsome. You’re so good to me.”

“You impossible boy,” Hannibal groaned, indulging a brief smear of his tongue against Will’s neck, wetting the shining bruises his teeth had left just below the collar.

He tasted leather and Will’s warm skin, the fevered sweetness which to his unending delight had never been entirely down to the encephalitis. The remaining hint of it made his head spin, lusty, worshipful.

Will let out a shuddering moan and his hand flew up to grasp Hannibal’s strong forearm, sliding down to his wrist, clamping tight as a child would grab for safety when falling from an unimaginably perilous height into the unknown. “Daddy.”

“Goodness only knows what I would do to you right here and now, if only I did not hear your adorable little tummy rumbling so clearly.” Hannibal’s delayed craving to have his boy collided with the pang in his heart that came with the longing to feed him.

“I *am* awfully hungry. I always am after we…well, you know.” Will looked away bashfully from Hannibal’s suddenly wild amber eyes.

Hannibal gently patted his flushed cheek and drew back, accusing.

“Your shyness, my dear, will only lead to consequences you scarcely anticipate.”

Hannibal gave him a small, warning smile. A smile that said he would unleash himself one day on his boy, to the extent Will would not fathom before it hit him full force.

“I’m not doing it just to tease you.” Will looked at him very directly, needing this to be clear. “You make me feel that way all the time. It feels like you have a hundred hands and they’re

all over my body when you look at me, and when you control me and give me orders, I feel naked even when I'm not. It's so much, I feel like I can't take it, it's so much, I can't breathe."

"I know you're genuine with me, sweetheart," Hannibal assured him. He put a hand on Will's bare knee and massaged him firmly. "I know it. Believe me, if I ever thought you weren't giving me your truest self and feelings, I would punish you in ways not intended for your enjoyment. In fact, it is the realness of your shy ways that make me feel nearly unhinged."

"I guess it's a good thing you love to surprise me," Will said brightly, fear and excitement battling that same disbelief born of low self esteem.

"Certainly. I have such wonderful surprises in store for you, my dear." He thought of their future hunts with a shimmer of anticipation that ran through his whole being. "And you for me, I know. Little do *you* know it yet."

After patting Will's cheek fondly, he focused his attentions on breakfast, although he felt the incisive heat of his boy's stare still fixated on him.

Curious boy. Always so curious. You are in so very far over your head.

His own hands moved deftly despite the war of baffling and exhilarating feelings inside him. Now, he would make Will's food just right, he would make it art, he would make it melt on Will's tongue, the fluffy, buttery eggs and gamey sausage, the exotic assortment of tart and aromatic fruits. It had to be perfect.

Assembling the first bite, he lifted it to Will's lips with a charming smile. Will had just set aside his champagne flute after another sip, and the light buzz of bubbly alcohol had made his cheeks even pinker, lips wet with the drink. Slick with light golden liquid, a mildly guilty look about him when he licked the sweetness into his mouth, as though he had raided a forbidden liquor cabinet.

Greedy boy. Will's neediness, his guilt in it, oh how beautiful the struggle. Hannibal was going to make Will *feel* that until Will broke. He must be taught to take what he wanted more often. Taking what Hannibal gave him would open Will to that, a little bit more every day.

"That tastes as good as it looks," Will smiled after he had chewed and swallowed the curated bite of breakfast.

"Yes. But not nearly as good as you taste."

"Ohh…*Daddy*…" Again Will looked away, blushing, giggling, biting the pad of his thumb, and a flinching need for disciplining him flared in Hannibal, almost intolerable to push down.

But his boy must have a proper, nutritious breakfast.

Hannibal was not oblivious that in this part of his life, his love of hosting, providing exquisite sustenance, entertaining, it was he who proved subservient.

How easy it was, to understand Will's tendency for the same, blood-deep and rich with heady need, much more profound than Hannibal's own balanced scales of dominance and submission. He had to give Will everything he had, all that Will needed. That could be dominating and serving at the same time, and it could be making himself, finally, a sacrifice to this brutal boy's perfect and glorious beauty. It could be whatever they wanted to make it. It was theirs.

They sipped their drinks, and then Hannibal held a forkful of french toast to Will's lips, having added a topping of fresh, tart berries balanced to perfection by his own homemade whipped cream.

"How many different breakfasts did you make me?" Will laughed, impressed and utterly confused at all the trouble.

"Only two. This time." He swayed the fork playfully in the air before Will and added, "Now, open up like a good boy."

Of course, Will was so very good at obeying that particular order. His angel lips parted and his pink tongue slightly extended, watering in pleasured anticipation. Hannibal's cock throbbed, the blood getting hot in his veins. It would be so, so very good later, that night, because he was going to hold back this time. He absorbed the pain of untouched arousal as he watched Will's lips close around the forkful of food. He pulled the fork back and watched Will's lashes quicken, his plush lips curving at the delectable flavor.

"Hmm," Will hummed in enjoyment, getting whipped cream on his nose with the next bite.

Such a messy little thing, his boy. And Hannibal, with all his glass-cut precise elegance and luxurious glamor, was just exactly what Will needed. A fond but strict guiding hand to reprimand and spoil him, giving Will what he had never had and that which he had been taught never to expect. It elated Hannibal with pride and joy, to have this role in the boy's life.

He could only laugh at the occasional twinge of his old pride that sometimes tried to remind him that the plan had been to walk this world alone and he had betrayed the very essence of what his life had been in its well-crafted, eccentric insulation. To experience true happiness showed him what a facade of weak and unconvincing joy he had lived in before, how lonely he had always been, till now.

The french toast was soon consumed, with Hannibal retrieving the stray dab of cream and inserting it attentively into Will's mouth, his caresses and caretaking ever languorous and involved.

"Daddy, I didn't mean to make you late for work," Will fussed, playfully nudging his bare foot against Hannibal's where they lay comfortably snuggled on the bed after eating. "Or to be this late making your coffee like I'm supposed to."

Hannibal stroked his hair thoughtfully. He loved the reassuring warm weight of Will lying against him, his face pressed to Daddy's chest and his eyes closed.

“I saw fit to bend the rules this morning, and I have no regrets on the subject. Especially since you have behaved so well and made Daddy so proud.” Hannibal massaged Will’s back, gaze trailing to the firm, supple buttocks still covered in light pink slap marks and a faint purpling bite mark. A slick of healing salve made the pert skin shiny. His eyes rolled back as he bit his lip. *Later. And to a thorough extent.*

“They’re your rules. I like how you get to choose when to bend them. I’d get in trouble for doing that because if you wanted the rule followed it’s for my own good. You’re in charge because you know what’s best. So good to me, Daddy.” Will clung to him even tighter, making Hannibal wonder how he was possibly going to leave the house that day.

“To wake up with you here beside me, open and waiting, to have your consent now for all I’ve planned…It’s only to be expected that I would get slightly…carried away at first. I’ve never…”

The tense longing in his chest made his voice a rumble under Will’s attentive ear.

Hannibal sighed and licked his lips, tasting the berry juice from Will’s near-constant kisses along with the difficulty of accurately expressing this particular feeling.

“Never forget that this is all new to me, too, Will. Sometimes I find that my patients can’t possibly need me as you do. And remember, it isn’t as if I need the income to scrape by. My professional pursuits have always been more a journey of my personal fascination with humanity, its physiological and psychological quirks, than a task pressed on me by any financial need.”

He gave Will a coy, vain look, making Will look intimidated. Never lovelier.

“Daddy is going to get ready for work now,” Hannibal smiled. He rose from the bed, took off his robe casually, naked and hard, letting that sink in as Will stared with his mouth hanging open.

He chose an especially strict, paternal-looking suit, the brown plaid three piece with a pop of lively color in the pocket square and tie, purple and orange paisley, the shirt beneath white with blue stripes. In the mirror, he adjusted his cuffs and considered his reflection, the ease with which he combined designer pieces to achieve this sharp symmetry, patterns and colors that ought to clash looking superb.

Hannibal was every inch the foreboding gentleman. He could see Will too in the mirror, sitting on the edge of the bed naked and also hard, staring, swallowing. An unspoken whine was quite evident, a pout just barely held back from Will’s subtly petulant expression. He didn’t want to wait for Daddy, but Daddy knew best. And Will lived only to please Daddy now.

When he turned to face Will, his cock still throbbing, a long, thick, visible bulge under the press of his trousers without underwear, he enjoyed the difference between them – his breezy authority and how professional he looked, how much older than Will, how much bigger he seemed. Even the rigid, huge outline of his cock under the luxurious suit fabric seemed a measure of unspoken authority. A clear message to Will that he would be taking care of

Daddy's needs that evening and at length, but for now, Will would only be able to look and *think* about tasting, sucking, someday having Hannibal inside him, rough and hard.

"I want to come back home to you later as I planned. This is a special day and it will be a very special evening as well. The stages of your day, the levels, tasks and expectations are important, Will. Be sure to follow them to the letter in my absence."

He adjusted the knot of his tie, then smoothed back his hair, observing again in the mirror, that he looked as intended, and that Will was trembling, lips pressed together. But obedient. For now, only watching.

Will often said he couldn't decide if he preferred his darkly severe, strict Daddy in the three piece suits and cloaked with mystery, or his gentle, tender Daddy, dressed down and relaxed. He was infinitely happy he didn't have to choose. Hannibal let him see both sides, while still hiding the last dimension inside him, but soon this too would be revealed. Will was almost ready.

Hannibal went to the walk-in closet and briefly perused Will's side before selecting a robe, white lace and transparent. He carried it over with a businesslike air and held it behind Will until the boy slipped his arms into it, sighing at the caress of lace, the expensive, luxurious kind of lace that was soft instead of scratchy, gardens of sheer rosebuds covering Will's naked perfection.

Hannibal tied the belt. "You're to take a nice, long bath before beginning your chores and tasks. Remember to take your time."

He unlocked the black leather collar, admiring the slight pink line it left on Will's skin, also revealing in further clarity how Daddy had marked his skin in those rare moments within the last day and night when the boy was not collared. His teeth ached for more. There were a few spaces not marked, after all. He made himself wait for this as well.

"After bath, put your going-out collar on. Make sure it locks," he ordered, pausing to add, "Leave your shirt collar undone."

"Okay, Daddy."

"Are you self-conscious about showing your collar in public? Although this one is less obvious, most people who look at you will know what it is."

"Yes, I feel self-conscious about it. I'm not used to…showing my sexual side in public. Showing off, even."

"I see. And yet, you're getting used to it beautifully. You will continue getting used to it, showing the world to whom you belong. Sexy and *showing it off*, silently telling any admirers, and there will be many, *'I'm taken. Collared and claimed."*"

"Yes." Will looked up at him, devoted, amazed. "Oh, that – when you say it like that, I think I like it very much. Thank you, Daddy."

Hannibal nodded. He took another moment to simply look at Will, look at that which was his. No one else's. Not even Will's.

"You look even more divine in that robe than I had expected," Hannibal noted, as he could not help giving voice to the admiration which was more of a surging, dangerous appetite. He heard the smolder in his own throaty tone, saw how it registered with Will, the deepening color in the boy's cheeks, his cock slightly thickening under the lace.

Will glanced down at his own body, his erection matter-of-fact under the lacy robe, his pale form unaccustomed to the fabric that just barely covered his thighs. "This must have been so expensive, just this one robe," he marveled.

"Yes, well. I think we've had quite enough of drab flannel robes absent-mindedly plucked from the clearance bins, haven't we?"

"If you say so," Will nodded. "I never really thought about it before."

"Every article of clothing that touches your body will now serve as a reminder of your beauty, and nothing unworthy will ever approach your skin again." Hannibal spoke primly, although he wanted nothing more than to unbutton his trousers and take only his cock out, shove it into Will's mouth and then decorate the white lace with sticky cum.

"Are you very rich, Daddy?" Will crinkled his nose cutely. His ankles were crossed, lightly swinging back and forth.

His curls were messy and he smelled wonderful, of the vanilla and rose-scented healing salve Hannibal had spread over his spanked bottom, of the strawberry and marshmallow massage oil he had rubbed on Will's sore muscles, working on his back and neck. Giving pleasure to a sleeping or half-asleep Will was a special kind of bliss.

"Now, Will," Hannibal chortled, tapping his nose, "Don't be vulgar."

"Sorry, Daddy," Will nibbled his lower lip. "But I think you must be pretty…well off. Otherwise, I'd frankly be worried. You spend so much money on me all the time. Too much. I'm so…spoiled." He blushed.

"And I won't be stopping," Hannibal vowed. He tugged those soft, natural, effortless curls and gave Will a fondly commanding look that served to reinforce his words. "Is that clear? No matter how happy you are at any point in time, my only focus will be making you happier."

"Well, as nice as you make me feel, Daddy, I wanna make you feel even better all the time. So, I guess we're even." So honest, so flattering, so eager.

Hannibal wanted to pin his delicate wrists down, bite his defined biceps through the robe, bury his cock so deep inside Will that the cries which his boy would succumb to would shake the walls. Someday, someday soon.

“Exactly. And in answer, Will…I’m in fact so well off that some people might call my *situation* vulgar. I can buy you anything, take you anywhere, keep you and enjoy you to our heart’s content, the rest of our lives without a need for either of us to hold a job. Do you know what that means?”

“That you’re my sugar Daddy?” Will inquired, curious and confused.

“I mean,” Hannibal laughed softly, “do you know what *else* it means, little lamb?”

Will shook his head solemnly, focused on every word that Daddy said.

“It means *we* are very rich indeed. As such, you will always have the best of everything in life, as you deserve. Now, I’ll be leaving in a few minutes but first, tell me all of your plans for today. I do intend to spend the afternoon in my office, rather than be absolutely rude to those who rely on my professional guidance. The patients were rescheduled easily enough to later in the day, as any lesser concerns may be shuffled aside in your favor.”

“Well.” Will looked a little nervous, still processing Hannibal’s dizzying praise. He seemed to take a second to recall his plans. “Oh. Um, Beverly Katz texted me and asked if I could go to lunch with her, Zeller and Price. To catch up. If it’s okay with you?”

“Of course, my darling, you should see your friends. What time will that be?” Slipping on his finest dress loafers. Adjusting his suit jacket, finding his leather briefcase. Will watching everything in desperate thrall to him.

Daddy’s rituals, the things that made him such a man, such a real man. The things that made Will want to crawl on his knees after him all the way to the office and sit under his desk clinging to his leg, perfectly happy. Hannibal loved Will watching him.

“Around 2,” Will answered distractedly, “I hope I’m hungry again by then. This was some breakfast!”

“You burned the calories before eating,” Hannibal reminded him smugly. “And I wish you a most pleasant meeting with – now, what made your pretty face fall just now, sweetheart?”

“It’s only that…I can tell Beverly is ‘concerned’ about me, and my relationship with you,” Will explained, rolling his eyes and using air quotes. “Unlike Alana’s prying, I get the feeling her concern is genuine. I guess I did drop out of work and my social life, scant though it was, out of nowhere without explaining. I see why she might worry.”

“It’s also only natural that she would worry. We were hasty, and in these times a love so all-encompassing can be difficult for others to comprehend. In their inability to understand or ever achieve such transcendence, it becomes preferable to cast judgements on such love. You may find others, even the kindest souls you know, referring to this type of bond as ‘co-dependent,’ ‘smothering,’ ‘obsessive,’ treating the adjectives as derogatory or even toxic.”

“Oh, I know. So silly, the things people think. I’ll explain it to her as best I can while keeping our special private times to ourselves, Daddy. I know that nobody else could ever really

understand what we have. I feel sorry for them, to be honest. Makes it easier to forgive and be kind."

"Yes, I pity them too. And that disposes me to be charitable…usually." Hannibal smirked and winked.

Usually. He knew he was going to kill on this day. And his hands itched for the hunt, heart aching in the echoing desire for Will by his side in it. Still, the connective sinew was unbroken between them. After all, this murder would be in Will's honor and intended to draw Will closer to him. This slightly calmed his verging anxieties on the matter.

He began clearing the breakfast things away, then paused thoughtfully. "But you don't like ordering in restaurants, do you, darling?"

"I hate it," Will groaned. "It makes me nervous and awkward. I don't know what to choose and I don't like the waiter or waitress looking at me."

"I thought so, precious. Don't fret. I have just the solution. Simply reach out during the meal as we discussed and Daddy will take care of everything." He patted Will's cheek and they both began their day happy as could be.

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"This isn't a lunch, this is an *intervention,*" Zeller clarified seriously, tapping the table with his finger to emphasize the point.

"It's a lunch, I mean, we're all eating, right?" Price added, looking alarmed. "The food here is great. I think we can intervene *and* eat."

"It's not an intervention," Beverly glared at them and tossed a scrunched up napkin at Zeller's head.

Will laughed. "I get that you guys have questions, but listen, I'm fine. Really? I'm better than fine."

"If that's true, then why did you quit a job you were so passionate about?" Beverly asked, lowering her menu distractedly. She sipped her red wine, bracing herself to ask something further without being too blunt – after all, she was rather notoriously blunt in addition to being kind.

Will didn't answer right away. Distractedly, he touched his collar, letting it press into a bruise that lay beneath it. He felt reassured. "Keep going, Beverly, it's okay. Ask all your questions in a row, and I'll give you honest answers. I don't want you all worrying about me, although, I'm kind of touched that you care."

"Alright, let's not get all mushy about it," Brian groaned.

"Hypocrite," Jimmy chuckled, "This was your idea."

“Hmm, I don't think I'm really in a steak mood,” Brian replied to quickly change the subject, suddenly staring at the menu.

Everyone else laughed warmly while Zeller muttered at them to shut up. Will was surprised, definitely. It had really never occurred to him that Zeller and Price considered him a friend as well. They seemed creeped out by his abilities at times, even suspicious. But then, the same could be said of Beverly, and she was certainly his friend. His heart grew at least a size to find he wasn’t the total outcast he’d always paranoidly assumed himself to be.

“Soo, questions,” Bev pondered, fingers tapping the back of the menu she held. “Will, why would you…how can I put this? I kind of suck at being delicate, but I don’t want to offend you.”

“It’s okay,” Will shrugged. “Ask away. I’m just glad I could come out and see you all. This is nice.”

It was actually weird, not in a bad way or anything but weird to be in a restaurant with other people and not with Hannibal. He figured that the ache in him to see his Daddy would only make the sex that night hotter than ever (or the lack of it more tormenting, but he desperately hoped they were having sex that night, oh *God*). So he actually saw dining out – sometimes, occasionally – without Daddy more as a good thing than a bad one. Whenever he shifted in his seat, he felt the soreness in his bottom and remembered how Daddy was teaching him to feel beautiful until he almost really believed it. Daddy was so perfect and–

“Why would you date your therapist?” Beverly winced. “The power imbalance–”

Yes, exactly. The power imbalance…which is the best part…

Aloud Will replied, “Firstly, the job was killing me. All three of you have encouraged me to take time off and rest, so why are you worried because I finally did?”

“Because it’s not like you,” Beverly clarified. “And wearing that ginormous necklace with, like, the heart of the ocean on it doesn't seem like you either.”

Jimmy looked a little offended on Will’s behalf. “It’s a nice blue color, brings out your eyes,” he assured Will, making his co-worker, and now apparently friend laugh again.

“It’s a present from *him.*” Will smiled, shyly proud. He touched the necklace again, keeping it brief and not sensual.

"Yeah," Brian recalled, spreading butter on a roll from the table's bread basket. "You used to wear all those wrinkled shirts with dog hair on them and now you look like you're on your way to the Oscars."

"Thanks, Zeller," Will chuckled, glancing down at his own attire, the all-black combination of a fitted suit tailored just for him and a low-cut, silk t-shirt.

The dark matching outfit emphasized the collar's gorgeous, opulent presence, the delicate circles of white gold surrounding the rare pale sapphire. Daddy had given Will so many

stunning, special presents and dressing up in them made Will's whole body feel sensitive, alive, lustful, gloriously restless. The smooth fabric which clung to his figure by design made Will's hands want to *wander.*

Firstly, this was the completely wrong situation to *let his hands wander*, despite the new temptations of his sexual awakening, and secondly, Daddy had told him clearly not to touch himself erotically. Oh. But obeying Daddy made Will even hornier. He tried to focus on his own menu, and on Beverly's appraisingly concerned look in his direction.

Will knew that several of his bruises were obvious, too if anyone looked closely enough. She'd noticed, but didn't mention them. After all, hickies and love bites were common, especially in the passion of new relationships.

"I've changed," Will explained cheerfully. "Hannibal changed me and I like it. I have a new life now, and it's…very freeing. We're happy, so despite the unprofessional way it started, I don't regret a damn thing. Can you understand that and accept that nobody's making me do anything I don't want to do?" Will raised his eyebrows, an intensity flaring in his eyes that made his explanation all the more convincing.

"I mean," Beverly shrugged. "As your friend, I think I should trust you unless I see any evidence you're in an unhealthy situation. We couldn't exactly tell what was going on when you vanished and stopped talking to us."

"Jimmy was worried you left because we didn't support you enough," Zeller pointed out. "You know, especially the day that Jack yelled at you in front of everyone. I felt like we should have said something, instead of letting him intimidate us, too."

"*You* were worried we didn't support him enough," Jimmy accused. "I never said a thing."

"Yes, he did," Brian insisted.

"No," Jimmy objected, rolling his eyes.

"He did, repeatedly."

"Maybe once."

"Several times."

Looking at Will, Jimmy asked, "Did we not support you enough?"

"Were we bad co-workers?" Beverly asked in dread of the thought. "I did go to Jack privately the next day and told him I didn't like how he was handling you. Actually, I put it in a written report so he had to take me seriously."

"Thank you," Will smiled anxiously, rubbing his palms on his knees.

He didn't know how to have real friends, and accepting kindness had never been easy for him. It was something he had to make himself do, often uncomfortably and hoping it ended soon at the same time he craved it.

But he wanted to keep trying like Daddy had told him to try. So he went on, “Thank you. More than I can say, all three of you. I never really doubted your support. Maybe I was a little hurt that no one spoke up that day, but then again, who doesn’t find Jack terrifying in those scenarios? I don’t know if it would have helped. And none of that was why I left. I was burned out, and if I stayed, I’d have lost myself.”

“Do you feel like you’re finding yourself instead?” Beverly mused.

“Yeah,” Will smiled, “I actually do. Maybe for the first time.”

“Then we’re happy for you,” Beverly affirmed, giving Jimmy and Brian *Looks* until they hastily nodded and blurted, “Yes, of course we are!”

“Did you need a few more minutes with the menu?” A waitress asked, appearing at the table and immediately looking at Will.

Why did they always *do* that?

He felt like a fish out of water among civilized society sometimes. Introversion and insecurity had long since made dining out difficult due to this very question, posed with such casual anticipation. What did he want to eat?

Who the hell knows?

He’d rather be hiding under his bed than dealing with this, as usual.

Thing was, he’d been raised to see himself as so inferior that he never believed he deserved to eat well in such places, and felt stupid and selfish regardless of what he ordered. Felt he was about to be found out, exposed for the useless trash he actually was.

“Um, yes, please,” Will nodded. “A few more minutes with the menu. Thank you.”

“Be back,” the waitress answered, heading off through the comfortably mid-level bistro-style restaurant with its French Quarter decor theme that made his friends think he might like it there. And, he did, it was a cool place. That didn’t mean he wanted to figure out a menu or make eye contact with the wait staff again if he could help it.

He took out his phone and sent a quick text to Hannibal under the table: “*Daddy, the menu is really long and big and I don’t know what to get. I’m getting anxious.*” While the others were talking, Will pouted into the camera and hit send, hoping for a rescue. Daddy *always* knew what to do. Daddy had all the answers. And he had given Will permission to reach out if this happened.

Thankfully, Hannibal didn’t waste any time by asking Will what kinds of Bayou-inspired cuisine he liked best. He knew that wasn’t what Will would desire, and it wasn’t what would please Daddy either. Daddy would choose what he knew was best for his boy.

“Tell me when the waitress returns,” Hannibal ordered. Will could easily picture his calm demeanor and it helped him feel more calm, too.

The time came for Will to place his order, and at that moment, since he'd obeyed the command to inform Daddy, his phone buzzed with an incoming call. "Hi," he said with a shy laugh, "What's up?"

What's up?! Will had no idea why he said that. Who greeted the formidable Dr. Hannibal Lecter by saying "What's up" like a thirteen year old at a skateboard park?

A pause. "Hello, my dear. Kindly pass the phone to the waitress."

"It's, uh, it's for you," Will said, handing the phone to Tracy, the waitress who looked absolutely bewildered at the situation.

"Hello?" She asked, at least intrigued.

Hannibal spoke for a while in that slow, soothing, gravelly voice of his with that slick, mysterious accent and effortless demeanor of charming authority. Of course she began to smile only a few words into whatever the hell he was saying.

"Why did you give your phone to the waitress?" Brian asked, pausing in an ongoing bickering match with Jimmy regarding the best type of oysters to order, Rockefeller or Creole Char-Grilled.

"Pork and oysters don't go together," Jimmy insisted.

"Shut your shell," Brian teased, making them both laugh.

"I've got your order honey," Tracy said, blushing a little from having Hannibal's voice in her ear. Since she had no real designs, obviously, Will didn't feel jealous but instead very prideful.

He was getting to understand how his very special collar told people that Daddy was spoken for, too. Even if the waitress somehow saw Daddy and how handsome he was, she would know, as Will could tell by her subtle glance and shrug at his neck-ware, she did know, not to do anything about it.

"Thank you," he nodded, taking the phone back. "Hannibal?" he asked, feeling kind of funny not calling him 'Daddy.'

And yes, the beautiful white gold choker encircling his neck also emphasized to him that Daddy was with him every second, and he was marked, wanted, loved. The collar was cool against his perpetually warm, flushed skin, locked and making Daddy's love inescapable the way he liked it. Otherwise, hearing Daddy's voice might make him too impatient to be together in person again.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Price and Zeller can't decide between oysters Rockefeller or Char-grilled Creole style. Any advice?"

“I’m sure Dr. Lecter, as a famed chef and foodie, knows that anything that comes with homemade aioli is automatically the superior choice,” Jimmy said smugly.

Zeller groaned. “Sure, you’re so sophisticated – you do realize aioli is glorified mayo, right?”

“Oh, okay. Thank you so much, D– um. Dr. Lecter,” Will recovered, blushing and playing with his collar distractedly. At least by amending to “Dr.,” he had hidden the possible *other* word which he almost slipped up and said out of sheer habit.

He hadn’t called his lover “Hannibal” in weeks, and only used “Dr. Lecter” to tease and provoke Daddy on occasion. But to his friends, it probably just sounded like light flirtation, if a bit scandalous all things considered. No one seemed surprised or confused.

“We can get both types of oysters so we can all make a fair assessment of the situation,” Will announced to the others.

“We can’t afford that. Can you?” Zeller asked, dumbfounded.

“Yes, actually. I’ll take care of the bill for today. All three of you, order whatever you want.”

Will felt a rush of joy, mostly because it was Hannibal’s black, sleek credit card nestled into his own new, stiff leather wallet, which would pay for the extravagant lunch expense. Even though he still often felt unworthy, he loved being spoiled.

It also turned him on and made him happy that Hannibal wanted to…sort of impress his friends. His lover barely noticed and certainly never cared about Katz, Zeller and Price until he was dating Will. He was making an effort to be on good, friendly terms with Will’s own friends. Will had never even been in a relationship long or serious enough to get to the “meeting the friends” part.

“Beautiful, adorable Will,” Hannibal murmured in a sultry tone. “How is your delectable, pert little ass faring, pray tell? Not too sore, I hope.”

The phone slipped a bit in Will’s hand until he pressed it harder to his ear.

“You can’t…” Will bit his lip against a “you can’t talk about that now,” because he’d been very strictly and clearly ordered to remain open to sexual remarks and other acts of a scandalous nature anytime Daddy felt the whim strike, public setting and mixed company being no matter of concern.

“Um, fine, thank you,” he answered, shifting in his seat to feel the soreness in his ass, suppressing a moan. “It’s a nice reminder.” Whispering again, “You know how it makes me feel.”

“I do. I wish I was biting your cute, irresistible ass, baby. Right in front of everyone in that restaurant. I wish I could bend you over the table and eat you out until you scream and come all over the table linen, making such a mess for them all to see. Am I making you blush?”

“Heh heh heh…” Will tugged his ear. His cock twitched, getting hard. “You are.”

“Are you getting nice and hard and wet for Daddy?”

“Uh-huh…” His “casual” smile was strained in an attempt to appear to be a normal participant at a friends’ lunch.

“Good. Make a little more pleasant conversation, then go into the bathroom or outside if there’s a secluded area. I want to have my special pictures for today. It’s been a dreadfully boring afternoon.”

“What kind would you like?”

“Don’t touch yourself, just show me. I’ll see you at home.”

“Bye, love you. Thank you for lunch,” Will rushed to add.

Another text mere seconds later: “*I love you too, baby.*”

Will was officially melting.

He didn’t have to wait for a reply to his calls and texts, like with the other people he had dated in recent years.

He wasn’t being imposed upon by someone who only wanted to take what they could get from him and leech away all his energy, wanting his kindness and intelligent advice and apparently basically attractive physique, but never wanting his heart and soul, or to give him reciprocal attention –

This wasn’t that.

This was being wanted for the first time by the person that he wanted.

He did his best to pay some kind of attention to the conversation with his friends.

“I think they’re both good,” Beverly decided after tasting both oyster dishes.

“Yeah, the more the merrier.” Will could only manage little bites of each one at first in his distracted state, but then he made himself eat more healthily since he remembered Daddy had ordered him to take good care of himself.

Brian pointed at Jimmy and said, “If Dr. Lecter was here to do a taste test, he’d definitely go for the Rockefeller.”

“Dr. Lecter…taste test…” Oh, Jesus. Will dabbed his forehead subtly with his napkin and stood with a polite smile. “Excuse me for a minute.”

He went straight to the men’s room, unzipped his trousers and gasped in needy arousal. His cock, unsurprisingly, had gone rock hard by now from thoughts, memories and commands, every part of Daddy lavished excessively on him, within him, taking over.

Actually, he didn't know anything about taking a dick pic. With a panting moan of frustration at the fact he wasn't allowed to stroke himself off, Will googled, "how to take a hot dick pic" and quickly read the advice.

Hmm. Most guys seemed to pose with one hand on their cock, like they were getting off. But Will found he actually didn't need to emphasize his dick in this way, as once he put his back against the stall and aimed the camera at his hard-on from a reasonably flattering angle, it looked…pretty good? Impressive, even. He was well-endowed and currently so turned on that his cock was rigid, wet and ready.

Knowing what else would please Daddy, Will turned around, bent over and did his best to get a nice picture of his ass. Earlier that day when he got dressed, he'd also had to google "How do you wear a thong" because he wasn't sure if he had been doing it right.

Well, apparently there wasn't anything fancier to it than what Will had originally assumed. The blue and green floral lace panties with their tiny wisp of fabric in the back slipped between his cheeks, often rubbing on his plug and – in the photo – making his behind look extra pert and plump, ripe for the taking.

He was reasonably pleased, and this had only taken two minutes. Now he had three pictures that would hopefully work well to liven up Hannibal's work day. One with his groin still covered by the panties, the see-through lace stretching around his hardness, damp with desire. A second one once he'd shoved aside the lace to reveal his naked cock, and the third of his ass with the heart-shaped aquamarine jewel protruding between his cheeks.

A selfie of his face finished the effect he was going for, showing Daddy how good he wanted to be and feeling very shy about it, too, finding his feelings both genuine and intended to make Daddy horny, too. He gave the camera a shy smile, all blushing cheeks and brunette curls, kiss-swollen pink lips, everything nice.

But when he got back to the table he wasn't sure he'd done it right. He'd never taken pictures like that before, much less sent them to someone. Would Daddy like them?

"So, when are we going to get together with your boyfriend?" Beverly teased. "We'd love to get a better read on the situation. Mind you, not only because none of us have a love life to speak of and yours is intriguing."

Price suggested bowling while Zeller said he knew a great nightclub. Will promised to ask Hannibal when he got home, curious really to see what his lover would say to the invitation. He laughed, unable to imagine Hannibal bowling or dancing to throbbing techno beats.

The conversation went along pretty well from there as they all enjoyed their entrees, Will all the more because it had been chosen by Daddy. After lamenting of her own latest attempts at dating, Beverly described an embarrassing run-in involving a misunderstanding in the bedroom, then asked Will, "So, spill it, Graham, why haven't you said a word about how things are with you and Dr. Lecter sexually?"

"We don't need to know that," Zeller laughed, curiosity sparkling in his eyes all the same.

“Speak for yourself,” Jimmy said more enthusiastically. “Dr. Lecter seems…like he’d be weird.”

“He looks like he’s kinky behind closed doors, let's face it,” Beverly nodded. “Is he? All those buttoned up, fussy suits…”

Will turned red and stammered, “Well, I guess, it’s um…he’s. Uh…”

“C’mon, what gives? Is the sex that bad?” Beverly’s sympathetic look changed to a surprised one when Will paused, smiled and raised his eyebrows.

“That *good*?” she asked, grinning. “Alright. Happy for you. Does he have any single doctor friends with similar talents?”

“I’ll try to find out,” Will chuckled.

He felt his phone vibrating in his pocket and wiped his nervously sweaty brow, biting his lip. He knew this must be Hannibal replying to his pictures from earlier.

He almost dropped the phone on the floor when he saw what Hannibal had sent him, a before and after shot of his thick cock being stroked, the second one showing off the stream of cum sliding down the luscious member after he came. Will could see Daddy's brown leather chair in the photo and knew his lover was getting uncharacteristically reckless as well -- he would ruin his fancy furniture at that rate! *“Daddy loved your pretty pictures, baby boy. I couldn't wait to do something about it, but I will have plenty more for you later.”*

Oh, boy. Ohhhh…. Will sank down a little in his seat and made sure he locked the phone screen, then put it in his jacket pocket. It had only been a few hours since he’d seen Daddy, and waiting to be together again while resisting his own touch was proving to be a serious challenge – to say the least.

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He remembered everything he was supposed to do in order to get ready for Hannibal coming home from work in the early evening. First, he made himself extra nice-smelling and pretty for Daddy by taking a long bubble bath. He chose a frothy fresh peach soap that left his skin sumptuous and glowing.

It took him a while, trying on various outfits in the mirror, before he figured out what he’d like to wear. He finally landed on Daddy’s oversized red sweater and nothing else, then padded barefoot to the library in excited anticipation. Almost time now.

He made them each a whiskey on the rocks, admiring the amazing top-shelf liquor in the older man’s collection. He put the glasses on the table by the fireplace just as he had been ordered to do. Then he went into the front hall and waited. He *also* remembered his next orders, which made another shy and excited grin light up his boyish features.

He counted the seconds.

Chapter End Notes

Next time: Hannibal takes his boy out on the town...and back home for some time in the playroom 👀

Is it insane?

Chapter Notes

Chapter title from the Alicia Keys song 💕💕

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"You never know what people have up their sleeves

Ghosts from your past gonna jump out at me

Lurking in the shadows with their lip gloss smiles" -Taylor Swift, "Ours"

***

Hannibal's heart staggered when he came in and saw Will like that, subserviently waiting, an awkwardly excited look on his face. Cheeks flushed as if pinched, hair still slightly damp from a recent bath, wafts of peaches and cream soap mixed with his anxious desire.

In order to give Will what he needed, Hannibal had to tamp down his own ferocious cravings more often than not. He therefore reeled in his nearly insurmountable emotions and arousal, presenting a serene but calm demeanor. Having little to no previous experience with said *emotions* did make the concealing of them a real challenge.

But Hannibal was always ready, even invigorated, by a challenge, and he would stop at nothing to give them both the sustenance they needed.

Shoulders squared, overcoat making them look even broader than usual, hair slicked back neatly, expectant discipline in his eyes.

"Good evening, my dear," he greeted smoothly, stepping fully into the front hall, closing the door neatly behind him exactly as if his heart wasn't in his throat.

He had not gotten the chance to enact his planned hunt that day, and the resulting pangs of hunger for blood only made his own blood pump hotter with obsession and lust for his boy.

"Will?" Hannibal asked, tilting his head slightly to one side.

"Oh! I'm so sorry. Hi, I mean, good evening, Daddy. I should have gotten the door, huh? Umm, do you want me to kneel while I'm waiting? Do you want–"

"Hush, you confounding little creature," Hannibal chuckled. "You mustn't worry yourself so, until I tell you to worry. Now, as to the door. Yes, from now on you should close it behind me. Come and take my coat."

Shaking a bit, Will surged eagerly forward and eased the winter coat from his lover's shoulders, lovingly letting the fine wool stroke its way down Daddy's long arms and slip into his own embrace. He crushed the coat to his chest and stuck his face in it with a profound inhale. "I love this coat. It's *so* you, Daddy. You look perfect in it."

He scurried to hang it on the coatrack nearby, a gothic-looking old-fashioned contraption. Scrambling back to Hannibal, he seemed not to realize how the oversized sweater would shift with his movements, often rising to reveal more of his shapely thighs, even an enticing if fleeting glimpse of his pert ass.

"Now then, Will," said Hannibal more sternly, his heart flooded with joy in the chance for correcting his boy. "You're not to wrinkle Daddy's coat. And when you carry out my orders, do so at a moderate speed. You must stop running about the place. Do you know what impression that gives me?"

"No," Will said, turning scarlet. "What- what impression?"

He stood in front of Hannibal, his hands clasped behind his back, a stance chosen for politeness and a failed attempt to stay calm. The tiny movements of his body told Hannibal all too well that Will's hands were practically tearing each other apart.

Hannibal sighed and helped himself to a nice, firm handful of soft, sweet-smelling and moist brown curls, He forced Will's full eye contact by tugging hard enough to make tears prickle and gleam. The boy went pliantly according to Daddy's whims, jerked closer to the older man. He did not resist, not complaining but instead moaning. So lovely.

"It gives me the impression that you think I might dismiss you at any moment, or that this is a dream from which you might awaken to your enormous disappointment." He spoke fluently, not scolding, but certainly his words were to be avidly heeded if Will knew what was good for him.

"Oh, I didn't mean to make you think that," Will said apologetically, chewing his lower lip. "I'm trying to work on those instincts. I– know this isn't a dream. Let me show you?"

Hannibal let go of Will with a dark smile. "If you think you can."

Will went to his knees and opened his mouth.

"I see. You think it will be that easy," Hannibal noted as if vaguely intrigued by the proposed solution, more psychologically or intellectually than anything else.

In truth, the mere sight of Will Graham, with blushing cheeks and tear-glazed, pleading eyes kneeling in front of him and waiting for that sweet little soft, hot mouth to be full to choking with thick cock still made Hannibal want to have his boy right there on the floor. Such beauty, yet such a need for training and discipline.

He controlled his own desires and portrayed himself carefully as stern and reprimanding. "It will not. Wherever I go, until further notice, you are to *crawl* after me. The only exception being if we are in public vanilla spaces. Are we clear, boy?"

His tone, intended to be cold and crystal clear, also carried a grit he had not expected. Will, on the other hand, was only momentarily disappointed to have lost out on the early evening treat of sucking his Daddy off. Since this was also quite subservient, his whole face lit up, delighted to be given a task to keep himself in order and show his devotion.

“Oh, of course, Daddy.”

Will really could have been the world’s sweetest puppy, assuming the correct position on hands and knees, as if Hannibal had just given him a lifetime’s supply of fishing gear, a thousand dollar gift card to LL Bean, or anything just short of an engagement ring, really.

And Hannibal would already have given him one, if for a second he believed Will would let himself take it with any full understanding. That was where Hannibal had to take him, to a place of self-actualization, partly his submissive training, infused with his awakening to murderous proclivities. Until he saw Hannibal fully, not to mention himself, Hannibal must languish with certain soul-tearing thoughts such as,

Will Graham may never know how much I love him.

To bear such tormenting ecstasies alone forever – the idea frightened him more than he liked to admit, even to himself. He found the worries eating him up alive even during his Dominant role with Will, but that was probably for the best. His dark intensity made his training of the boy more effective, even as the fire they made together burned Hannibal just as severely.

Hannibal remained quite serious as he reached into his suit pocket and removed the leash he kept there. Leaning down, he attached the leash to Will’s collar and gave a brief, firm tug.

“Ruff!” Will said playfully, with a certain soft, roguish charm. And he had the audacity to wriggle his pert ass as if he was wagging his tail.

At this behavior and his boy’s bubbly, yet obedient attitude, Hannibal found his body tensing with renewed lust, the urge to touch his sweetheart sexually never remaining quite latent.

“Like it, Daddy?” Will whispered, cheerfully uncertain.

Will wasn’t fully committing to pet play; this was more a certain undercurrent of their more sweet and innocent interactions. They both found it enjoyable up to the very point they took it, then mixed it with their many other kinks.

“Yes, you’re doing very nicely, my irresistible little brat.”

“Ruff! Ruff, ruff!”

The dogs, napping in their playroom downstairs, stirred slightly and barked back. Hannibal rolled his eyes. “All of you, quiet...settle down,” he called while also addressing Will.

Will pressed his lips together, smothering a laugh. “Yes, Daddy, sir.”

“Come along to the library, naughty pup,” Hannibal sighed. He was actually, actually exhausted – as to emotion, at least – with Will’s adorable behavior.

He did like a challenge. He would not want Will so much if he didn't know what a handful the boy was. How Hannibal loved to be obeyed, teased and (mildly) defied all at once! Of course, Will could read him well with empathy, but much of his response to discipline was also instinctive to his own nature. The boy was an unruly, wildly sweet thing, like the tart berries that burst on one's tongue with the most ripe, scrumptious flavor, until no other would satisfy.

How was this angel truly real?

With another, more severe tug on the leash, Hannibal urged his pet towards the library, where thankfully their drinks awaited, Will having fulfilled this part of his responsibilities perfectly. He needed a drink, to relax and shake off his frustration over not having killed that day, as he planned. Several other ongoing projects had meddled with his time management, already hindered enough by his dawdling in morning sex and aftercare with Will.

It wouldn't do to let Miriam Lass die, nor to neglect his ongoing sly campaign to humiliate Jack Crawford. Originally, this had been a game he played merely for the ironic and humorous fun of secretly treating with evil manipulation the very man who turned to him as a trusted friend and advisor. However, he preferred the "work" of keeping Miriam alive and under his hypnotic spell much more now that he partly despised Jack for treating Will so poorly.

If losing Miriam had been traumatic, dangling the possibility of her survival with voicemails and an arm was probably worse. By the time Miriam emerged, the tortured Jack would get another crisis of grief and guilt. A pleasant "bonus" to framing Chilton for his own crimes and keeping himself free from all suspicion while he killed and dined as he pleased.

Even so, this work reminded him that he was still lying to Will, the sweet little puppy with those soft, mussed brunette curls, now dried from his bath. Will, crawling obediently to Hannibal's chair and hesitating as the older man sank into it.

"Oh, for goodness sake," Hannibal sighed, realizing Will assumed he might not be allowed to sit in his lap as the rules had stated. "You're not on punishment, merely being trained to behave properly. Come here at once."

Will gave an excited yip, then giggled at the play that seemed to them both equal parts silly and sexy. The leash was still looped around Hannibal's free hand as he reached for his drink and took a long, restorative sip of whiskey. He pulled more gently and when Will was at his side, he detached the leash from the collar and allowed him to stand for one important purpose.

"You remember the rule." He shot Will an expectant look.

Will remembered the next rule in the daily routine with excitement. He hurriedly peeled off the sweater he was wearing and tossed it away, belatedly realizing that the impulsive stripping had caused his Daddy's nice sweater to whip across the room and land on the desk, where it knocked over, but did not break, one of the trinkets atop it.

The medium-loud clang of delicate metal made Hannibal give Will a reproving look, but God help him if God did exist, for despite every ounce of his strength thrown into the exercise…

He could not resist a hearty laugh once their eyes met.

Will had cracked first, gazing in shocked apology at Hannibal after realizing that once again, in his uncoordinated haste, he had made a mess. But one look at Hannibal's severe expression and the sparkling warmth in his brown eyes made Will start to smile, trying and failing to smother an adorable burst of humor.

"Dreadful boy, you will be my undoing," Hannibal chuckled. His smile faded slightly, still happy but in a more serious way. He nodded at Will. "And now?"

Will blushed and slipped his panties off, using his pretty feet to set them neatly aside.

After all, Daddy had plainly stated that he "preferred Will naked."

Hannibal took a few moments to admire his giggly, happy boy, no longer dragged down and washed of color by life's mistreatments. And he took that angel by the lovely hips, guiding him deftly to his lap, gazing in the crystal eyes that bewitched him.

"Hello beautiful," Hannibal smiled, nuzzling their noses together. He pressed Will nice and close to him with a squeezing hug and buried his face in his curls.

"Hi, Daddy." Will hugged back, ecstatic. "Does this mean I don't have to keep crawling around the house?"

"It most certainly does not," Hannibal snapped, tightening his hold on Will. His fingers dug into the sensitive, bare skin of Will's stomach and thigh. "You will absolutely be crawling while at home, unless I specifically instruct you to do otherwise. Remember, simply because Daddy imposes a specific measure to hone your attitude and obedience, that does not mean you elude responsibility for your other daily jobs. You're perfectly capable of doing any of them while going around on hands and knees. Do not attempt to break the rule while I'm out, either, for *I will know*."

"Oh, never, Daddy," said his naked Will very seriously.

His body was still bath-warm, smelling so tempting, his innocent embrace the essence of temptation. Hannibal massaged his back and squeezed his thigh.

"I *love* to follow your commands when I'm alone," Will enthused, totally sincere. "It makes me feel less alone, like you're still with me. If I have on your collar and do every little thing you've instructed. It makes me happier than I can ever tell you."

"You'll turn my head with your flattering remarks, pretty imp, until I forget to administer proper discipline. Going about with sloppy disregard for decorum, throwing things and knocking others over, expressing uncertainty of my adoration. It won't do, Will, not one bit."

"I'm sorry, Daddy. I didn't mean to distract you, I was just being honest." He pouted, mildly offended.

Hannibal allowed a small smile to ghost over his lips. “Have a sip, to help you relax.” He tipped his drink to Will’s lips, then set it down on the side table when the boy was done.

“Thank you, Daddy.” Big, solemn eyes. A slight wince of anticipation; Hannibal had looped the leash around his free hand and his other was tightening its grasp on Will the way he only did when in the mood to punish.

“Lie over Daddy’s lap now, pet,” Hannibal instructed.

He guided Will into position, where the boy rested his head on the arm of the chair, mumbling.

“You will insist on that quiet, garbled speech which you know I cannot hear, and which appears manufactured to tamper with my already thinning patience.” Hannibal lay his hand on the boy’s plush rear end. He let the suspense build. Will never knew the very second the discipline would begin, and the first blow was always a surprise, splintering reality.

“I tried so hard to please you,” Will fussed, in the process wiggling his ass again, rubbing his cock against Hannibal’s thighs as if it was an accidental friction.

“Your blunders, if anything, I find so endearing that I’d never wish you to be perfectly behaved,” Hannibal revealed, tone gritty and low. “Your misconduct excites me. *Don’t* take your discipline as a condemnation.”

“Okay…if you say so.” Will scrunched up his face in baffled, continued sullen demeanor.

“You make me very, very happy, Will. And that is exactly why I’m going to spank you. This is an important teachable moment in your training, and far from the only one I have planned for this evening. Now.”

At the praise, Will looked elated, but his face turned into surprised dismay when Hannibal added, “If you grind on my thigh again without permission, you really will find out what a punishment is. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Daddy, I’m–”

“No, you’re not.” Hannibal snarled and gave him a good few smacks of his hand on that supple bottom, enjoying the sight of pale skin getting rosy, bouncing under his commanding discipline.

Will did cry out in pain, but he also looked so aroused that Hannibal could tell this was more erotic than a matter of remorse for him. The older man shook his head. What a brat.

“You’re not sorry, baby, one bit, and that –” Slowly, Hannibal massaged Will’s ass. Let him wonder when the next one was coming, but in the meantime soothed the inflamed skin, gave him tender affection from his heart. “That is why I love you.”

“Daddy,” Will whined through the next round of firm, brisk spanks. He rubbed his head against the arm rest and whimpered, “That feels so good, and it hurts so bad – Please can’t I ride your thigh until I come?”

“How impudent of you even to ask,” Hannibal huffed.

His hair had fallen loose, face nearly as flushed as Will’s. He truly wanted to pick Will up and lean him over the desk, or knock everything off it himself, then put the boy’s legs over his shoulders and pound him to kingdom come.

The inquiry, polite but still naughty, earned a last round of spankings, this time with the soft but quite effective leash, and then Will calmed down. He smiled and curled up in Hannibal’s lap, finding an angle that didn’t put too much pressure on his ass. He was happy now to have had his pleasure denied.

A nice reminder that Will did not know how to take care of himself, had never been taught that properly, and that Daddy knew what he needed or did not need. Hannibal would take care of his boy, and Will would learn to think less, obey *more*. Feel *everything.*

“Thank you so much, Daddy.”

“You’re welcome, sweetheart. We shall have to continue your anal training later, though I had intended another round for this very time. Now, don’t pout again. You know Daddy has your best interests at heart. If I had my fingers in you, it would be mere seconds before you came, with the mood you are in. And then, would you learn your lesson about defiance and doubting your own worth?”

A pause, Will considering.

He raised his light brows. *Answer me. Wicked boy.*

“No,” Will admitted, licking his lips.

Hannibal could just about tell he was thinking carefully and strategically even from within his role. Clever boy. Capable of being so very many things all at once.

Will batted his eyelashes coquettishly. “Gosh, I’d better pay closer attention to your lessons.”

With a heated growl, he gave Will’s ass another good hard smack, then groped him roughly. “Yes, you had better.”

“Huh!” Will gasped in surprise, “Daddy,” he whined.

“Yes?” Rubbing his behind in slow, soothing, warning circles.

How wonderful Will felt spread on his lap just like this, the warm, soft pressure of his adorable little form offered for whatever Hannibal should desire at any given moment. The perfect trust and upending need. Hannibal was freshly aware he would rather die than ever face life again without this.

Meanwhile, Will had amended his latest attempt to whine and fuss. Instead, he cleared his throat and asked with better attitude, “Are we still going out tonight after dinner?”

“Certainly. You’re not on full punishment, as I indicated. I have plans to take you to a favorite club and show you off, my beauty. I will be the envy of all who look upon us. It will satisfy me, and I believe you will find the place quite educational.”

“Really? What kind of–” Will was interrupted by a chirp from across the room. “That’s just an email on my laptop again. I’m sure it’s Jack Crawford with another reminder – nagging me about that damn gala…”

“What gala?”

“Um, I thought I told you…” Will averted his eyes, toes twitching.

“Is your nose growing again, so soon after you’ve been absolved of your last transgression?”

“Aww, c’mon, I’m – I hate black tie events. And Jack’s got his mind set on parading me around the Annual FBI charity gala like I’m his finest, most intriguing peculiarity. He’s hoping if he combines flattery with pressure enough, he can woo me back to the field. So, I said no, and I honestly haven’t thought about it since, except that if he doesn’t stop with the emails I’m considering blocking his address.”

“That would hardly do,” Hannibal smiled, inclined to forgiveness. He stroked Will’s curls, then his cheek. “He’s your employer after all…”

“Humph. What are you suggesting, then?”

“That we do attend the gala this evening, with you on my arm. That we show Jack Crawford and the rest of the attendants you’ve moved on, and that you are nobody’s ‘peculiarity,’ rather your own person. A strong and admirable man who is greatly loved by one of Baltimore’s finest surgeons–”

“Oh, Jesus,” Will laughed, “You want to show me off at two different – and I do mean *very different*, if I'm right about the plan for later – places in one night?”

“Of course I do.” He swept Will up in a bridal carry and conveyed him to the bedroom, where he added, lowering the boy to the bed, arranging him on his stomach, “And I think you had better take a nap first, dear, after or while I’m applying your salve. It will be a long evening, but I want you to trust to my protection when obliged to be sociable. Can you do that?”

“Guess so,” Will yawned, nestling on the bed, head resting on his crossed arms, butt left exposed so that Daddy could smooth some nice, healing lotion over it. “Mostly ‘cause I wanna see you in a tux.”

Hannibal smiled, contented now. He calmed considerably as well after spanking his boy. “And I you,” he murmured as Will fell easily into a light slumber.

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“Hush, now, don’t fret,” Hannibal said softly as they arrived at the gala. It was held at the Baltimore Grand, a luxurious venue which he was rather surprised the FBI could afford.

"O*kay,*" Will relented, tugging at his tie and scowling down at his shiny dress shoes. "But do we really have to, Daddy?"

They stood just outside the door of the Rolls Royce which had conveyed them via a quiet and experienced driver who Hannibal had now hired to be a full-time chauffeur, most especially for Will's daily needs.

Will could safely call him Daddy and apply his brattiest powers of persuasion here, where the other guests were far enough away, filing neatly up the long steps to the elegant building, and their driver far too discrete to make any note of the unconventional behavior.

"You'll pay for that later," Hannibal smiled happily, noting Will's wince of recognition and the roaring desire underneath. Complicated, dear boy. "In the meantime, I will make a concession and we shall compromise. We'll simply go in for a little while. Show them how you've moved on to become your own confident and adored man, make them all green with envy. Then we'll disappear and go have some fun of our own. One hour, mylimasis. Fair?"

"You don't really care whether I think it's a fair offer," Will smirked, "I'm going to do what you tell me irregardless. But gee, thanks for asking."

"You must really despise these sorts of events to defy me this way, so shamelessly," Hannibal hissed, backing Will against the car with a heated approach as his patience waned.

They were right on the edge of what might be gotten away with and vaguely concealed as regular flirtation in public; Will's back had hit the car, his body sealed to the vehicle as his big blue eyes suggested all manner of naughtiness, such as continuing to sass Daddy and getting some discipline right there for all to see. Hannibal, his veneer of calm sophistication barely preserved, smiled coldly at the boy's flushed expression of need mixed with rebellious attitude.

"You won't manipulate me away from what I've said we will do, and you certainly won't get the attention you obviously seek so desperately despite where we are and who might see us, here and now. I know very well that you're merely trying to distract me, hoping I'll take you away from here so that you do not have to bear the discomforts of socializing with colleagues." He smiled and adjusted Will's tie, slipping his index finger under the boy's bearded chin and propping his face up to force eye contact.

"Dear me, you have a fever in you this evening, my boy," Hannibal murmured devilishly. "I love your spirit, but your disobedience and that sullen look on your face will bear consequences. If you've any interest in *coming* later, I suggest you gather yourself together and behave. As it is, you've earned yourself at least several hours worth of edging before I let you get any small taste of pleasure, and even at that – you are very close to ending the night with no satisfaction other than choking on my cock. That must be sufficiently clear for you, hmm?"

Will gaped at him and swallowed hard. "Okay, okay, jeez – I'm really sorry. You're right."

"Yes. I always am," Hannibal's smile relaxed a bit, going from targeting viper to restful lion.

“I was trying to distract you however I could because I’ve only ever had terrible experiences at these things, and I don’t want everyone asking me questions and poking at me like an exhibit, wondering which side of the law I’m really on.” Will frowned.

“Thank you for that honest confession. Are you going to accompany me inside now, or will we be having further complications?”

Will sighed and accepted Hannibal’s arm. “You look amazing in that tux,” the younger man said, his focus squarely on his date, who made him feel safe despite the setting he abhorred.

“And you look like a perfect dream,” Hannibal smiled in return, content once again, back in charge where he belonged. “You’re my dream date, Will. Don’t ever suspect you could be less to me simply because you have your adorable little foibles and apprehensions. I’ll teach you how to surrender them to me, but I know that will take time.”

They went up the marble steps to the fine old building and Hannibal was intimately aware of Will clinging to his arm like a life preserver once again.

“Thank you,” said Will nervously. He chewed his lip, leaned on Hannibal’s shoulder briefly. “I’m so glad I didn’t spoil the whole night.”

“Not in the least,” Hannibal assured him. He rubbed the boy’s back soothingly. Extended a hand to him now, so they could walk in like that, joined hands clearly announcing them to be a couple. He was so proud.

“No one was ever so excited to be seen with me,” Will blushed, his lovely hand trembling in Hannibal’s warm and steady grip.

They followed the stream of guests in their formal wear, ladies in gowns spanning the spectrum from reasonably presentable to atrocious in quality and style, the men in their tuxedos practically interchangeable entities, as they all were compared with Will and his effortless, shocking beauty.

The tuxedo which Hannibal had commissioned for Will was something special. Royal blue, with black lining on the jacket and a pure white shirt, black silk tie, white pocket square with subtle blue detail, the attire fitted exquisitely to Will’s frame, showing off his gorgeous shape while the color made his eyes seem magical, almost too blue to be real.

As soon as they walked in, they were the only focus of everyone’s attention. The various FBI employees and benefactors who funded their hard work and had most likely “sprung” for this high-class venue, all of them took a moment, some losing a breath or two as well, to stare at the handsome couple who had walked in as if coming off a cloud.

Especially the young man, with brilliant blue eyes and a ravishing body, a shy and hesitating smile playing on his lips. A perfect prince charming for this ball. The older gentleman by his side, holding his hand with casual claiming, proud showing-off, ever so handsome too, of course, but Hannibal had worn a – by his standards – plainer tux of traditional black and white, wanting Will to receive the admiration he deserved.

In a way, this evening was something of a coming out for Will, and not just coming out as having a male partner. Coming out in the sense used in Regency England for balls on the marriage market, or debutante parties in old New York, where young people would make their social "debut," garnering maximum admiration to ensure a fine marriage.

The only difference was that rather than putting Will on such a market, he was marking the boy as already married in any way that mattered.

The admiration that fell all over Will like a waterfall was to bolster his young lover's confidence and self-worth, let him shine and know his own power. And, of course, it was because Hannibal wanted every single one of those admirers to suffer various levels of agony knowing that Will belonged to "that mysterious Dr. Lecter," and they would never have him.

"I guess this could be worse," Will reasoned, shrugging as they passed through the grand foyer and into the large ballroom where a charity auction was underway, plentiful round tables with glossy lilac tablecloths, centerpiece bouquets and candles occupied with more suits and dresses, clapping and placing bids and chattering amongst themselves.

"Terrible creature," Hannibal laughed softly, pressing a kiss to Will's precious, pale hand. Scenting him, enduring his own torment of waiting for more, the briefest brush of Will's skin to his lips enough to make him quietly wild. "You are deadset against enjoying yourself, but that won't last."

Some of the guests danced on the nearby floor where a pianist was providing what Hannibal deemed halfway decent background music, typical classics, unimpressive but sufficient.

They would start there.

"Come, won't you dance with me, my dear?" A rare question. Hannibal usually ordered, but this time he gave Will a choice.

"I'm not that good," Will argued feebly, "But I mean, sure, if you want to."

"Of course I do," Hannibal elaborated, steering Will confidently onto the dancefloor.

The gentle, pleasant sweep of simple piano music was a sweet accompaniment to slowly, firmly dancing the boy in his arms, showing Will with delighted instruction the right way to step and move.

"See, there," Hannibal praised as they ended one song and began dancing to the next one, "You have a natural talent for dancing. You understand rhythm and move your body with a sensuous style that is really quite riveting."

Will chortled. "Thank you? I just feel like a mess, and you're such an amazing dancer…not to mention you look so handsome and perfect, I…can't really take my eyes off you." His cheeks were that beguiling pink color which Hannibal loved so well, his eyes sincere and heart-breakingly blue.

“Then look at me. Don’t worry about anyone else. We’re here to enjoy ourselves, and that means enjoying each other. Let them all watch, wonder about us, drool with envy. It’s no concern of ours.”

“Ha. I know you like to make them drool with envy.” Will relaxed more into the following song; he really was getting good at this now, to his own surprise. “These people are nothing more to you than feckless pawns, easily arranged to your amusement. Tonight you want them jealous of us and gawking at my ‘beauty’ as you call it, perhaps another time you’d want them falling over each other for an invite to your next dinner party. It isn’t even that you care, you just find it entertaining. Toying with meaningless people, as if they're no better than...than...”

His brow crinkled slightly. He’d just slipped without meaning to into Hannibal’s consciousness to some extent, and stopped just short of using the word “pigs.” They both knew it. But what would Will do with the observation of Hannibal’s social presence and true motives which he had just unearthed?

It made Hannibal worry slightly, but only slightly. After all, the dark suggestion in Will’s clever eyes contained more fascination than anything else. With his lustful fantasies about his stagman and his blatantly admiring lectures on the Ripper kills, wasn’t Will beautifully close to gleaning his full nature? Coming face to face with the beast side of Hannibal at his most ravenous, wouldn’t Will sink into that macabre paradise they might rule together?

They moved majestically now in their dance, as they did in the bedroom, as prior to intimacy they had already finished each other’s sentences and found excuses to lock eyes or make the other laugh. They had been made to dance together, perfect partners. Identical opposites.

The evening had shifted into a lovely, romantic date just as Hannibal had planned, with Will relaxing a tiny bit more by the moment under his loving guidance.

Small talk progressed less painfully than usual, even though Will hated it most out of all the features of such an event.

Jack and Bella Crawford were always easy for Hannibal to talk to; he knew how to take the conversation back to lighter topics such as the cultural night life in the city or various cuisines he enjoyed making, in order to distract Jack from the subject of Will’s semi-retirement. Bella, charming as ever in a golden dress that made her look resplendent, was quite helpful in this regard. She clearly considered this a night for socializing and supporting several good causes, *not* for putting pressure on a friend about coming back to the field.

Hence, Jack’s wife provided another adept distraction, and finally the supervisor sighed, offered a (somewhat sarcastic but resigned) champagne toast for Will and Hannibal’s happiness together, and rolled his eyes, knowing his bid for Will to come back full-time was once again denied.

So terribly sorry, Agent Crawford, but he’s mine now. Hannibal smiled affably, even warmly at the man as they left off chatting, since Jack and Bella were keen to bid on the next item up for auction, a year’s worth of weekly gardening lessons.

“That’s cute. They share a hobby,” Will noted, looking surprised.

“Most people are human, Will. That doesn’t excuse their ruder moments, but it does make them more often forgivable than not.”

“Especially since most of them are more like pigs, compared with you and me.” Will gave him a complicated smile, challenging him.

“An intriguing metaphor,” Hannibal replied cooly.

He led Will to their table, where they sat for a while taking light appetizers in a mood of strangely enticing and dangerous tension.

Will was such a very brave boy and he did love to test limits.

“I don’t see everyone else as pigs, actually,” Hannibal said after the other couple at their table got up to dance. “To use your intriguing metaphor again.”

“Not all of them, of course.” Will set his fork down, done with his escargot and charcuterie, the plate Hannibal had composed for him like a culinary symphony of complimentary flavors. He patted the sides of his sumptuous lips with his napkin, then returned it to his lap. He lavished his “Will Graham, Investigator” gaze on Hannibal, causing a wave of arousal to course through the older man.

“Certainly not Bella Crawford,” Will continued. “Or that woman there." His eyes flashed; his jaw tensed suddenly, indignant. "You didn't introduce me to her, but she sure seems to know you. How do you know her?”

Hannibal glanced in the direction of Will’s eyeline and noticed Bedelia Du Maurier, looking quite above the pig designation, if not evading his full intention of making her dinner at some point. Her light blonde hair was swept into a chignon accented by a jeweled barrette, while her ice-grey gown suited her well, showing off a petite, fit and beguiling figure. The enigmatic cast of her icy eyes and the intelligent scrutiny she cast lazily on all around her, mixed with that dash of fear from past trauma, made her aura very remarkable.

He could see why Will would be wearing that irritated expression when he turned back to him. “That is Dr. Bedelia Du Maurier,” he explained frankly. “She is my psychiatrist. That is why we may look briefly at each other with a light acknowledgement, but we won’t be speaking directly at this social event. Doctor-patient boundaries–”

“Were never your strong suit,” Will finished for him coldly. “You’re telling me that woman is your *therapist*? How often do you see her?”

“I’ll thank you to lower your voice before you make a scene over less than nothing,” Hannibal chided, really excited by Will’s jealousy and the arrogant way the boy enforced his own possession of Hannibal’s love and fidelity.

“Well?” Will looked at him impatiently.

“I see her once a week,” Hannibal explained. “And since meeting you, you are nearly all I ever talk about. Before I fell prey to your wiles, my dear, Dr. Du Maurier accused me of being obsessed with you. Quite right she was. I believe if you asked her, and if confidentiality practices did not prevent her from replying, the doctor would be happy to tell you how annoying she finds my constant tangents about Will Graham, which of late have pertained to ceaseless praise and pining for you.”

“Really?” Will had melted. He let out a sigh of relief, trusting Hannibal. “You make it so hard to be mad at you. I guess it isn’t your fault that you have an attractive therapist, or even that she clearly has a thing for you.”

“Perhaps she admires me a little, in a certain sense,” Hannibal considered. “But I think she’s afraid of me as well, and prefers to keep only a professional relationship.”

“I’m not afraid of you,” Will reminded him with a bold smile. “I like it when you scare me.”

“Yes, you do.” Chemistry and more tension rippled between them, delicious and promising.

Hannibal triumphed in Will’s calming trust, and in convincing him that Bedelia was no rival, which of course was true. She’d been just another trinket for him to meddle with as light entertainment, and Hannibal had a catlike tendency to play with his food, as it were.

All seemed to be well again, and they had another dance to enjoy, having gone even past the one hour with Will saying it was fine to linger a bit longer. Hannibal had made him so entirely comfortable that even Will’s own skin didn’t seem so bad a place to be, much less the gala. He loved seeing Will shine, the jewel of this room and any other, never more handsome than when a hint of confidence made his shyness also suave.

Mysterious like Hannibal himself but in a different way, Will’s quiet, incomprehensible and unpredictable depths were compelling to anyone who took the time to observe him in this mood. He seemed capable of anything, subtly unstable and with powerful but silent emotions burning in his eyes. Will Graham was, in fact, quite sexy enough that Hannibal himself might be prone to overwhelming jealousy even as he showed him off. The collar which peeked from underneath the boy’s shirt served as an anchoring reassurance.

They strolled over to observe the auction out of casual interest, Hannibal desiring to see if there were any items on offer which he might wish to win for Will. He was never one to miss out on an opportunity to give Will yet more presents, after all.

“You would be stunning in that,” he murmured warmly into Will’s ear, his lips barely brushing the sensitive lobe.

Will blushed and glanced at the stage where the auctioneer was showing off an antique gold ring. A video screen showed the item in greater detail. It was an unusual piece, with delicate scaling around the band that resembled snakeskin, and at the center a large flower shape filled with diamonds, several white surrounded by brown ones to create a shimmering variation of petals.

“You don’t need to buy me diamonds, darling,” Will joked, trading flirtatious looks with his lover. Their eyes sparkled as splendidly as the gem on the stage.

To Hannibal’s deep consternation, this delightful moment was interrupted rudely, and by the least desirable source.

“Hannibal?” asked a tall flame-haired beauty. She stepped up to the more obscure spot where he and Will were standing near a large marble pillar and put out an ivory hand expecting his usual bow and kiss upon it. “I thought that was you! How unexpected, meeting you here. Did you come for the auction? Almost everyone here is only after the auction, you know.”

With her pale pink dress clinging glue-like to her thin dancer’s body and her bright smile of greeting that bore an unpleasant overabundance of blinding white teeth and obvious insincerity, there was no mistaking her identity.

He gave her tiresome hand the briefest compulsory shake. “Genivive Whitely, renowned prima ballerina, Will Graham, brilliant criminal profiler, FBI agent, and my date.”

Will glared at the woman flatly with an acid smile. “Charmed, I’m sure,” he said in a voice like a snake slither.

That ring really would suit him well, Hannibal thought, desiring a speedy conclusion to this awkward and unwished for reunion.

Genivive and Will exchanged the sort of handshakes one normally does see in two people immediately and equally invested in the idea of wringing the other’s neck. The thought of twisting her wrist till it snapped passed through Will’s mind, obvious only to Hannibal.

Pride blossomed within him, but accompanied by concern; unlike Bedelia, he could not claim that there was no intimate relationship in his past when it came to Genivive. He had large plans still ahead for a special evening with Will, and it would not do for the boy’s wild jealousy to get out of bounds.

Genivive. He clucked his tongue internally. She always did have a knack for ruining things.

“A prima ballerina, that’s impressive.” Will stuck his hands in his trouser pockets, striking an unmistakably confrontational pose. “So, how do you two know each other?”

If his eyes were lasers, Genivive would be incinerated on the spot.

“We met through–” Hannibal began smoothly, as his former lover interrupted *again,* and to her peril.

“I should think that was rather obvious, young man,” she said, treating Will like a common ruffian off the street who did not belong at such a formal gathering.

Hannibal might have stopped her there, as she’d clearly not gained any better self control since they had stopped seeing one another at his behest. But he let himself savor a bit more of jealous, beautiful Will Graham, unable to resist.

“I see.” Will rubbed his chin, his smoldering appearance making Hannibal’s knees weak. He tilted his head intentionally showing off his collar as his seemingly random move towards his face with his hand had revealed his bracelet. The urgent flare in his eyes lit up Hannibal’s whole world.

“And I suppose it is sufficiently *obvious* how *I* know Dr. Lecter?”

His use of the professional title only served to emphasize their intimate and non-vanilla connection and Will’s submissive role. Calling him “Hannibal,” in fact, would have made it seem less likely he was Daddy’s boy, his *only* lover and interest.

“Well, I’ll be damned,” Genivive said with her hand on her heart. “There is something I thought I’d never see. Hannibal, collaring a lover? I must have had too much to drink, could this be a hallucination?”

“I only wish it were,” Hannibal broke in, finally aggravated enough to intervene rather than letting Will become any more enraged. The boy’s hands flexed, as if ready to do unspeakable violence if she said one more word he didn’t like.

Will sneered, “Do you?”

“Indeed. Genivive,” Hannibal steamed quietly, “The utter lack of good sense, not to mention manners, with which you have approached us is a matter of embarrassment. If you do not have the humility to be ashamed of your dreadful imposition, allow me to encourage you instilling it and making a hasty retreat.”

She laughed, soft yet jangling the notes of it like a harsh slam on piano keys. “For God’s sake, you needn’t pacify that boy’s outlandish possessiveness by scolding me. We’re not in our former positions, dear, and you haven’t the *right* to scold. I only wanted to greet an old flame, not receive a lesson in manners.”

Hannibal did not quite know why it was that even when rebuffed, his admirers so often made the crucial mistake of trying to regain his interest, from poor Franklyn to his equally ill-fated friend Tobias, to Genivive with this atrocious lapse, doubtless brought on by her inability to “get over” him.

But whatever the cause, he had never found his own irresistible status less convenient.

Will had been struck stone silent by her words, which dismissed him as nothing but “that boy.” His silence was not mistaken by Hannibal for backing down or admitting defeat. He was simply too wrathful to speak without losing his temper completely. Will was seething.

“And now if you’ll excuse me, I’ll be on my way. I really want to bid on that ring,” Genivive said, satisfied she’d put Will in his place and reminded Hannibal of her own complete availability to his sexual needs whenever he came to his senses and abandoned the lesser paramour by his side. She walked off, leaving Hannibal angrily mortified and Will impassioned with new purpose.

Will didn’t look at Hannibal, and he didn’t say anything about Genivive nor ask any questions. Instead, he said in a low, demanding tone, staring daggers at the auction stage, “I changed my mind. I want that ring.”

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, as you might guess, Genivive is no threat to Hannigram domestic bliss. Rather, we'll get to enjoy some more juicy jealous!Will goodness and plenty more fun coming up soon. 🖤

Next time: Jealous!Will refuses to admit he's jealous, which as we know is breaking one of Daddy's rules...👀 Hannibal gets to release some of his violent tension, in expected and unexpected ways. And a trip to a sultry private club gets the boys' blood pumping...

Don't catch me/catch me

Chapter Notes

Chapter title from the Demi Lovato song "Catch Me"

cw: canon-typical violence, brief reference to hetero sex (lol)

note: this story is definitely intended for readers who enjoy a heavy dose of Dom/sub in most chapters, with the mood varying from playful to serious. In no way is it intended as a guide or recommendation for real life behaviors.

The portrayal of this part of their relationship is inextricably bound with their love and is an expression of how they adore each other, just as much as any other sort of affectionate behavior.

Having said that, I hope you like jealous!Will and Jealous!Hannibal, plus Hannibal finally getting a little murder in 🥰

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal looked at Will. Will looked at Hannibal.

The distinguished and yet mildly alarmed, quietly infuriated Dr. Lecter did not see the same feelings in Will's face. Instead, an eerie calm, with the emphatic suggestion that Hannibal procure him that ring, post-haste.

He could bring up the matter of Genivive's upsetting comments now, as he really wanted to, or he could wait. If Will was to have his beautiful, antique golden ring, then clearly he must act now.

Smiling warmly, he nodded, adopting a dutiful, playful mood for the time being. "Of course, my darling," he said, making a sprightly path for the auction stage.

"One thousand," Genivive's jarring voice called out as the auctioneer stood at a podium beside the ring, on a velvet cloth for all to see, and also displayed in all of its exquisite detail on a video screen magnifying it for all to see.

Hannibal found a good spot for bidding, which was also conveniently on the opposite side of the crowd from his obnoxious former lover.

"Two thousand," he called calmly, and the auctioneer, who Hannibal had encountered at many of these cultured events, looked starstruck, "for Dr. Lecter, why what an honor."

Hannibal gave him a small nod and a condescending smile. *Yes, I should think so.*

“Three thousand!” Genivive countered, barely making it through the bid before Hannibal interrupted with a firm, “*Five.*”

“Miss Whitely and Dr. Lecter are in a dead heat for this gorgeous ring,” the auctioneer smiled nervously, “Would anyone else care to throw their hat in? This item is clearly much in demand—”

“Six,” shouted Genivive in a brittle way, now annoyed, as Hannibal supposed, because he obviously wanted the ring for Will.

Of course, this was the whole reason Will wanted the piece in the first place, and he was going to have it.

“Six thousand for Miss Whitely, my goodness, your commitment to this evening’s cause is remarkable. Dr. Lecter, can you offer–”

After a glance over at Will, who stood with a chilly expression behind the crowd of bidders, Hannibal’s impatience mounted.

He glared across the room at Genivive, subtly, it must be added, it was just a brief narrowing of his eyes, but the emotion behind it was a vengeful rage she could hardly fathom. For the moment, at least.

“*Twenty* thousand,” Hannibal called confidently.

The auctioneer was struck silent and Genivive threw her hands up in a poor loser’s etiquette, saying loudly enough to be heard by all nearby, “I’ve wanted that piece for years. And all because he’s had his head turned by some low-rent nobody, that little heathen boy.”

An unfortunate series of statements. Hannibal smiled cordially at her, basking in victory and further plans for her reprisal.

He stayed among the bidders for the next round, which found Genivive taking comfort from her date and some other snobbish associates, while Hannibal bid on a stunning gold necklace chain to match the ring. Will could accessorize it with any charm he liked, wear it plain, or wear the ring on it. How lovely it would look against his precious alabaster skin.

Will had been bothered, and he considered it partly his fault for not immediately leaving when his ex approached them. He never imagined she would be that inappropriate. It should have been easy to pretend they were only passing acquaintances, but she had to set fire to his otherwise perfect evening, and now he had a major problem on his hands.

He went on bidding. Will deserved several more treats for being such a very good, special boy. Really, he felt he owed Will an apology for Genivive’s mere existence, for ever having given her a second glance during his blasé and uncaring past.

A weekend at a villa in Venice, which Genivive briefly perked up at, quickly losing again to Hannibal.

A rare perfume made from the fragrance of the Neelakurinji – an Indian flower which blooms only once in twelve years.

And an antique leather flask set that included a solid gold compass.

They were to collect their winnings the following day from the venue. A lot of paperwork was required for such extravagant and rare items, some of which would be insured.

“I hope you’ll forgive me getting a bit carried away, my dear,” he grinned when he went back to Will, relieved that the boy no longer looked like the human personification of an iceberg.

Will’s eyes had softened and his smile was genuine. “Are you trying to make it all better with expensive gifts, Dr. Lecter?”

“I don’t hear you objecting,” Hannibal replied, to which Will winked.

“No, and you won’t.” He put his hand on Hannibal’s arm and said in his ear, “Thank you daddy.”

“That’s my beautiful, special boy,” Hannibal praised, delighting in the shy way Will responded. “Are you certain you are quite alright, sweetheart? We will leave shortly, and if you like, have a discussion about the unforgivable incident which occurred. I want to reassure you completely as to the past and its lack of meaning to–”

“I don’t want to talk about it, actually,” and Will’s smile changed back to a fake one. There was pain underneath, such pain that Hannibal’s heart broke for Will, while his temper flared worse than before.

“Ever,” Will added. “Could you take me to your club instead? I’m eager to check it out.”

“Whatever you prefer, in this case, mylimasis. Keep in mind, Daddy knows what is best and will make the rest of our choices for the evening. I’m concerned about you, and you need extensive care, whether you think so or not. Daddy is going to take special care of you. Understand?”

“There’s no need, based on anything that happened here. I understand the past is the past.” Will could not seem to help a slight gritting of his teeth. “What’s it to me?”

“Will…” Hannibal’s hand shot out to his elbow. Will covered it in his own and shrugged off the barely concealed emotion as if this would destroy it along with the need for further discussion.

“But, I adore you taking care of me, Daddy, always. So yes, I’ll do absolutely anything and everything you say. How’s that?”

His combined good behavior and sweet charm, an insubstantial but beguiling cover for the anguish beneath his forced smile, all had a profound effect on Hannibal.

The therapist cupped Will’s face in both hands and kissed him square on the mouth, prompting a small explosion of whispered gossip all around them.

If Jack and Bella were still present, they would be less surprised by the P.D.A. Hannibal didn't even have to check to know Jack would roll his eyes and reach for another drink, grumbling about *"brought him in to do a profile, dammit, a profile,"* whilst Bella shushed him with a pleased smile.

To everyone else, this was the famously debonair Dr. Lecter, not only showing off a new lover, but marking him publicly as much more important than his usual superficial and numerous affairs.

"They all should know how passionately devoted I am to you. I guarantee that will be front page of tomorrow's arts and culture report."

Hmm. Not the very top headline, given what Hannibal had next on his secret agenda. But certainly the kiss would make an appearance among the top stories.

Will blushed and gave in easily to the older man's kiss and guiding touches. "Are you gonna get our coats? A raunchy, crazy sex club sounds like heaven to me compared to this place, even if I do want to wear that ring on the necklace and the perfume while you fuck me at a villa in Venice." He smirked, keeping his tone low and only for his lover.

"I'm going to get our coats," Hannibal answered, pure sex in his tone. His darling little sugar baby, how coquettish and sensuous he was, and how dearly he would be repaid for the teasing.

He had Will wait in the smaller, cozier and uncrowded cocktail room to one side of the grand foyer, setting his sweetheart up with a last flute of champagne as he knew he would be a few minutes at least "getting the coats" and Will was not to be disturbed again that evening, including by crowds.

Then he proceeded with nimble determination to the gallery room down the hall past the coat room, where he had glimpsed Genivive heading moments before.

"Well, have you repented of your bad choices, darling?" She turned on him with slender auburn eyebrows arched on a smooth but cold ivory brow. An arrogant smirk twisted crimson lips and her hair glistened brighter red under the spotlights overhead which pointed at the paintings on the long wall.

"I'm not your darling," said Hannibal under his breath, voice full of anger.

Confused, she noticed how he had locked the door so they were alone in the gallery, and that he was wearing a pair of disposable gloves.

With a snarl, he grabbed his former lover by her skinny back and quickly stabbed her stomach, a deep and calculated wound, with a small but deadly knife he routinely carried for just such purposes. One never knew when it would be necessary to suddenly kill, and it would not do to walk the world unprepared. People were so very rude, all the time, after all.

Genivive tried to scream but his hand was planted in a vice grip over her mouth, and he twisted the knife deep in her gut with a satisfied, grim smile at the flash of agonizing pain in

her green eyes full of tears.

“I’m sorry, Genivive,” he said drily, and the next words came more emphatically, if just as quiet, “*But you’ve upset Will*.”

Blood spurted from her lips and smeared on Hannibal’s gloves, blood which would never be found on him to link him with this fortuitous disposal process. Her eyes went huge with shocked pain once more, then she flickered out forever and crumpled over.

There. That’s done. He smirked once more at her lifeless figure slumped like a drunken idiot against the wall, a particularly stupid look of terror stretching her features like plastic.

As to the body and any evidence coming back to himself, Hannibal wasn’t particularly concerned. The entire place would be covered with DNA of hundreds of guests, and everyone who liked romantic gossip had seen him chatting with Genivive earlier. Any presence of evidence from his person, unlikely as it was, could be dismissed under those logical explanations.

Still, there was no need to cause the dancer’s corpse to be discovered any sooner than necessary. He deftly placed her in a nearby janitor’s closet at the far back, covering her in a tarp of which there were several for covering delicate artwork in the gallery.

Genivive had her share of enemies in the world of dance, due to her elite status as reigning prima ballerina at Baltimore’s top dance company. As recently as yesterday, there had been a piece covering the threats on her life made by anonymous rivals and stalkers, gathered and investigated by the police in an ongoing case. This would simply be the final result of what others had so energetically and conveniently started.

Pleased and enjoying the rush of adrenaline from the kill, particularly potent accompanied by the knowledge of hurting someone who hurt Will, he slipped unseen through the back door of the gallery, then entered smoothly a side entrance to the venue, never slowing his casual, breezy pace.

The knife and gloves safety secreted in the inner pocket of his tux jacket, which had an extra lining put in for this purpose, Hannibal meant to return directly to Will. However, in his way he passed the ladies room, where he overheard two young women chattering and laughing together, among the nonsensical jibber-jabber of which his keen ears caught the words: *Will Graham.*

He paused, acting as if he was adjusting his watch, the women in their evening gowns of magenta and jade too caught up in their own gossip to notice that one object of it stood so close by, listening attentively.

“Will Graham?” giggled a petite blonde woman with brown eyes and too much glossy pink lipstick. He took it by their familiarity with his lover that the ladies both worked at the Federal building in some (he assumed pathetically low) capacity.

“Yes, so what if he’s got some rich new boyfriend? I’ve been there, done that already.”

“Really?” Her friend flipped a glossy array of raven hair over one slender tanned shoulder and added excitedly, with all the tact of a fifteen year old, “*Girl, same!*”

As fiery rage churned in Hannibal’s stomach, the women went into the ladies room and kept on their eager talking.

He discerned that no one was looking, then followed them, hiding behind the wall of a row of stalls, his heart hammering with an anger and jealousy, a possessiveness that consumed him completely.

They had touched his Will. *His* precious boy. His beautiful Will. And they *dared* speak of sexual activity with Hannibal’s lover in a public place, as if Will was nothing more than a *thing* to them, objectified and gawked at.

“Mmmhmm, girlfriend, he’s a *fine*-ass specimen,” said the brunette, applying mascara in front of the mirror. “Easy, too. He *really* likes to be touched, and he seems super-lonely. You know, just between you and me, *he can really, really eat some pussy.* He’s fucking — *good*.”

Hannibal’s whole expression turned to steel. His eyes burned and his hands shook. He put a fresh pair of gloves on, this time his winter, regular ones for wearing outdoors, and carefully examined them to make certain there were no stray hairs and such on them.

Quite clean. They would do.

“Oh, hell yes, he’s a good lay. Doesn’t even mind doing all the work, buying all the drinks and then letting you walk out like it never happened once it’s over.” The blonde blotted her lipstick, smiling at herself in the mirror, Hannibal’s looming person just barely out of eyeshot as to reflection.

He was nothing more than an unperceived shadow, smoldering with fury.

“Girl, that is harsh as hell,” cackled the brunette, “I mean, it’s not like he’s datable. Boy’s got so many different complexes I can’t even figure out where they begin or end. Kind of creepy sometimes? And way too intense. Nooo thank you. Still, with a body like his, no doubt I had to hit that.”

They laughed together for a last time, then all laughter was brutally ceased. Hannibal grabbed the backs of both their heads and smashed them down on the porcelain sinks in front of them. With a sickening *crack*, their skulls were both splintered in a deadly duet.

A storm of jealousy still raged through him, giving him even more strength than usual. The adrenaline of killing Genivive mere minutes before still ran in his veins, joined now with the power of his rage, only slightly abated by adding these two former lovers of Will to his victims of the evening.

The overhead speakers piping through a typical mix of classical favorites added some zest to his endeavors, the encouragement of Caprice Op. 1 No. 2 in B Minor by Niccolò Paganini never one which he under-appreciated.

Hate still filled his lungs, but so did the relief of the hunt obliterating anyone who dared touch or insult his lover. So did amusement at two more foolish victims easily disposed of.

Thus, he made quick work of picking them each up under their arms to avoid the blood gushing from their foreheads. He bestowed their limp bodies in one stall, piling them unceremoniously, wishing he could spit on them but unwilling to incriminate himself for such petty but tempting gestures.

Only a bit winded, he checked himself in the mirror, smoothing his hair, washing off a tiny sheen of sweat from his worthwhile labors. Quite presentable, he moved on.

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“Everything okay?” Will asked, lowering a brochure about the gallery which he’d been perusing at his table by the window in the bar. “You took longer than I expected. Long line?”

“Egregiously long, beloved.” He helped his darling boy into his coat and purred in his ear, “And any handful of minutes away from you is a never-ending torment to me.”

How frightening, yet exhilarating, that this was actually true.

“Same,” Will smiled, giving in easily to the hug from behind which Hannibal added to the putting on of his coat.

When they were in the car heading for their second destination, Hannibal took Will’s hand and said, “I hope you won’t hold it against me for taking you to that banquet, my dear. All of my commands to you were fully based upon the wish of you basking in your beauty, understanding your worth through being admired by others whilst claimed by me publicly.”

“And that was great,” Will grinned, clasping Hannibal’s hand, all the appearance of calm acceptance save the complicated mix of darker feelings in his gaze. “It’s the only part of going to that thing that I care to remember, aside from my presents, and that it was the same night we did *everything else* we’re going to do, whatever it may be.”

“And if something was on your mind, dear one, you’d tell Daddy?” Hannibal murmured, free to express himself thoroughly given the partition between them and the driver as they wove through busy streets.

“Of course I would.” There was the frozen smile again.

Hannibal’s whole being tensed. It had been a tense evening, and Will’s defiance was pushing him, once again. “Is that so?”

Will turned the fake smile and the sad eyes on him again, prettier than ever. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Will, you haven’t forgotten any of Daddy’s rules, now have you? I know there’s an awful lot. I hope you’ve studied them well.” Hannibal pursed his lips and regarded his lover sternly.

But Will’s facade of cheerful obedience and optimism remained intact. He nodded.

“Tell me,” Hannibal insisted, looking at him intensely, gripping his thigh tightly. “*Boy*. Don’t just nod at me and expect to be excused from the discussion.”

“I read the rules.” He scoffed, then his lips stretched again, forced into an upward curve. “And I reread them. I’ve committed them to memory because they mean so much to me. I promise.”

“Perfect. I’m particularly pleased to hear it on this occasion. Recite for me rule number nineteen.”

“If I ever feel jealous regarding Daddy, I must confess it immediately,” Will said reflexively.

“You’re a very good boy to memorize Daddy’s rules, baby.” Hannibal rewarded his dedication with a soft kiss on the lips that ruined the pout and the false smile, bringing out a delicate moan, instead. Good.

He was closer to having Will where he needed him again, where they both needed to be.

“Thank you, Daddy.” Will smiled genuinely this time and tried to lean up for another kiss.

Hannibal’s voice poured over his mouth instead, a low rumble: “Now, recite rule number 32.”

“Okay,” Will said with shaky enthusiasm, like a teacher’s pet. “I’m never to harm myself physically in any way. If I disobey this rule, I must tell you as soon as possible.”

“And,” Hannibal added, running a hand through Will’s curls and tugging them harder than the boy expected, earning a good flinch and a little cry of pain. His blood thumped hotter even as his temper itched and his love throbbed within him.

“I’m adding a codicil to that rule. You’re not to hurt yourself emotionally either, with paranoia about my past or my present faithfulness, or with negative self-talk. However, if you do, which may be involuntary, Daddy will help you with it, and the punishment won’t be bad if you’re honest about the problem. I can’t help you if I don’t know what’s wrong.”

“Alright,” Will said, lax in Hannibal’s grip, ever loving and submissive, but a glimmer of rebelliousness in his eyes showed a distinct conflict in his feelings.

“Will. My rules can’t be bent. They are iron-clad, made for your own good and to protect you, sometimes even from yourself.” He traced Will’s lips indulgently before slipping his thumb into that hot little mouth.

The boy sighed in relief at the chance to engage orally. He sucked and nibbled and licked the finger as Hannibal moved it slowly in and out.

“Do you know how much I want you? And need you?”

“No, I don’t know,” Will admitted with a meek and wounded little noise of disappointment when he didn’t have Daddy’s finger to suck on anymore. “But maybe I can’t know. I can only try. There, is that honest enough?”

“It’s a start. For the last time, is anything bothering you?”

“*No.*” Will gritted his teeth and looked away.

Hannibal gripped his chin and forced him to look into commanding, narrowed maroon eyes. His feral look should defy the elegance of his tuxedo, yet they seemed oddly to work well together.

“I see that’s the only reply I’m to expect this evening. Very well. Do not look away from me when I am speaking to you, William.”

He released Will, but only from his physical grip.

“As if I want to.” Will huffed and yanked his tie open, petulantly unbuttoning his shirt collar.

His white gold collar necklace gleamed underneath and he touched it to steady his nerves. Endearing, but it should not be needed to calm him from Hannibal’s very presence!

“I also see that you believe a simple subject change and ignoring any signs of discontent in your demeanor will solve any potential difficulty between us.”

“That’s a bit reductive. Especially coming from a man so complicated that he’s dubbed himself my protector from life’s dangers, without adding a *codicil* to protect me from you.”

Hannibal did not allow his own internal panic at Will’s words to surface in his expression. Instead, he merely adjusted his shirt cuffs and asked, as if inquiring after the weather forecast, “Do you want to be protected from me, Will?”

“No. Never. No matter what you are, what you’ve done, what you do, even to me, or because of me, I’ll always want you. I’ll never leave you.”

The tormented confusion in Will’s face weakened Hannibal’s frustration, if not his revolve to require Will’s obedience to the rules properly, one way or another.

“My darling, the same is true of me, for you. But why, then, did you mention it?”

“I was just pointing out an irony,” Will replied more stiffly. “Maybe, more than anything, to provide a simple subject chance since the conversation kept boomeranging back to my supposed deception.”

“Supposed?” Hannibal clucked his tongue, tilting his head a tiny bit. “Recite rule number thirty-three.”

Will shivered, meeting his gaze steadily, gulping before replying, “What Daddy says is law. Yours is the final word. Disobedience will carry consequences modulated according to the severity of the offense.”

“Yes, indeed.” Hannibal smiled warmly. “You really are my star pupil, sweetheart. Daddy is proud that you remember every detail of the rules. Are you prepared to obey that one?”

“Yes?” Will swallowed again, hands fidgeting in his lap.

He preferred that they both be feeling aroused and not recently sated when attending the private party to which they were heading. Otherwise, he’d have had his cock in Will’s mouth to help him center his frazzled nerves.

Poor boy. He was forgetting one of their most important, foundational tenets, that Will did not know how to take proper care of himself, and prior to Hannibal no one else had taken care of him the right way, either. He must trust to Hannibal’s care to the letter or face consequences.

Consequences, apparently, were to be had. All in good time.

Chapter End Notes

Next time, The sexy club doesn't turn out to be what Will expected. A new adversary glimpses and lusts for Will, Hannigram show their love before an audience, and Hannibal remains determined to heal his boy's sadness and insecurity, do what he must! 💜

Twitter: https://twitter.com/earthsickwoyou
Tumblr: https://earthsickwithoutyou.tumblr.com/

Why do you love me, it's driving me crazy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will hadn't expected the sex club to be quite such a long drive from the charity venue. It was outside the city, in the country, his lover said while urging the driver to take the rest of the night off on a full salary.

"It would have been an exhausting night for Charles after conveying us to the function and bearing with central Baltimore traffic," Hannibal explained after sliding into the driver's seat, Will beside him, regarding him with a soft, cherubic yet roguish smile. "And as it happens, I would like to have this time with you, entirely alone. With your sensitive disposition, it is best to alternate periods of solitude with being among groups."

"Solitude?" Will questioned, not arguing with the term though it piqued his curiosity. "You and me together is solitude?"

"It is the only solitude you'll ever know again." Hannibal watched the road, equally careful with his driving as the words chosen to frame his emotions and plans.

"Even when you're not with me, you're with me."

"Yes, and I'll be with you as often as I possibly can."

"Yes…" Will grasped onto the words, watching Hannibal's profile against the night sky and streetlights they passed, until he grew tired. He gave into the feeling of relaxation absorbed into his tense body by the seat warmer, the hand which clasped his own at any chance, the fingers which ran over and over his knuckles and absent-mindedly caressed his own fingers.

He nodded off as Hannibal played lush, dark gothic music and massaged his knee whenever he could spare his hand from the steering wheel.

When he woke, immediately gravitating to Hannibal beside him, he found his lover smiling at him fondly. "So beautiful when you're sleeping, darling."

"As beautiful as when you're breaking me?" Will asked, his sleepy voice and mischievous eyes making an intriguing combination to Hannibal.

"Nothing is that beautiful." Hannibal's smile went from playful to serious, and Will shivered again in constant anticipation of Daddy's wonderful discipline, Daddy's clever plans for them.

He planned to inundate himself in every extravagant debauchery on offer this night, seeing it as the best way to quickly shut off the ideas of Hannibal with Genivive and other past lovers which otherwise threatened to drown him in a blood-black, viscous sea of jealousy.

Marveling at the view out the window of the Rolls Royce, Will noticed that they were driving on a long, rather grand country round through perfect fields tinted dark green by the night sky.

Ahead of them, he saw a huge manor house, candles flickering in every window like something out of *Dracula,* classically dangerous and seductive.

It was a severe, majestic place which stood tall and beautifully bleak somehow, looming over its extensive grounds of gem-deep grass. A specter of a house, almost, Will thought, thumb stroking his lower lip as he took in the intriguing setting. A shadow.

“I was picturing something more along the lines of a Baltimore nightclub on the tawdry but unusually clean side. Because, you know…it’s you.” Will yawned and stretched. “Where are we?”

“This is the Chateau Thérèse-Leduc,” said Hannibal smoothly, a twinkle of amusement in his eyes. “A name which is all the more interesting due to the house having been called Rose Hill Manor for at least a century. The current owners saw fit to retitle it, given their own lifestyle…”

“They decided it was more appropriate to call the place after the title and author of one of the more famous erotic novels of the 1950’s, a time when the mere existence of such literature was still a scandal. When eroticism between a same-sex couple made it even more sinful in the public view.”

Hannibal nodded. “Then and now, what polite society forbids will find its way out of the woodwork and into a place which it makes for itself.”

Will smiled and squeezed Hannibal’s knee before slowly massaging his thigh.

His lover allowed the sweet attentions, glancing at him coyly as evening shadow partially cloaked his face.

Even half-obscured by the temporary absence of light, Will saw lust, desire, intention, concern, care, all of it plain and simple love despite being so complicated. Each one of the feelings he saw in Hannibal was complicated in its own way, and each was difficult for Will to accept in its own respect.

But he could not even think about taking the concern or the care in the mood he was in now. The lust, the desire, that was what he wanted to immerse himself in. They were so much easier to accept, and they were *distracting.*

“I’m impressed, but not surprised at your eclectic taste in literature,” Hannibal noted.

“Mmm. I had a tendency to accidentally on purpose wander into the ‘adult literature’ section of the library in ‘Nawlins I used to escape to in my formative years.” Will smiled, nostalgic and pleased to impress Hannibal, which almost no one did. He felt a boost of pride that would

too soon dissipate like a candy melting in his mouth. “I read *Thérèse and Isabelle*. Several times.”

“‘*We embraced again, we wanted to engulf each other. We had cast off our families, the world, time, certainty. Clasping her against my gaping open heart, I wanted to draw Isabelle inside.*’” Hannibal recited the lines from memory in that conversational tone he often used when he felt vulnerable and serious, the really cute one which often seemed to warm his cheeks to a pink shade.

“I could listen to your voice forever,” Will sighed, sinking into the night at last like a dream, letting go of the rows to let the boat drift where it would.

He wanted to disappear into the sound of Hannibal’s voice and have true love and luscious sin in his veins like an irrevocable narcotic that went on and on. The dangerous blade of loving a darkly mysterious man capable of marvelous atrocities, it transfixed him so that the deeper his suspicions of Hannibal being the Ripper became, the harder it was to remember why that would once have seemed to be a problem.

“My darling,” said Hannibal in a rumbling tone, “We have so many wonderful adventures to share, and it seems to me we are only at the beginning.”

“We’re at the precipice. Tonight I want you to push me over it.”

Hannibal steered the car into the huge circular driveway and found a place to park among quite a lot of other luxury cars, shiny and impressive as their own.

Once parked, Hannibal looked at Will discerningly. “That is my exact implication as well. It isn’t even that we seem to anticipate one another’s needs, but that…we personify them without trying.”

“Being with you is effortless. It’s freeing.”

Or it could be. If only I could learn how to let it all the way in, believe I deserve it. I can almost taste the freedom, but it’s there and gone, there and gone. Something old and evil and not me *in me cuts it off like slicing the umbilical cord from the* new me *that wants to be born, so it never can be.*

The frustration of this exceeded Will’s ability to cope. He wanted to forget it and pay attention only to Daddy.

Will submitted with some interest to Hannibal’s firm, guiding tutelage as to his proper attire. His tie was removed and his shirt unbuttoned almost to his naval. The white formal shirt hung lightly off one toned shoulder, making Will feel a certain mixture of self-consciously thrilled anticipation.

“I want being with me to feel that liberating. Perhaps most freeing of all when I do this.” Speaking softly, Hannibal switched Will’s collar from the white gold choker to the black leather one with its motif of roses, its leash also attached. He gave the leash a firm tug as well.

“Yes,” Will said in a rush of heated happiness, “Yes, Daddy, most of all when I let go of everything except being yours.”

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Inside the house, everything was a wonder of richly dark and eclectic decor. The party itself spread through the entire place, as Hannibal informed him while they waited in line for entry, Will marveling at all he saw, and they’d only gone as far as the lavish foyer with its great, golden lion on the wall, pitch black walls and red lights that made everyone look a little sinister.

“A sex club, you said.” Will rolled his eyes. “This is more of a secret society.”

“Perhaps I wanted to see how surprised you would be, and for the unexpected nature of the event to catch you off-guard. This will be quite a bit more intense than a city sex club, although there are several of which I approve, and which we may one time or another get around to visiting.”

The other guests were dressed to the nines as well, the majority in suits or evening gowns. There were other subs like Will, even leashed ones, and it was surreal to glance at them and meet eyes with immediate understanding, a kind of odd friendliness that needed no words.

This was an elite event, and the location changed every time, rotating to various mansions in the northeast. Hannibal had been pleased that this party would be taking place quite so close, although he would have been happy to charter a plane if it was in New York state or Massachusetts as in years past.

His cheerful conversation, while carried on with an eloquence and charm which were dazzling, felt like a knife laden with sugar, a sweet cut with words embedding into Will’s wounded, bleeding flesh, words like “*In years past.*” They were playing on a loop as soon as Hannibal rather innocently mentioned them.

Other phrases kept rushing around his head like bats in an old, haunted attic, things Hannibal had said about his past sexual activities, barest hints because he did try to avoid the subject – knowing it upset Will so greatly.

Did he really understand *how* deeply? Will guessed it was impossible for him to completely censor all vague allusions to the past occupants of his bed, and that sometimes he happened to mention a disturbing, new morsel that would be dissected by Will *forever*. Like just now.

“My dear?” Hannibal asked, “Are you still feeling well? You look…”

“I couldn’t be better, Daddy,” Will grinned. The words were churning in his head, “*in the past, if I had a submissive who acted as you did, I would have been extremely cruel…"* this was something Hannibal let drop ages ago, in fact the very day Will decided to become his boy.

The entire purpose of him saying this was to impress upon Will how little he cared about his ex-lovers, and how different, how much more profound his feelings were for Will. Why

didn't that help? Why wouldn't the good part blot out the horrible guesses his overactive imagination kept projecting, ideas of Hannibal doing all manner of raunchy things with other people, to their bodies? And…inside them, worst of all dominating them.

Will still hadn't had him all the way, either in the sense of complete openness or full-on lovemaking.

His impatience flickered, a candle which could blaze into a deadly forest fire with the next implication of Hannibal ever having touched others. It was too much. He was too sensitive, too imaginative, too self-hating, capable of weaving ideas probably much more outlandish than reality. And as Hannibal had noted, he had very little self-control.

"Will." Hannibal gave him a very direct, stern look. "Are you quite sure of that?"

"Of course! Don't be silly."

I'm not going to ruin our special night out by being a basket case. That would show how unworthy I am, how inexperienced compared to the others, how naive, just a backwoods fisher-boy with a badge. How can I compete with powerful sophisticates like that ballerina? It's pathetic even to…

"My sweet darling." Hannibal hadn't let him off the hook for good; obviously he knew something was up but intended to deal with it in his own time. He patted Will's cheek. "Aren't we forgetting something?"

With a tight grip, he jerked the leash hard enough to win a yelp from Will.

"Down, naughty boy, where you belong until you learn to follow the rules." He raised his eyebrows expectantly, voice gritty, the eyes of other couples and polyamorous groups watching with familiar interest.

Will blushed, eternally grateful for the delicious embarrassment of going down on the floor like a dog in front of everyone, especially thankful that Daddy would continue his training – in many ways – on this occasion.

And it wasn't so bad, even crawling towards the doorman next to Daddy, who looked absolutely huge and so powerful from this ultimate submissive angle. Who wouldn't crawl for this man? Look at him. Will could barely stop, even to make sure he kept his path properly. After all, he was still fairly new to this toddler-like way of getting around a room.

It was quite a different experience with a full-grown body and an adult meaning imbued to the behavior, but it also soothed the part of him that was still an unloved, lonely child.

Daddy knows what to do, as always. Of course. How could I ever doubt it? I have to remember.

Will fell deeper into his role like falling into a pile of cozy blankets, a great relief accompanying the surrender of his mood. The nagging thoughts about the past faded in

comparison with the bright severity and promise of the here and now, tugged along on a leash by this fine, flawless man who dommed him easier than breathing.

And it felt relatively comfortable doing all this stuff in front of other partakers in what Hannibal called 'the lifestyle.' Other kinky people just weren't going to cast a judgmental eye, and instead, he gradually understood they could all be liberated around each other. They could get off on *showing off* and shake off society's shackles, drop the vanilla act.

The doorman, who wore a mask sort of like the Phantom of the Opera, asked Hannibal for the password, addressing him by name with the same sort of hushed awe that the auctioneer earlier had displayed. How could Daddy really be all Will's? Everyone was blown away by his mere presence, as they should be…

"A lovely boy you have there, Dr. Lecter," the doorman observed once Hannibal murmured the password, "*Delta of Venus*." The compliment was not desirous, but more directed at Hannibal for having fine taste.

"Thank you, my friend. I'm desperately proud of my precious one, and can't help spoiling him rather obscenely."

"Well, this is the place for that," chuckled the doorman, who then unlocked the entrance leading to the rest of the mansion. "Enjoy yourself."

How wonderful to be recognized not merely as Hannibal Lecter's lover, but his boy, which was so much more important and breath-takingly intimate.

Will was still glowing at Daddy's praise when they made their way inside the place properly, and his senses were flooded with amazing observations to absorb and interpret, everywhere he looked. It wasn't the scary overabundance of scattershot problems, insults, dirty looks, push-and-shove selfishness of the world Will had lived in before Daddy. No, this was a slow, silken passage to a dimension meant only for the kind of fun which colored outside the lines, and it was beautiful. It was ceaselessly, shockingly erotic.

The house consisted of what seemed to be endless rooms of black, gold and red. Every piece of furniture, every statue, painting, candelabra, the most stunning antique gothic wonder, polished to perfection under the hazy red lights.

Guests in various states of dress and undress, yet uniformly in red or black, kept a polite distance from those they were not directly engaged with, but the propriety ended there.

Some guests wore masks like the doorman, perhaps cautious of their outside reputations, but others like Hannibal did not care what anyone thought of them and exhibited their conduct precisely as they chose.

A tall, slender, nude woman, maskless as her pet, walked along like a proud supermodel, and attached to the leash in her hand was a man who seemed older than she, and who followed her with the same intoxicated look which Will gave to his Daddy.

Another man had a woman pinned to the wall in a hallway they passed through, and he poured his body over her, thrusting madly as they made love wildly, naked and moaning.

Will's jaw dropped and he didn't quite know how to adjust his expression, despite the amused way Hannibal glanced down at him and tugged the leash again each time his boy paused to stare at a new marvel of exhibitionist raunchiness.

"It's just…" Will tried to explain. But were there words?

Looking at the other guests and the many acts in which they engaged for others to see, absorbing the elegant yet profane nature of the society…it had Will's heart beating fast and hard, it had his skin tingling and his cock filling, because the very air seemed to contain aphrodisiacs. The atmosphere was contagious, making him want everything that they were doing, the ones being disciplined, the ones spread-eagled on a dining room table and taken roughly, the ones riding their lover like a champion horse racer, crying out without one single worry of being seen and heard. It was hard to actually *believe* what he saw, which only made it hotter.

"Yes," Hannibal smiled, "I know. It is."

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And there were so very many people here, enjoying the night *so very much.* Will crawled across velvety carpets and looked up yet another couple fucking hard against the hallway wall, a popular site as it guaranteed they'd be seen by everyone walking by. Then Hannibal led him to another wing of the house where black rose petals were scattered over the sharply crimson floor.

The owners of the mansion had the most fascinatingly unique taste. For every crystal vase and chandelier, there was also a pornographic painting on the wall, a large cross which he knew vaguely to be involved in bdsm, that subs could be strapped there and deliciously tortured. There were impressive bookcases filled with large, leather-bound copies of tomes which Will suspected would be naughty ones if they got close enough to read the titles. The kama sutra and complete Marquis de Sade were certainly among the reading material. Music pumped through the air as if it was carried on it, no other origin, a sultry, mesmerizing blend of trip-hop, dark electric and more. The kind of music that made you want to grind, thrust and writhe. Will was *dying* for Daddy's hands.

"Daddy?" Will asked, looking up curiously. "How come some of the people here are wearing black and others red?"

"My clever one, that is merely an indication as to one's preferences to group activities or sharing. Those dressed in red are happy to share their lovers, or are singles who want to join other couples, even to form a larger orgy. Those of us who are wearing black are here to observe and perform for others, but belong exclusively to our dates.

"That means I'm only yours and you're only mine," Will smiled softly.

Hannibal led him to a bench and patted it. The bench was leather like many of the pieces in the house, and the shape of it also made Will realize with a startled, impressed laugh – a nervous laugh – it was a couch shaped for punishment and-or fucking.

The couch featured lovely silver chains on the front and back with cuffs attached for binding a submissive in place, and on the wall, a rack held a magnificent assortment of BDSM equipment, exquisitely designed. Everything shining in cleanliness. There were tastefully placed baskets of supplies on tables in each room, from lube to wipes for cleaning up, even healing ointments.

The smell of sex mixed with all the moans to make Will dizzy. It too was mixed with the hot candle-wax scent since there did not appear to be an electrical light in the whole place tonight. They were in another time, transported. Timeless, without rules save for those which Daddy imposed.

The deeply erogenous sight of shameless sex happening around every corner had long since gotten Will hard, but not in the sense of desiring any of these other bodies. It made the party into a wickedly exciting place, the sounds of bodies slapping together and asses being spanked, the sight of other subs having their hair pulled or being choked, the grunts of dominants and the increasingly prevalent sound of orders from masters and madams to their lovers.

And there sat his master, his Daddy, cinnamon eyes briefly, approvingly scanning the room and taking in the taboo events happening all *at the same time*, which on top of the whole public / exhibitionist aspect seemed to make the sex naughtier.

Daddy was still wearing his very fancy and handsome tuxedo from the charity gala. His hair was perfectly styled, his smile serenely calm, his easy power obvious. He held Will's leash but loosely, tugging with the assumption Will would offer no resistance.

"Come here, my darling."

Will put his head on Daddy's thigh and nuzzled in happily. "What are we going to do?"

"For one thing, Will, we're going to make damn sure you lose yourself so entirely to this night and what I *want* that every other thought or feeling disappears. I want you on the highest cloud, but it will involve a bit of pain."

Will's breath caught when Daddy cursed. He didn't do that unless it was his intense feelings and need for Will making him overwhelmed. Power coursed through Will, different from that he made Hannibal feel, but no less strong and life-changing.

"Sounds perfect." Will smiled against the perfect, soft, smooth fabric of his trousers, feeling the firm muscle of his lover's thigh. Although Daddy seemed calm, he was getting hard in his pants and he smelled of his arousal for Will.

"You're so good to me," Will said restlessly. "Show me how to be good for you. Use me. I want to be the one that makes you forget the world, too."

“What world? I only know ours.” Hannibal smiled, stroking Will’s hair. “Lie on the bench, presenting position, arms in the back. I’m going to take care of you.”

Will grinned and almost scrambled to comply. He was fond of this position because it made him strain; it was difficult to maintain, especially when punishment made his fight or flight kick in. He put his face down on the couch, cheek pressed to the leather while his butt stuck up in the air. Hannibal bound his hands back, one on each side of the couch. To Will's surprise, instead of merely binding his ankles together, Hannibal chose to tie a leather strap around the backs of his legs, this being the tightest of the bindings. The pressure on the backs of his legs, in the crook above his calves, made him present even more shamelessly, since to lower down and sit on his feet would make the strap tighten even more uncomfortably.

Hannibal gave that half-smothered laugh he did when Will’s eagerness made him so full of love that he could not quite help it, despite his otherwise serious demeanor and intentions.

“Baby boy,” Hannibal purred into his ear, once he had Will inescapably trapped.

He massaged Will’s bare ass in the opulent room with its blood red fleur de lis wallpaper, a room where only a misty, semi-see-through black curtain separated them from the others fucking all around them.

And he allowed a few long moments to endure after the gentle pet name and a loving swipe of soft curls, the gesture perhaps slightly more sloppy than the earlier caresses. He let Will wonder what awaited him.

And then he hissed in his ear while wrapping a hand around Will’s throat firmly, “*Don’t lie to me.*”

Will was trembling all over. He kept looking with profound longing at his handsome Daddy in that smooth suit, so debonair but stern and bent on harsh discipline. Regret for his attempt to evade Daddy’s rules made him bite his lip against the urge to apologize. The stubborn streak in him still insisted that he didn’t have to confess to every unimportant passing thought, especially if it was a humiliating one.

All that complicated dark and enveloping emotion between them made the room seem to tense and heighten. Will knew he was wearing about 90% more clothes than anyone else here but he still felt exposed and on show. This, he liked, so much that he could hardly breathe.

Most of them were naked, except for one young man with dark hair, fucking another, slighter man over a table. This rather show-offy dominant wore a dark red shirt with black trousers which he'd shoved down to get what he wanted, and he was pounding into his partner, most likely a perfect stranger. This stranger obviously wanted to enjoy every ounce of hedonism he was immersed in, but he released no grunts or groans. Instead, the more pleasure he took from the encounter, the harder the man seemed to fuck.

Will’s blood pumped hotter, but he did not think of the man, or his loudly moaning partner, but of the unfathomably calm Dr. Lecter losing his cool completely and fucking him *better* than that. He knew without question that Daddy was the very best.

“You seem quite interested in our surroundings.”

“It certainly puts me in a particular mood,” Will admitted as the moans of two women, one screwing the other with a strap-on nearby heightened his own arousal. It was the joy of all that pleasure, everyone sharing it in the way they chose and liked. His empathy soaked it up like a sponge and he groaned at how rigid his cock was by then.

Hannibal nodded thoughtfully. His one indication to his next actions was to roll up his sleeves to the elbows, which to Will’s perspective made his lover seem much more naked than anyone else here without a stitch of clothing on.

“And what mood is that?”

Moaning at the sight of Hannibal’s strong forearms and his big hands, Will rubbed his forehead on the front cushion of the bench. “I just want to show them all how much we belong to each other. I want you to *claim* me in front of them, so they can *see*.” He was whispering, blushing like crazy, squeezing his eyes shut, embarrassed by his request.

Hannibal took down a black leather flogger and dragged the tassels down Will’s back and ass slowly. Almost lazily, he turned the jeweled plug which was lodged in Will’s hole, sending small waves of irresistible pleasure through his boy that easily. Will’s cock throbbed and his head spun; he was getting sweaty. “Daddy, daddy…*please*…”

Although Hannibal had undressed him only a little, revealing his ass while his shirt left his front torso bare, he was now intensely conscious of being exposed and it tore him up with exhilarated confusion.

“You think your desire for me to show them all you are mine, and the extent of our bond is is an unwelcome request, or one that asks me for too much?” Hannibal inquired thoughtfully, still teasing with the flogger, his eyes traveling from Will’s smooth, vulnerable skin and the tight way he clenched around the silver and sapphire plug to his wanton gaze.

Will swallowed. “I don’t know what to say.”

Hannibal seemed to lose patience, which never happened. He crossed to Will and took himself out, every gorgeous, throbbing inch of him immediately presented to Will’s mouth. With a yank of the leash, he gave the command roughly, “*suck*” and he let Will take him, shuddering and letting out a hoarse breath when the boy licked up and down his length, then sucked the head, giving him the widest blue-eyed stare, begging to let go of the debate about his honesty.

He just wanted Daddy to fuck his mouth and fill it with cum, spank him, anything else, whether he also got off or not. It didn’t even bother him if he earned greater punishment. What bothered him was the idea of talking about what was going on in his mind and heart.

But of course, Daddy knew that, and he wasn’t going to accept it.

“You won't use your pretty mouth to confess to me,” Hannibal growled low. "So I'll use it for a purpose it's still good for." He fucked into Will’s mouth, driving Will wild by filling him,

slowly thrusting. It was an awkward position for Will, who had his face turned to one side, mouth open, accepting the punishing way he was taken.

The older man's voice broke and he was clearly fighting back moans of pleasure in order to make his point. "If you think you're not worthy of my undivided and whole-hearted worship, if you think it is too much to ask me to do something because *you want it*."

"Daddy, can we please not–" Will's voice cut out as Hannibal abruptly slid his cock out of the boy's mouth, then flogged him suddenly and with a sharp enough snap of the leather instrument that his pale ass shook and turned pink. He mewled into the cushion, then shoved his ass up higher.

"Oh, it hurts!" The rhapsody of pain flowed through him so beautifully…Will felt purely elated.

The attention! The care! This smothering domination, no way to wriggle away even when he defied Daddy. Daddy still loved him. Was still *there.* And yet, while primed and moaning in pain and wanting more he murmured, "…are you angry with me?"

"No. I'm angry with your father. If he was here, I'd rip his throat out for doing this to you, making you believe yourself so unworthy, incapable of seeing your own beauty. Almost incapable of feeling love. But I'll make you feel it," Hannibal insisted.

"Please," Will begged, "Yes." His face was red and tears were adorably dribbling from his sweet eyes.

"*Will*," Hannibal sighed. He rubbed his dick against Will's face as the younger man gasped and leaned into the attention, wanting it back in his mouth, wanting to have everything else blocked out but Daddy, sooner than later.

Hannibal leaned down again, took his face in both hands and kissed him, slow but hard and with tongue, teeth, abandon. He swiped his hot, wet tongue hungrily all over Will's mouth, as if he would devour him on the spot.

"You'll feel it. I promise you. I'll do everything in my power to make certain of it. Are you ready for more?"

"Oh, yes, please, Daddy." Will couldn't quite force a smile. He wanted, yes, wanted this, would take Daddy at his softest and his most brutal, but please don't make him look at his fears close up. Anything, anything but that.

Hannibal kissed his swollen lips and tugged his hair hard, then changed the flogger for a paddle.

"I punish you for the broken rules, but I also do this to clarify your outlook. Can you feel that?"

A few brisk and to-the-point strikes from the paddle, with loving hands finding the right balance between pain and too much pain, and Will was crying his name on a loop, "Yes,

Daddy, Daddy, please, I can feel it," again and again.

"Then count off ten," came the husky command.

Daddy's handsome, perfect silvery hair had fallen into his eyes a little and he was sweaty, panting. These punishments were tiring for him as well; they were physically and emotionally demanding, yet called for him to display the utmost control, both of Will and himself. His lip curled and his eyes flashed red for an instant, a trick of the candlelight and red wallpaper reflected, but deeply appropriate. Will had allowed himself to be mesmerized, even as Daddy watched him expectantly.

"Don't make me tell you again, William. *Count. Off. Ten*. For being a naughty, deceptive and rebellious boy who refused to tell me the truth, even when I gave you so many chances."

"N-n-no, I didn't mean it." Looking at him through wet eyelashes, his curls mussed and falling into his own gaze, Will could feel nothing but need and desire, complete worship of Daddy. He hated knowing he had rebelled against the one he lived to serve. "I'm sorry! Sorry, Daddy. Please forgive me."

"I forgave you long before you even did it." He clasped Will's chin and then leaned in to press their foreheads together. "My boy, why can't you understand? I promise, there will never be a time I won't forgive you."

Will shivered, the profession not allowed in by the old, evil thing inside him that shielded him from real love, the thing he wanted Hannibal to shatter because he himself was defenseless to it. The thing he hated as much as he loved Daddy. He couldn't claim to believe that Daddy would always forgive him, it was too hard to believe, he didn't even understand such an idea. All he could do was whisper in his needy way, "I'm ready. Give me ten, I'll count."

The paddle as Daddy used it was a medium-hard form of discipline, enough to sting and leave a red mark, even a bruise, but not break the skin. What those outside the life would not quite understand was that even this level of hurt *hurt so much,* sensitive skin inundated with the pain while with a savagely thundering heart the sub wanted nothing more than the switch or the strap, to suffer more agonies in service to Daddy and to do his penance, to find out what more pain felt like and how high it would make him.

Will had learned how to hold still and take it, so that the only resistance offered was his body's inevitable attempt to signal him he should, the nearly convulsive shivering and writhing which couldn't be helped. He was a wreck by the time he cried out a broken "*Ten!*"

Around them, the discipling session had driven the others to an even more powerful frenzy of lust; this meant that they were only watching until they went back to their own activity, and they didn't hear any of the deeper content shared only between Daddy and boy.

Almost as shaken, but remaining composed, Hannibal ran a hand through his sweaty hair, took a few deep breaths, then stroked his hand over Will's back in a soothing massage that traveled downward. "What a good boy."

“Thank you, Daddy.” A whimper, mostly absorbed by the bench cushion.

“Look at me.”

Will did, smiling and quivering in pain, fear, love and lust, ready for more or sex or aftercare, anything Daddy knew was best for him.

“Yes, Daddy?”

Standing before him, Hannibal put the paddle down and crouched to get them eye to eye. He caressed Will’s tear-streaked, sweaty face, his neck marked so frequently by Daddy’s claiming bruises, massaging his shoulders, careful to soothe but not put pressure on the old injury from Will’s past career. They had talked about and tested out many positions at home to make sure none of them ignited dangerous levels of pain from Will's shoulder, and thankfully the one they had just used did not.

“You’ve broken several rules tonight that prove you don’t trust me, not fully. I know you want to, and that tells me you aren’t resisting, but rather, you cannot trust me. And so you can’t believe I felt nothing for any former partners, that they were less than nothing at all to me. If you only knew the years of gnawing disappointment in finding that no encounter gave me the connection I wanted, the love I secretly craved, you would not doubt me.”

While speaking, he gently massaged Will’s reddened ass. He gave the boy some water from a glass with a straw. Everything they needed really was easily within reach, except what Will couldn’t unlock in himself.

Then he softly kissed every inch of flesh he’d spanked, murmuring, “I do love you, Will, and you *are* my boy. *Mine*. That creature at the gala, you think she mattered? Matters?”

He went on with the aftercare, the same as at home, smoothing salve over Will’s ass, making sure he stayed hydrated.

“I’m sorry,” Will admitted, leaning appreciatively into Daddy’s soothing touch. “It’s just the idea of you and her, it makes me sick. And I don’t see how I can measure up. I…know you want me to, but what if I can’t?”

“*Measure up?*” Hannibal repeated, quietly furious. “Is that a phrase your father used? Comparing you with other children in your class or family, I suppose, putting you down?”

Will nodded as Hannibal undid his restraints and brought him gently into his arms for a curled up snuggle on Daddy’s lap.

“You don’t have to ‘measure up’ with me, Will Graham. Every breath that you take is radiant. I don’t care if you see a thousand flaws in yourself, I would kiss every frailty or supposed defect if only I could.”

“Oh, Daddy,” Will frowned, accepting the tender embrace but fighting the words. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“Hush, now, baby, don’t be sorry. I have you. And that makes you mine.” He rocked Will in his arms and kissed his forehead and ears. This went on for some time until Will, dazed and struggling but physically comforted, had stilled from his crying. Hannibal asked then, “Would you like a treat, sweetheart?”

“Mmm. Want me to suck you?” Will asked dreamily, pressed against Hannibal’s chest like a secret he was keeping from himself.

“Perhaps later. For now…”

He could have had Will rut against him into orgasm and knew this would please the boy immensely, even the display, but most of all the reward for good behavior which reinforced his role as submissive.

However, to Will’s surprise he instead sat his boy in his lap and looked deeply into his eyes, not at anyone else around them. Will’s pants were still undone from the spanking, but Hannibal had pulled them up over his hips carefully after applying the ointment.

Will stared at him, moonstruck all over again, lips parted on a sigh that seemed to go on forever.

“Who’s my good boy?” Hannibal murmured, looking almost drugged with desperate adoration.

“I am.”

He put his hand in Will’s shirt as if he was inappropriately copping a feel of his chest, and fuck – given the setting and the fuckathon raging less and less elegantly around them – that was *hot.*

Groping at Will’s chest, he put two fingers precisely on either side of a stiff nipple. “Tell me.”

“I’m your good boy,” Will answered obediently. Hannibal pinched his nipple and slid his open palm down Will’s pants, immediately finding and grasping his cock.

Will was hard, as he usually was when around Hannibal unless they’d had sex five minutes before, and sometimes even then he could have gone another round if Hannibal roused him again, and Daddy was very good at that.

Will had never, ever known one could sustain a life like this, constantly wanting. It didn’t go away, it didn’t diminish or fade with time, seemingly it could only grow stronger, so deep, tearing up the roots of his cynical despair and razing his self-hatred to dust before blowing it away, revealing the shining, lovely real him beneath. Time passed and repeatedly Will learned to lost faith in himself again and Hannibal tirelessly began it from the start, as if every time made Will more precious to him instead of less so.

His cock leaked into Hannibal’s fist and his hips arched, for which he blurted, “I’m sorr–”

Hannibal covered his lips with his hand, so warm and controlling. His other hand began to move with more intention, using the natural lubrication to stroke root to tip with confident

skill but raw emotion.

Every flick of his wrist, every stroke of his fingers was a work of magic, driving him fast and desperately deep into pleasure that impetuously mounted within him.

Will's balls drew up tight and the urge to fuck into Hannibal's hand was too much. He tried to fight it anyway, "Sorry, sorry…"

"Who are you sorry to?"

"Daddy."

Hannibal stroked slowly again, edging him, but with a sort of bluntly intentional love to the act. "Whose Daddy am I?"

"Mine!" Will's body began to move erratically without his consent, shaking and trying to buck into another long, slow drag of the most perfect, beautiful hand in the whole of existence working him, up and down, and Hannibal smiled, a haunted smile, a smile that nonetheless swore he'd never stop, never give up.

"That's right. Now, what are you, Will?"

"A good boy," Will said, hating every word but wishing it was true, "Your good boy." He stopped thrusting and sat still, although to do so was tormenting.

Hannibal went on, stroking firmly so that the pleasure became a wave pummeling him into the sand, and he could be the shore decimated by that wave. Nothing more. Nobody. He didn't know how to be beautiful or a good boy, or loved, but he knew how to want Hannibal in every way, deeper than deep. Forever.

"Yes, you are." Hannibal pressed their foreheads together as Will got closer. He was breathing fast and his eyes burned into Will's.

Will's heart pounded as with a trembling hand he felt that Hannibal's heart was thudding just as hard and fast in his chest. From touching Will, from feeling Will's insatiably sensitive responsiveness, watching him, listening, smelling, now tasting, stealing a kiss, soft then deep, dipping his tongue into Will's mouth with a heady sigh, stroking faster. "Make a thousand mistakes, make a million, I love you."

Will could no longer object or apologize or picture exes that might have been more graceful under these circumstances, moaned more attractively and looked less awkward, being wrecked ceremoniously by nothing more than their lover's hand and words. For a second he believed the others couldn't matter because these circumstances wouldn't apply to them. That if Hannibal brought them here, he'd abandon them for a last drink alone, miserably listening to the pounding sounds of pleasure in the walls around him, feeling nothing and longing to feel what Will gave him without trying. He really thought, *maybe, maybe,* and that's what he came to, as much as Hannibal pumping him and whispering between kisses, "Come for me, tell me who you are."

“Your good boy!” Will’s hips shuddered, totally uncontrollable this time, and he came in wild, sticky spurts all over Hannibal, who kissed his cheeks, his forehead, his lips, held him close, wanted to hear it again.

“I’m…yours.” Will melted. He wasn’t in subspace but he was still in heaven. It was like a heaven inside hell.

Hannibal held him so tightly and kissed him more sweetly than anyone would believe possible who had seen him really in any context, from patient-doctor to killer-victim. “My Will.”

Will lost gravity, and that was fine. Hannibal held him, murmuring now that there was a really quite lovely meal to be had in the opposite wing, and making a gentle joke of his belief the catering was better there than at the gala. Will smiled. He almost didn’t remember the gala except for the tuxes and everyone staring at them as if they were celebrities, Hannibal showing him off and kissing him in front of all those haughty snobs, the ridiculously over-the-top gifts from the auction, and the dancing, oh, how they had danced.

Will never danced like that before, and he’d never had someone who could move his entire world into another universe with their hand and tongue, words that weren’t mere words. They were so much more. This was theirs, to keep, he thought, it had to be.

Please let it be.

Some of the other people in the room were still fucking, or making love more slowly; the two women on the floor, moving in their own kind of poetry, sighing into each others’ mouths, the threesome still enthusiastically carried on between two women and a man on the other side of the room, a blur of gasps and satisfied murmurs.

It was a mirror, really, the sex when you watched other people doing it. When the people really liked, loved, desired each other, any combination or just one. You could feel that, and Will felt it more than anyone. Everyone who watched someone else turned the passion they saw back onto their lover.

Except for one: the young man who had been fiercely fucking two younger men against the table across the room was done for now. With a towel tossed over his now bare shoulder, he passed by the black curtain slowly, giving Will a slyly intent look.

He had hazy blue eyes and was tall, muscular in a tight, show-off way, as if he was a real gym rat. His walk was the slinky, calculating stride of a man who knew himself a capable seducer. He looked right at Will, and he wanted Will. There was no mirror with him, whoever he was.

The lust and full intention of having Will someday hit him like a punch, and Will had to shove the unwanted feeling away before it disturbed him more than necessary.

After all, it was to be expected that other people might occasionally lust for various "taken" guests they saw in a gathering like this where libidos were going wild. No need to attach

meaning to it, but Will didn't like it, didn't like it more than one lingering look seemed to call for.

He was gone again within seconds, sashaying out of the room like he owned the place but saying nothing, even as his lovers of a few minutes before lay on a couch speechlessly panting, soon moving closer to begin kissing again.

Something about the man's hungry, piercing eyes unsettled Will, even after his attempt to discard the experience. He hoped he never had to find out what it meant to leave an impression on someone like that.

Looking up at Hannibal, who still held and caressed him, he noticed that his lover was staring at the spot where the strange young man had stood moments before, and if eyes could have burned a hole right through the opposite wall, this was the look that would achieve it.

Will also realized he'd been giving this protective, immediately threatening look to the stranger, which made his heart skip a beat.

"How dreadfully impertinent of him," Hannibal scowled. "This isn't the moment, but I'll see he regrets leering at you like that, my dear."

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They didn't see Will's admirer again that evening. Instead, they spend a surprisingly tame additional hour dining with other guests. At this time, everyone was dressed, either in their own clothing or a fluffy black robe provided by the unseen hosts. They might have been a group of couples at a spa for the holidays, so scandalous and "normal" as the gathering now appeared.

A light late-night meal of truffled bay scallops with celery purée and a crisp, cold cabernet sauvignon was accompanied by Hannibal's gentle touches and occasional spoon-feeding of Will with those special little looks that said Daddy would take care of him, always.

They chatted with the other guests, just as if they were out for a regular social occasion, the conversation floating from work and family to vacation destinations and movies seen lately, recommended or not. When everyone had finished eating and moved on, Hannibal guided Will to the foyer, murmuring softly, "Let me take you home, darling. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes," Will smiled, intrigued, his eyes glittering. "Daddy, what did you mean about making that strange man regret looking at me?"

They walked outside and the expensive black shining gravel crunched under their dress shoes, Hannibal remaining quiet even as he took out his keychain and unlocked the car with a quick press of the button.

Finally, when they had reached the vehicle and he had clearly come to a decision, Hannibal answered calmly, "I think you know."

He steered Will to face him and asked, "You know what I am?"

“Yes.” Will returned his slightly worried look with a reassuring smile.

The love in his eyes had not changed, and Hannibal’s threat to the other man only excited him, especially now, when he had begun imagining Daddy killing the stranger in more detailed ways, so many horrible, beautiful ways.

“And it does not make you wish to run from me?” Hannibal clasped his face in both hands, thumbs caressing his jaw and stroking his ears.

“No, of course not.” Will let out a sigh of relief; it was so good to finally have this out in the open to be something else they shared. “You’re incredible. You’ve let me realize your secret with such patient, careful clues that by the time it fully unfurled, I wasn’t the same man who tried to hate what he wanted to become. Now I’m your boy, and knowing what you are just makes me…God it makes me want you to *fuck* me, tonight, long and hard–”

Hannibal groaned in his own relief and mounting lust, the rush of it so strong that he crowded Will against the Rolls Royce and gave him a searing kiss. While their tongues tangled hotly, his hand slipped down the back of Will’s pants, touching the plug and beginning to move it in and out rhythmically. “Feels so good,” Will sighed as they kissed over and over.

“You’ve taken remarkably well to your training, sweetheart.” Hannibal stared down at him, a large, trembling hand roving through his hair, the other slipped from Will’s pants to grope his ass one more time – for now.

Hannibal’s eyes were shining with tears of joy at Will’s acceptance of his most taboo self, the monster. The part he thought no one could love.

“Thank you, Daddy,” Will blushed, biting his lip before adding, “I love being filled, so progressing to the larger plugs has been pretty easy. I want to be ready for you, good for you, able to take you the way you like.”

“You *are* ready,” said Hannibal with a heady sigh. “When we get home, Will…”

“Yes, Daddy.” Will grinned, *so* happy, so proud of himself and needy for all of his lover, knowing at last he would get it soon. “The *second* we get home.”

Chapter End Notes

Next time: 😈🍆💦🍑😋

Want you in my room

Chapter Notes

Author's note Thank you *so much* to all who have encouraged this story and let me know they are enjoying it! It means a lot and has really helped me to stay true to the way I wanted it to be (basically, comfort food).

For readers who don't really like stories with a heavy focus on Dom/sub, rough sex, spanking, kinkiness, et al, and want me to stop including it, *I cannot help you.* A brief note of explanation: I understand that the fic won't be for everyone, and have tagged for the main themes. The remaining chapters are still going to have *a lot* of those things. The kinkiness, spanking and role play are not something that Hannibal is using to take advantage of or abuse Will. They are not an indication that he undervalues Will; quite the opposite. It's an expression of the love between them no less valid than any of the other ones (and there is also a *ton* of fluff in this story: cuddling, praising, love confessions, dates, spoiling, taking care, comfort, etc.). I'm not changing the (large) amount of kink in the story. so. 🤷‍♀️

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will finally got to see one of the locked rooms downstairs. Hannibal murmured, “Are you sure this is the one you want?” between their frantic kisses in the struggle to get there which had ensued as soon as they made sure the dogs were fed, let out and all set for sleeping the rest of the night through.

“Are you asking me if I want to go in your secret fifty shades of inappropriate therapist playroom or your secret refrigerated room for storing extra human remains and seasoning them over time?” Will smirked, especially when Hannibal looked a bit surprised at his guess, even in his blur of desire and their great hurry.

“Are you certain you haven’t been in there, mylimasis?”

“I haven’t, but I’m a *very* good profiler, and I know you…reasonably well, I’d say.” Coyly, Will leaned against the wall beside the room he chose, with no interest in the other right then. “I put two and two together.”

Hannibal smirked at him, dark eyes smoldering as he unlocked the playroom and brought Will inside for the first time.

“Wow,” Will said, more impressed with this one room than the whole mansion of the sex party earlier. “How long has this…when did you make this room? It’s…it’s stunning.”

“I had a few tools for punishment in the past, nothing I was attached to.” Hannibal drank in Will’s astonished, impressed look with pleasure. “It wasn’t until I met you, then slowly

allowed fantasies of having you to take over my waking life and make it peculiarly difficult to concentrate on anything else, that I came up with the design for this room."

Will, in his unbuttoned white shirt, hands tucked in his black trousers, turning slowly around the room to look at each detail, raised his eyebrows. "Really? I was such a blundering disaster when we met. I can't see that version of me inspiring a room like this."

"Then you truly don't understand your effect on me, even now. I must say that your entire ignorance of the mere possibility I might reciprocate your attraction made it easier to slowly entice you in, at first – that is, until you tested my patience so sorely that it snapped that one special evening."

"Wait, you think – you thought I was attracted to you back then, in the first few appointments?" Will chuckled. "I thought I was a hundred percent straight with a crush on Alana Bloom at the time."

"That didn't matter. Your true, unconscious impulses were simmering palpably. I know how to bring latent desires to the surface, how to play with a boy who needs to find himself. I could smell it on you and read it in your body language by our second meeting."

Amazed, Will cleared his throat. "Um. Jesus, Hannibal."

Hannibal explained smoothly, "I thought that putting my dreams of a sex life with you into a real space would channel the energy so that I could be patient in waiting to claim you, waiting for you to be ready. Over a few months, I accumulated each item, some of which were specially designed, others curated from the finest collections of erotica in the world."

Will nodded. He could see the amount of care that had gone into designing the room, the intense, obsessive planning. There was painful longing, vulnerability submerged in control, most of all there was hope in every inch of the place.

The room wasn't done up in red like the stereotypical playroom. Instead, Hannibal had gone with a deep blue color scheme, the complementing color being sage. The two colors that Will's eyes tended to switch between, depending on the light.

The light in this room was warm and soft, coming from antique Victorian lamps on either side of the bed. On the walls, playful classic paintings portrayed sensuality and adventure. Will smiled at one painting of a grinning young woman wearing a beautiful, pink lingerie and stockings, back pressed against a door while a mischievous lover tried to come in. They were both smiling. That's what this was all about, the delight of what they did, for Will and Hannibal both.

The walls were a dark blue-grey with gold lining, and behind the bed was a big, beautiful mirror, its erotic purpose obvious as the one on the ceiling. The mirrors were dainty and stunning, golden, and featured a design of vines dotted with bright blue flowers that scrolled all over the frames.

As for the bed, with its gold and ivory headboard and intricate scrolling latticework, Hannibal had, of course, outdone himself. The rails on the bed, pretty as they were, also allowed easily

for multiple versions of bondage.

Almost decoratively, but as an obvious starting point for their first foray into that in this room, a pair of gorgeous golden handcuffs with a blue velvet lining dangled beguilingly from one bedpost.

There was the finest mattress, softer than a dream, the most luscious silk sheets and sapphire satin duvet.

Will might have questioned the choice of such a lovely, soothing bed in a room primarily used for BDSM play, but there was a hard bench on the other wall that would perfectly allow for Will's discomfort, when necessary, or when it simply pleased them both.

Hannibal watched with quiet excitement, an almost innocent expression showing that he hoped Will approved of it all.

He was always the ambitious perfectionist, and it had been an excruciating matter not only to match the room to his own standards and fantasies of Will, but also, more so, imagining what would please Will. That much was obvious; Will knew his lover too well not to see these emotional facts woven into, painted on, and dripping from the room like the crystal chandelier in the middle of the room, between the bed and a large, elegant vanity/dresser set, ivory, gold and blue, pastel, dreamy painted angels and nymphs all over them.

He opened the dresser drawer, admiring the fancy lingerie and naughtier pieces, ones so skimpy he didn't really understand how they qualified as a garment of any kind, rather than a bunch of…ribbons and chains and things? It still made him blush and grin that Hannibal thought he'd look so beautiful dressed up in the frilliest or the most devilish negligee.

In the larger dresser, he discovered an assortment of BDSM items and other supplies for cleaning and aftercare, some of Will's very favorite treats for after a scene when he needed his rest and plenty of Daddy's love, which was never lacking.

"Aw," Will laughed gently and shook the hand of a new plush dog for his collection, this one an adorable black lab with big brown eyes and soft "fur." He gave it a hug and set it back neatly among the rest.

In a way, it should be funny that one side of the bureau shelves were care baskets with the best chocolates ever, cookies, stuffed animals and cozy blankets, while the other side was occupied by riding crops, handcuffs, butt plugs, vibrators, paddles, dildos, extra restraints of various textures from velvet to leather, fleshlights, ball gags, cock rings, masks, blindfolds, feather ticklers, candles for hot wax play, and something leopard print which when Will picked it up to examine, turning it over in his hands, he discovered was a wagging and vibrating leopard tail, one end a vibrating plug of intriguing proportion, the other a long, fluffy tail. The matching headband with little leopard ears gave Will a giggle.

'Curated from the finest collections of erotica in the world,' he said. Sure.

It was funny, but it was also desperately endearing and flattering.

Where the hell did Hannibal find some of this stuff, and whatever put it in his head to see Will in them, torture Will sweetly with the most exquisite pleasure for hours with them? He could only be grateful that somehow, he was the one to capture this ridiculous, outrageous, beyond dangerous man for his very own, and to be captured in return.

Hannibal now wore a pleased smile, his blushing cheeks the only real proof he was overwhelmed with joy that Will liked their special playroom. “Only the best for my sweet boy,” he praised, as with his own dapper, gentlemanly, playful manner he opened the minifridge which had also been included, and acquired a bottle of rose with two chilled flutes.

They enjoyed a toast to “them” and drank the bubbly, cold wine with that feeling of everything tasting much better than usual which came with such a blissfully excited mood.

The fridge was also stocked with bottled water and juice, and in the freezer was Will’s favorite ice cream and some slightly questionable brightly colored treats that Will thought were most likely capable of doubling as dessert popsicles and ice play tools.

“I really love it,” Will blushed, ducking his head, biting his lip – the full trifecta of things he did to drive his lover mad. Hannibal was weak for just one of his bashfully sensuous habits, so all three was pretty much a solid guarantee for–

“I really love,” Hannibal answered, standing behind Will and kissing his neck with slow intensity, just grazing with his teeth, a low growl on his breath, “You.”

Will closed his eyes and focused on the sensation of Hannibal’s mouth on him, Daddy’s big, powerful hands groping his body with that same slow, patiently impatient tension. He felt every rub of fingertips over his collarbone or hip, every light squeeze of his thigh, his ass – how Hannibal slid his knuckles down Will’s biceps, all the while kissing his neck on both sides, then his ears, the back of his neck where there was that especially sensitive place right where Will’s hair left off…

“Oh,” Will shivered, “That feels so good, Daddy.”

“I’m so glad, sweetheart.” Hannibal thumbed his boy’s hard nipples lazily, gently nibbled his ear and added, “This is your very special night. I want you to pick something from your lovely new wardrobe here in our playroom, and change into it while I wait here for you.”

Will turned around, genuinely turning pink as Hannibal slipped off his suit jacket, socks and shoes, then slowly unbuttoned his shirt while hungry blue eyes watched his thumb and index finger work each small, pearly circle holding his attire together, along with his person suit.

Hannibal smiled when he had taken himself down to just his suit pants, shirtless and barefoot. Exactly the way that Will had said he liked him best, a while ago when they first established their rules and preferences. Then his delightedly nervous, vivid sapphire eyes raked over the stunning man who had now sat on the bed, settling in a reclined position to await Will.

“Oh my gosh,” Will murmured, his toes curling automatically, cock standing out hard under his own suit pants. “I think you’re right, it might be about time for me to be wearing…less…

and trying something new."

"More than one something new, precious boy." Hannibal folded his hands over his cute, soft tummy, content to let Will take his time. However, Will clearly saw that Daddy was very hard under those fancy, smooth pants. His mouth watered as a tremor of longing made him feel like he wanted to hurry.

But instead, he leaned into the mood that Hannibal had established, which was obviously designed to make him comfortable, feeling pampered and treasured for their first time going all the way.

So even though this had been the only thing on his mind now for months (really: the second he realized he was bisexual, his next thought was that he wanted Hannibal to fuck him), Will took a few deep, bracing breaths and tried to get his trembling arousal to calm down a bit.

The best he could do was to calm down *a little*. He was like a stereo whose volume button was stuck on high, if his libido had such a dial, and obviously Hannibal would be the one controlling it.

Opening the drawer and looking again at the selection of negligees and stockings, he bit back a giggle at how many things Daddy had fit neatly in one drawer, just because each one was so insubstantial, flimsy, almost air masquerading as...whatever it was they were supposed to be. He held a few up to look closer. Nightgowns? Inexplicable remnants of Catwoman's bodysuit after a particularly nasty battle left it in tatters?

He gave Hannibal a sneaky smile over his shoulder and whisked himself off to the bathroom with great flourish, nearly tripping in the process, but saving himself with a laugh.

Inside, he flung off the annoying pieces of his suit, 'cause he really didn't like dressing up fancy even though Daddy enjoyed seeing him that way (and Will didn't mind the benefits of that…) And mostly to get into something sexy that would make Daddy want to defile, deflower, and otherwise *de-molish* him!

He had selected a champagne-colored silk slip negligee, with a white lace detail on the low v-neck. It had thin straps and a sort of belt made of two strands of pearls, joined in the center by a pretty rose brooch. Will liked the way the pearls looked, encircling his waist and accentuating his hips beneath them.

After putting a little water in his hair to make it less crazy so Hannibal could mess it up again, he sprayed on some perfume from a very posh-looking bottle he found on the counter by sink. It was a powder blue bottle with something written in it in French, but he was too busy to stop and read it now. He used the old-fashioned pump on the perfume to spritz a refreshing aroma of pear, lychee and grapefruit, with vanilla and rose accents. (he only coughed for a second)

The mist evaporated onto his creamy skin, leaving a dewy touch there. He was glowing, and not just from the pretty spritz. The handsomest, smartest, most wonderful man in the whole entire world was right outside that door wanting to make love to none other than Will! He stared at himself in the mirror, noticing the contrast between this bubbly, happy boy and the

empty-eyed one he used to be. The one he was so afraid of turning into again earlier, at the gala, then the mansion. His eyes were bright, his smile irrepressible. He'd love to stay in this mood forever.

With an attitude both shy and slinky, Will came back into the playroom and batted his lashes while displaying himself in the naughty attire.

"My goodness gracious, darling," Hannibal purred sinfully. "You are stunning."

He sat up straighter, taking in everything about Will; his nervous excitement and happy mood, insecurities and troubles left at the door for the rest of the night.

Will used one foot to self-consciously scratch an itch on the other. He put a hand behind his neck and let Daddy look his fill. Hannibal's admiring gaze seemed to drip all over him like rich wine, soaking his senses with besotted dizziness. Amber eyes traveled from the attractive contrast between Will's honed muscles and handsome beard, to his satin negligee, his adorable smile matching the twinkle of bashful naughtiness in his own sage-hued eyes.

On the bed, there was a plate of chocolate-covered strawberries, along with rose petals scattered over the blankets. Candles were lit and left all around the room, on the shelves, the nightstand, the vanity table. Daddy had been busy while Will had changed his outfit, and this was definitely the most romantic setting he could imagine for what they were about to do.

"This place looks amazing," he said, catching his breath, heart throbbing incessantly, but not with panic or fear, just pure joy, plus plenty of lust.

Daddy got up off the bed then, removing a pair of reading glasses with sophisticated black frames. He placed them on the nightstand and approached with a sly smile, his hair falling softly, even a little rumpled, his broad shoulders, bare, hairy chest and soft belly on display. His look was both enraptured and commanding as he reached Will and began playing with him, again with an unhurried decadence.

Hannibal held a plump strawberry at his boy's lips, where Will slowly accepted, sucking Daddy's fingers and licking them, enjoying the tart fruit as juices flavored his already sweet lips.

Hannibal continued kissing, stroking, worshipping the boy all over while speaking the affirmations that always made Will feel special. How much Daddy loved him, that he would never leave Will alone, that he would hold onto him and take care of him every day. All true.

He ran his eager hands up and down Will's body, feeling the sleek satin hugging his frame, how smooth it felt when he groped the boy's pert ass or squeezed his waist, felt his hips, and began kissing those incredibly over-kissed, delectable lips with ardor beyond compare.

Molten kisses built from a slow seep of fire to an uncontrollable blaze over the next few minutes. Will let out a small whine of impatience, which only turned Hannibal on. He knew that he had succeeded in arousing his boy to the edge of endurance with his slow caresses, soft kisses, the sweeps of his tongue against Will's that didn't ignite fiercely enough to take Will where he needed to go. The boy was completely under his control, hazy-eyed, his body

merely a doll for Hannibal to use as he saw fit. But this particular, adorable, insatiable cockslut happened to also be the love of Hannibal's life, the most clever, loving, irresistible little minx he had ever seen.

He intended to use his easy dominance of the supple boy only to bring them both the utmost pleasure. And so he lifted the boy into his arms and off the ground, Will straddling his Daddy's hips with a gasp of surprise, laughing whole-heartedly as with strong hands Hannibal kissed him harder, holding him up in the middle of the room. Will was wrapped around him as usual, with the vigorous hold of a spider-monkey who couldn't be peeled off even if anyone wanted to try. His peels of elated laughter as he kissed back and clung to the Chesapeake Ripper without a care or fear for his beastly nature made Hannibal's heart soar.

He laid Will down on the bed at last and playfully scattered his sexy body in that silky lingerie with red rose petals. The scent of Will's musky desire and the rising, citrus-tinged edge of his excited need mingled with the luxurious perfume, bewitching Hannibal's heightened senses. Will grinned and played with the rose petals, lifting and tossing them, then reaching up for Daddy, arms outstretched, hands curled in a beckoning gesture. "Take me, I'm yours," he said dramatically, but there was sincerity, always mixed into their playfulness.

"You certainly are, dearest. How especially luscious you are looking tonight, giving yourself to me." He got down on the bed and lay on his side next to Will, caressing his face, the warm pink cheek and rough but soft stubble, the plush lips. He looked into innocent eyes wet with blissful tears of anticipation. "How could any man in his right mind resist the chance to do just exactly as you ask?"

"I think you're the sanest person I ever met," Will teased, leaning in his direction with a saucy, lingering kiss. "So I'm sure you'll make the best decision."

Hannibal growled at his mischief, too cute to be endured without getting on top of his sweetheart, pinning him down and kissing him until their lips were bruised, both of them breathing heavily, desperately from grinding together and getting even harder, struggling to understand how that was even possible.

He could do nothing else in the world surely, other than continuing those same scorching kisses of a fond Daddy all over the body of his smooth, perfectly obedient boy. Giving Will goosebumps and delighted shivers with his every touch and kiss, he tugged the nightgown's strap down Will's shoulder with his teeth but left it on as he laid happy siege to lovely pale skin. Biting down more deliberately, he continued to make Will's delirious need for him escalate. He ran his hand firmly up Will's leg to feel his shapely thigh, slipping his fingers under the silk to brush against the boy's aching cock. He gasped with a shock of desire at Will's perfection.

Of course, he had to taste Will's pretty pink nipples through the satin, biting on them until the boy wriggled and moaned with those sweet begging pleas that had no request attached except for a petulant desire to come as soon as possible.

Will didn't know what was best for him in such moments, except that he knew that! So he gave all the power of choices in their encounters to Daddy. The gasping "please" was translated best as "please show me what I need and how much you need to give it to me."

It wouldn't be best to come right away, of course, dear boy. Hannibal responded to his attempts to get a little too hasty with firm remonstrance, lifting his eyebrows and shaking his head, placing his boy's pretty hands aside when they wandered to his stiff nipples. Giving Will a few good spanks when he tried to reach for his own cock while Daddy was taking his time eating him out like he deserved.

Will's desperation mounted, but the truly beautiful thing was when the wave of it crested and fell into submission. He was delicate and warm in Hannibal's hands, under his greedy tongue and lips, between his teeth.

Hannibal licked the sweat he found clinging to his boy's muscles and perfect stomach, the nightie simply pushed up around his stomach. When he finger-fucked Will to such perfection that the boy gripped the pillows and whimpered in ecstasy, pushing his ass back to take more of the older man's talented, thick fingers, it was clear that between experience with this act and the habitual butt plug training…Will was ready. So easily, Hannibal was able to slide even three full fingers inside, the glide slick, copious lube and saliva more than enough to ensure it remained just that right feeling of pleasuring intrusion.

Hannibal slid his fingers out slowly, watching how he was clenched in velvet heat, how Will's body was still so very tight despite all of the preparation, which had been marvelously successful. His heart pulsed with pride at his boy's bravery and adept studies. Will then offered in a trembling, ever so sweet way to suck Daddy, but Hannibal soothed him with caresses on his thighs. "I am certain I'll never last if you do that tonight, darling," he said with his own shaky little laugh.

Just looking at Will in this moment was enough to make him grip the silk nightie in two harsh fists and shove his face even deeper between the soft cheeks, licking at the boy's perfect, fluttering hole with gasps of pleasure, all the while his cock becoming so stiff, he did think he could come untouched if he let himself do nothing more than eat Will out for a few more minutes.

But that could wait, of course. For now, he availed himself of the breathtaking chance to give Will the first time the boy had earned with such unbelievably good behavior, undeniable beauty and an acceptance of all of Hannibal, through and through that still astonished the Ripper with each second that passed, deepening his already immense affection.

He made absolutely sure that they were both drenched in lube, and then he held Will tenderly, kissing his brow, his cheeks and lips as he gradually breached the boy's tight opening and pressed the first few hot, immense-feeling inches of his rigid cock inside. Will was smiling, eyes lust-blown, just kissing Hannibal with a mirroring joy and spreading his thighs more, holding Hannibal more firmly, hoping to make this even easier, which made the older man's eyes roll back as a sharp thrum of pleasure shot through him, gliding more into his boy, then more, with their gazes locked and Will still smiling, murmuring dreamy encouragement. "Oh, Daddy, finally," he grinned, hugging Hannibal once the older man, quivering quite a bit himself, had bottomed out.

"Yes, my love," Hannibal answered, husky moans his only follow-up other than "baby" and Will's name, getting harder to identify as actual words the longer he went on thrusting in, carefully reaching the point where he could set aside the tentative approach.

So finally – yes, at last, he fucked his boy with every drop of obsession he had – oh, and that was a lot. Will had just as much unrelenting, crazed intensity to give him back. They were music together, layered on poetry. Soft sounds of romantic classical music were playing on a vintage record player nearby, courtesy of Hannibal's attempt to create a dream seduction. It paired so beautifully with the music of their moans, the tangling of tongues and clash of teeth as kisses went from demanding to nearly violent, bodies slamming and writhing together as if they'd been fucking like this for months.

Will was a natural, but he knew he wouldn't be with anyone else, only Daddy. Now and forever.

They did it all, or at least all the positions Will knew of (the days, months and years to come would expand his understanding on this subject. Dr. Lecter was extremely well-versed in the kama sutra). Rolling in harmonious, brutal passion, they twisted the sheets around them carelessly. When Hannibal took Will from behind with the boy shoved flat to the bed, the sounds which the lovely creature let out were so profane that Hannibal ripped the nightie off him, right down the middle of the delicate gown. He was that beast, clawing at his beloved as a love language. Will was delighted. The boy looked beyond amazing now that the pearl and rose belt had become his only garment aside from his leather collar.

"You know exactly what I am. You understand." Hannibal said these words with a need, despite his wrecked voice after countless sweaty, euphoric position changes and fuckings from tormentingly slow to hard and fast, a need to have this affirmation again before they came. "You truly love me, all the same?"

"All the same?" Will was under Hannibal again, wrapped happily around him, using his calves to push the older man's cock in deeper. His own voice was worn down from moans and cries, but he managed to add, while the pleasure in him began mounting unbearably, tears streaming from his pretty eyes, "I love you even more because you're the Chesapeake Ripper, Daddy."

Hannibal fell apart at that, the fruition of every dream he'd ever dared to have. He buried his face in Will's neck, kissing wildly as he worked his hips and slammed his cock in with heightening pressure and speed, sending so much bliss to Will's prostate that he hoped they'd be coming nearly at the same time.

So it was, as they continued to shift, arching and bending, kissing and sliding their sweat-streaked bodies together, taking every ounce of pleasure they could wring from the perfect fit that they were. Hannibal came into Will with a savage, gritty utterance of his boy's name, and he went on fucking so that his boy could feel, not only the warm claiming spread of his seed inside him, but how Daddy would make the orgasm go on and on, triggering Will's own. There was certainly a criss-crossing moment when - though in different phases - they were coming in unison, and it sent such shivers down Hannibal's spine. It made him weep and fuck harder, until he simply couldn't. For now.

Will gathered him in those loving, trembling arms and hugged him with soft kisses and "Daddy, you make me feel so good. I love you so much."

After a while, they snuggled happily and got ready for sleep, far too spent for worrying about cleaning up or indeed moving an inch. They only needed each other to sleep, and that they had, warm and close, Will curled up like the adorable little spoon he was, half-asleep in seconds. He held Hannibal's arm where it hugged his stomach, giggling when as a thoughtful last gesture, and with a profound yawn, Daddy unfastened the little decorative belt from the murdered lingerie, so it wouldn't dig into Will's skin while they slept.

He slipped away to dreams with his lips, still burning, need never fully sated, pressed to Will's shoulder, and with the thought that they were really floating together up on clouds from this love, this inextricable bond. Those might be dark clouds, full of rain, threatening thunder and lightening, because they were each a storm in their own right, much more so together. But still – their own heaven was no less blissful for being composed partly of hell-shadows and lit with a devilish red glow, that bloodlust tinging their passion so brightly. It was even better, just as Will said, even better for being able to withstand their extremes of love and violence, lifting them higher on the shared passions with each day and night they left torn to shreds with what they had together.

And they were only just getting started…

Chapter End Notes

Here's a link to the two moodboards I posted on Twitter for this chapter:
https://twitter.com/earthsickwoyou/status/1554882820178382848
There's a pic of Will's lingerie and some of the presents he got in this chapter and others 💝

Next time: Hannibal will have a break-through in helping his boy accept how loved he is. And later, danger looms for Hannigram, but you know we're on our way to that HEA. 💞

Dissolve

Chapter Notes

> The story will continue to explore Dom/sub themes, and Hannibal will use unconventional therapy related to these roles in trying to help Will heal from the emotional wounds from his childhood.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Deep into the core / Beneath the ocean floor

You shook my earth in a way I'd never known before

Boy are you for real? / Is this how you feel?

Dropped my heart a hundred stories down when you revealed

Who you really are / Hidden in your heart

Future shock, I'm crazy, torn clean apart

After all these years / Saturated tears

Burn into my cheeks and leave me scarred" - Ronika

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“I have to do some important work today, my darling,” Hannibal announced over breakfast. “I will be in the library for several hours at least, as this is the day I have set aside to pay bills, work out the monthly schedule of patient appointments, and phone a few patients and colleagues. These are all matters which I have postponed as long as possible, as I’ve been rather distracted of late.”

“Huh,” Will smirked. He finished his eggs, toast and bacon like a good boy and drank his fresh-squeezed orange juice, licking his lips. “So, you tell me I have to keep myself entertained without you for at least two or three hours, and to put a cherry on top that’s meant to placate me, you assure me I’m the reason you’ve procrastinated all this stuff.”

Hannibal’s brows lifted and he gave Will a curious, surprised look. “Already beginning the day by sassing the very first command Daddy has given?” He clucked his tongue. “You are the ultimate provocation. Do you really think I would abandon you with no source of occupation?”

“Dunno.” Will shrugged and sat back in his seat, chest and belly heaving in a deep breath.

He looked painfully handsome, with his sleep-mussed curls, bright sapphire eyes full of vulnerability, his glasses and cute pajamas. “I woke up, feeling a mix of things that I’m wrestling with. I’m frustrated. And so, I don’t even think I was trying to be sassy or that I was upset with you for needing to work. Something else is making me generally...moody. This is me, trying to be honest instead of hide from you, by the way.”

Hannibal pushed his own chair back and gave Will a softened, adoring look before patting his lap and putting his arms out.

Will went to him and climbed into his lap, then put his head on Hannibal’s shoulder with a sigh of relief. “I know I can’t be here all the time, just ‘cause it’s the one and only place I get a moment’s peace or feel happiness, worthiness.”

“I had anticipated you might have feelings like this the morning after our first time, sweetheart.” Hannibal squeezed him possessively and kissed his warm cheeks. “Do you have a theory as to why you would go to sleep in perfect contentment only to awaken with frustration, confusion and a certain paranoid reluctance to be alone, even so much as in a different room than me?”

“Sure. I think I never knew how traumatized and conditioned to bad treatment I was, until we met and you told me flat out. About what my Dad really did to me with all of that neglect and the put-downs. And how growing up the hard way made me basically a walking, exposed nerve by my thirties. I get that. But even with all my knowledge and training, I couldn’t see it until you showed me.”

“You were too close to it,” Hannibal reminded him. “Remember, you taught me how to overcome my own fear of intimacy and love, in much the same way. You demolished forts I never even knew I’d built in my mind, left me vulnerable only for you, discovering that to be my bliss and purpose.”

“Awww, Daddy, I love you,” Will said. He sank into his role a little, inevitable when praised. And he bounced lightly on Hannibal’s lap, kissing him and smiling.

Hannibal just couldn’t stand how adorable and broken he was. “My angel. You simply have to trust me. When you have an experience of unusual happiness, it is to be expected that you will struggle with acceptance. Your sweet little mind has come to associate the baseline secure expectation of life with sadness and being treated poorly. Whereas a jolt like we shared last night, of genuine and powerful connection, being seen, really loved, may be triggering a response of barely contained panic. Does it – or did it feel like a panic, darling?”

“Yeah, it did.” Will was playing with his hair and kissing him, legs merrily jostling on his Daddy’s lap.

It might be easier for Will to hear what he must say while immersed in his boyish role play – or, part of it was a series of semi-coordinated behaviors calculated to arouse and please them both, which was a role. And part of it had not one shred of artifice.

The role was just a lens through which the natural and too-long-dimmed glow of Will’s delight in submission could shine. Will had needs, such as daily and nightly service to a

dominant, such as soft, sweet games mixed with hard and rough play, and frequent sex, that made him embrace the "role" with uncommon and even ingenious vigor.

"Precious boy, if the restless, frustrated feeling comes back when Daddy goes into the library, and I suspect it might, then you must understand it for what it is. It may take us months or even years to slowly re-condition your mind so that happiness does not send you into a tailspin of panicked confusion. Your damaged set of thoughts and emotions from childhood and early adulthood, the Will who only knew abuse and rejection or neglect and treated himself with the same? That set of feelings will continue attempting to rise up. It used to be your only defense against total despair."

"Some kinda numb way of telling myself I didn't deserve anything and ought to be content with whatever bare minimum I got? So that, that was normal, and this, loving you and being so taken care of, makes me... involuntarily panic." Will nodded with a sigh. "I have moments like this where I see the design of it and can fight it just like this." He hugged Hannibal and smelled him, fingers digging into Hannibal's neck and shoulders.

"Like that, darling, yes. The work will be for us to continue getting you over the barrier your mind erects to convince you our love cannot be real, or if real cannot last, and that to be apart from me even by a few feet may suggest the end is nearer than you imagined. Setting off further fears. I want you to be comfortable in our home, even if I happen to be busy in another room, or if I'm at work. I know that you've struggled then, too, and have had a difficult time not using the guilt and self-abusing habit of letting Jack Crawford put you to too much work, in order to metabolize my brief absences."

"I try to fight that," Will confessed, "But I can feel that urge, under the surface, Daddy. I have to remind myself that you love me, and your orders say I can't work more than a couple hours a day, and from home. That I shouldn't tire myself out with housework or try to drive myself anywhere, that you're in charge and know what's best. See, that last part is what saves me."

"What a good, good boy," Hannibal praised, stroking his hair while he rocked him slightly, letting his voice go into a low, soothing rumble. Will's own personal version of an emotional lullaby. He could enthrall his angel so easily, even hypnotize him this way if he so chose. It cut him to the quick to remember he once planned to use these circumstances to hurt his one true love, all because he was too terrified of losing the very autonomy that made him lonely and miserable.

Will had come along and saved him, in a hundred ways. Hannibal knew what it was to suffer with this sort of trauma and use unhealthy defenses that might prevent long term happiness, and he was there, would always be there, to save his darling as he had been saved.

"But you haven't been very happy when Daddy is at work, have you, sweetheart?"

He cupped Will's face, gently forcing eye contact that made the boy gulp, eyes welling with tears. "There now, angel, Daddy's here. You can tell me anything. Everything." He kissed the sweet, cherry-ripe lips. Hugged Will even closer.

And Will answered meekly, “No. I get awful sad when you’re away, Daddy. I try to stay busy, walking the dogs, taking care of them, playing with them in the yard. And I read a book from your wonderful library, or I watch a movie, trying to make myself relax, but it almost never works. I grit my teeth and get through. On the worst days, I dress in one of your shirts and sit at your desk, reading your sheet music, looking at your drawings. I put on your cologne and aftershave and hug myself. It’s all I can do to survive it.”

“Darling, my one and only, my love,” Hannibal praised, “That wasn’t easy to confess. Thank you. I believe I can devise a plan of care to continue healing these wounds of yours. When we are done, you’ll be secure enough in our relationship and in your own skin, no longer hating yourself or fearing joy, that you will indeed be able to relax when I am out of the house. Meanwhile, rest assured: I’ll never stay away for long.”

“Okay, Daddy, I’ll do whatever you want.” Will brushed away a tear and smiled cheerfully, twisting the dagger in Hannibal’s heart that he put there every single day by simply being too beautiful, too lovable, too perfect in all his supposed imperfections.

“You don’t realize how strong you are, Will, all the while hurting yourself with accusations of your ‘weakness.’ Do you know the self-discipline and strength of character, of heart and mind, that it takes to so heroically fight those dark instincts and fears, as you have just described? You’re the strongest person I ever met, much stronger than me. Look at everything I did to run away from potential intimacy. You never stopped looking for love, even at your lowest.”

“Oh,” Will buried his face in Hannibal’s neck with warm, nuzzling kisses. “Daddy, please, you know it’s too much praise. I’m getting overwhelmed again, see? I’m shaking.”

“Mmm. You’re safe, my dear, even when I allow my worshipful regard for you to be so very obvious. You’ll always be safe. If I am not in the room or the house, you are still safe. Wherever I am, I’ll still be loving you every second and missing you, making fond plans for our reunion. I will make every day a holiday for you, precious, beautiful boy, Daddy’s best, most special boy. And that means I am constructing your whole lifestyle, your routines and what you have access to, or what is restricted, specifically to watch over you in my absence. It’s my hands that stop you from hurting yourself by breaking the rules to excess. I am always with you. Do you truly believe I’d ever set you free? Ever let you escape my clutches?”

This speech made Will cry a bit more, but he smiled and shook his head, daring to look up at his beloved Daddy again, eyes full of stars. “No, you’d never let me leave. You’d make me stay until I realized that it would be a terrible idea to run from you. You’d force me to do the right thing, because you know what’s best. I trust you.”

“Just so, mylimasis. And now, please continue trusting me, because I’m going to tell you my plan for this afternoon.”

Will braced himself. “Okay. I’ll obey you, Daddy. Whatever it is.”

“Goodness gracious, darling, I am not about to give you a shot. I’m loving you by giving you these orders, as you know.”

“‘Kay. ‘Kay. I know, I believe you.” he needed to mouth at Hannibal’s hand a bit to stay calm, and Hannibal let him, still kissing and petting him to punctuate each remark. “Very nice. Now, since your manners are exceptional this morning, despite the brief slip-up before, which we will address this evening...”

Will’s face turned scarlet and he giggled.

“I would like you to do your very best to keep behaving well and following my rules to the letter for the remainder of the day. Your reward this evening will be my undivided attention, a dinner out at a restaurant of your choice, dancing to follow, somewhere not too crowded so that you can enjoy yourself and focus on my lead, my arms around you. We will come back here for our evening routine, and I’ll give you an extra special bubble bath before we retire to the playroom for many more pleasures and pains I have planned just for you.”

“I’ll do anything to earn that, Daddy, wow! That sounds so amazing. You’re so good to me...”

“There now, don’t cry, my angel. Listen carefully instead. I am going into the library. I will leave the door open. For today, and only today, as a training exercise for you, I will give you a list of chores that need to be done around the house, and which frankly I do not have time for, nor the patience for hiring a worker to complete. They would not do the good job that you will, since you know all of my preferences exactly. That amazing photographic memory of yours, and all that beautiful empathy. Your work will please me, won’t it?”

He took a list from his inner jacket pocket and handed it to Will, who eagerly read it, with his rosy cheeks, his pretty curls, his sweet eyes and gentle, hurt, needy smile. Hannibal watched his eyes moving, watched every detail of body language, each unforgettable, endearing quirk. He wanted so much to bring Will to the bedroom immediately, but if he let that habit continue, Will would never learn to be calm when he was out of the boy’s presence.

The old, more selfish Hannibal Lecter would have done that. He would be so distrustful and manipulative that he’d trick the sweet angel into believing he really must panic if Hannibal was out of sight. He’d let Will continue agonizing through those hours on every weekday, only to find relief in his presence before it was taken away again, every time like ripping the bandage from a bleeding wound.

But this Hannibal, the one Will had made of him, loved his boy far too much for such games. No. He also knew that even when healed to the extent of bearing such daily necessities and finding ways to enjoy those hours in waiting for his return, Will would stay loyal; generally, Will would stay. Being honest and caring wouldn’t make him lose his love; it was the reverse.

So he no longer took any joy in the thought of Will suffering in that way. The boy’s only pain in life should come in pleasured, carefully bestowed bursts, and from Hannibal alone. He should be allowed his happiness alone, and the idea of it remaining otherwise actually disturbed Hannibal – so much that not carrying Will to bed at that moment was exceedingly difficult. He had been put on earth to protect and love this boy, and knowing it made his more long-term, stabilizing plans of action quite as hard for him to adhere to as they were for Will to obey and follow.

However, he could not let his boy see his feelings that made him struggle with the plan. Instead, he must put on his Dr. Lecter Knows Best persona and soldier on, as if he was perfectly happy going to work in the other room instead of working on Will's stunning body for hours on end in bed.

So, with an indulgent, pleased, yet prepared to be stern and quite correcting smile, he had Will stand up and read the chores out loud, while working on keeping his posture straight and proper.

"Wipe down counters, put dishes in dishwasher and run it, vacuum, prepare our lunch, oh, you'll have lunch with me?"

"Yes." he smiled. "You may eat with me in the library. You're to serve me at 1pm sharp."

"Oh, great! I can't wait. I'll make the best lunch ever, well, the best lunch ever after the ones you make, of course. Um, yes, sorry, I'm reading the list."

"Square your shoulders and straighten up more, so you do not strain your back and neck. Show me how you can do as you're told on more than one task at once. I believe in you, Will, always."

Will followed both orders, feeling proud of himself and beaming.

"'Kay, Daddy, so, continuing. Ahem, Mop the floor, only this room. I may dust the surfaces in the sitting room, and by then you think you will be done working. We'll pick out our clothes for our special night out, and I can even have half a chocolate bar before dinner."

"That's right, splendid boy. And so," Hannibal stood and brushed off his already impeccable suit. That was a nervous fidgeting habit, but he corrected himself with a smooth smile and his own confident posture, giving the boy a chaste kiss on his cheek. "I will see you in several hours for our lunch break."

"Right. Thank you, Daddy."

"Don't forget to get dressed in something I will like, as I am rather terribly looking forward to lunch." He smiled, but then changed to a business like demeanor and walked to the library, the very image of serious and focused Dr. Lecter, the dignified professional, a busy man.

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It sucked. It was terrible, the second Hannibal went away. Will snuck a peek into the library. The door wasn't closed, like Daddy said, and he could see his handsome lover at his desk, looking so perfect as he arranged all those complicated papers and took notes, then used a calculator.

When Daddy looked up and almost caught him staring, Will realized, startled, it had been a few minutes, and he'd only meant to look for a second to reassure himself, or take a little hit of the drug that was Daddy being there, right there, nice and close, accessible.

Hannibal decided to trust him, he guessed, because he didn't keep looking to see if Will was there, but instead went back to work. He made a phone call, sounding all sexy and commanding and official. Will wanted to sit with his back to the wall and jerk off to the sound of his sensuous voice when he was being a responsible, hard-working, serious man, but he wasn't allowed.

He also knew that if he didn't make himself leave, he'd never get the housework done or the lunch prepared, and Daddy would know. Will guessed the chores, which he normally wasn't allowed to do, were there for a couple reasons. One, to keep him busy and make him more calm while they worked on his little problem of severe impatience. Two, to provide evidence to show Hannibal if he had done as he was told completely, and perfectly. Daddy had all the faith in the world that Will could do it, and Will was going to!

He left and went to the bedroom, dragging his feet, sulking, Daddy was too far away, but he wanted him to be proud, wanted to be such a good boy, not let Daddy down. So he put on a really nice outfit, a soft, silky, very low-cut designer t-shirt in a pretty, silver-grey color, paired with tight-fitting jeans that also had a fancy designer label and showed off his ass. He did his hair, using just a dab or two of product to style it attractively, forcing a smile in the mirror that he hoped he could keep there.

Every job he was to do should serve as a reminder, he was doing everything for Daddy, at Daddy's command. Wasn't that enough? This whole plan was to help him in his unexpected restless mood. Was Will going to be ungrateful and do a bad job at what he'd been so kindly, generously been ordered to do? How he'd hate himself if he did that, if he failed.

Down to the kitchen, pat-pat of his house shoes, which were supportive and comfortable grey-blue slippers with a fleece lining. He managed the first couple of chores okay, but it took constant effort to stay calm and do a good job. The counters were sparkling, the dishwasher full, and now he was going to vacuum. But he missed Daddy. Suddenly, Will thought, what could it hurt to say a quick hello? Just to keep himself calm. Maybe he'd even get a kiss if he did it the right way and seemed obedient enough. If he could only be good enough...

He knocked softy at the open library door, and Daddy looked up kinda sternly from his work. He was writing neatly on an appointment book now. The pen paused above the page.

Daddy had on his handsome, three-piece suit, and he looked so perfect. Will sighed. The sunshine came in the window and shed a pretty glow on Daddy's strict expression, his expectant, amber eyes.

"Will, is there a problem?"

"No, Daddy, I'm still doing my chores like you said. But I just wanted to take a minute to come and say hello. I missed you so much."

Hannibal sighed. "Will. We are planning to see each other at 1 for lunch. And then when my work is done, we are spending the entire night together. Furthermore, as we are heading into the weekend, that means we will also be with each other constantly for two days and nights after."

“I know, I’m sorry. I won’t come back till one. Bye,” he whispered nervously before scampering away, unable to catch a glimpse of how Hannibal laughed softly, but with a slightly concerned look on his face.

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Will only made it another twenty minutes before he was back. He went in, even, a few steps.

“William,” Hannibal said, as if confused, “It is not 1 o’clock yet. Did you have a question about the menu or anything of that nature?”

“No, you wrote it out so well, I get it.” Will wasn’t going to lie, that would only make this worse. But fact was, he couldn’t control himself and that’s why he was there again. “Then how may I help you? As I indicated, and as you can see, I’m very busy.”

Will wanted to stomp and lose his temper because he was more important than some stupid, boring work that took Daddy away from him for three whole hours! But he didn’t; he swallowed it back this time.

“Wanted to come tell you one thing, and then I’ll leave, really, won’t come back ‘till lunch.”

“Alright, then.” Hannibal folded his hands on the desk, not smiling. He also didn’t invite Will to come any closer.

Will smiled tearfully, the most innocent, tormented smile, and said sweetly, “I love you, Daddy.”

Hannibal nodded. “Very well.”

He waited and Will turned around and went back to his chores.

It killed Hannibal not to go to his boy and hold him, kiss him, even punish, then make love, tell him every affirmation, every devoted promise, forget the work, forget the plan of healing. But he held on. For Will, and for them. It was painful, but necessary.

As the dominant, it was not for him to weaken at every misbehavior of Will’s simply because he happened to be in love with the cutest, most irresistible creature on the earth. Being head over heels and half out of his mind with obsessive love for Will was no excuse for not taking proper care of him.

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Will made it an even shorter amount of time before the next appearance, and when he appeared, it was with a beet-red, tear-streaked face, though he was proudly sniffing back the embarrassing display of weakness.

“Will,” Hannibal sighed, still calm, but showing concern. “Whatever is the matter?”

Will was instantly excited, *oh, God, yes, yes, he cares, please pay attention to me, I’ll do anything, I’ll even be bad and let you down, it doesn’t have to be good attention, it can be*

punishing and you can be angry as long as you feel for me and let me stay close, oh, anything, what will it take?

"I know it's 11:30," he pouted, crossing his arms with bad posture, stomping the foot that had itched to do so all morning. "I know! But I can't wait. I tried, okay, I can't! I can't. I'm not gonna."

"I see." Hannibal stood primly, went in front of his big, important desk and leaned on it with his hands calm, folded in his lap. "And what result do you hope to achieve with this behavior?"

"Result?"

"Yes, you've broken the rules, refused your chores and interrupted my work. Well, now you have my full attention. What do you intend to do with it, and what did you anticipate me doing?"

"I...didn't..." Will frowned, realizing he had not one clue. "I don't..."

"You don't know," Hannibal explained. He already knew, of course he did. He knew absolutely everything.

Will trembled, intimidated. It was no fun sometimes, being the one who was there for no reason except to get attention and had no plan after that.

But being the one who relied on Daddy to guide him was what Will thrived on and needed, so these types of things were bound to happen, even though this feeling sucked, too.

"You expected me to have a strong reaction of some kind, perhaps," Hannibal suggested. "And what might that be? I might spank you. I might make you remain in an uncomfortable posture while I finish my work. I might even tell you that you can't have your treats later or that I'll give you less attention this weekend."

Will nodded. "Yes. I wasn't sure exactly, but I thought...I guessed you might be mad and punish me."

"You wanted that, thinking it was the only way to get my full attention. It absolutely never occurred to you to think I wouldn't want to punish you this time, for a particular set of reasons."

"That doesn't make sense," Will sniffled again, "And so, no, of course I never thought of it."

Hannibal walked towards him with a slow, cautious look, as if Will was a spooked and unbroken horse, a danger to himself. This also bewildered the boy.

"My dear. Please do not take the following as any kind of precedent. Under any other circumstances, such severe disobedience and intentional disrespect would result with punishment in kind. Normally, in other words, I would spank you so hard that it wouldn't be pleasant for you, and that is very hard indeed. But that isn't what you need right now, and that is why I make an exception, an unusual one."

“What do I need?” He stared at Hannibal.

“You need to hear this. I won’t take away the promise of our special night out that you were looking forward to, because it isn’t your fault that you had such a hard time following my rules today. And you made it longer than I expected. I know how hard you tried. I will never punish you when you don’t deserve it, to make myself feel better about some petty insecurity, or remind myself I have power over you.”

“C’mon, isn’t that what this kind of relationship is about?” Will demanded, gesturing wildly, pacing the office, “You, you’re in charge and you’re hard on me when I’m bad. When I disappoint you like this.”

“You didn’t disappoint me. You aren’t a disappointment. The purpose of the exercise was never for you to prove you could actually last until one by yourself. I never expected that. To think you would do that and even demand it of you on a first attempt would be cruel, and I don’t like being cruel to you. I don’t want to hurt your feelings. I’m trying to help you because...”

“No!” Will’s face crumpled into sobs and he knocked a row of books off the shelf, making a loud noise when they hit the floor, spines now bent and perfect pages scrunched and ruined. *Good. Now he’ll see.*

“I love you. I won’t stop loving you if you make a mistake. I’ve told you before, but you didn’t believe it or even hear it completely. You won’t allow yourself to–”

“You’re wrong about me, I am a disappointment,” Will shouted, and his tirade continued, leading him to knock over and break lots of other beautiful and treasured belongings of Hannibal’s from more delicate antique knick-knacks and decorations to a framed painting, yet more lovely books, and finishing with going to the desk and pouring Hannibal’s coffee all over the papers he’d been working on.

“I’m a disappointment to you!” He yelled, insisting.

Will could barely stand how panicked he was. It was all he could do not to hurt himself then, and badly. He kept having flashbacks of the night before, from their time at the two very different sorts of parties that both proved his Daddy adored him above all else, to the hours they spent making love, and how entirely open-hearted, devoted, and romantic Hannibal was, how much pleasure they shared. It terrified him. He panicked more.

He had to break more things, but he was running out of things to break. He had to make Hannibal see he was worthless, because being happy was making him feel like his skin was crawling and he wanted to scream. He couldn’t be happy. It had to be dangerous or a problem or a lie, or doomed somehow, or else he couldn’t deal with smiles and laughter and secret shared rituals, being cared for and cherished, no.

“Do you really think so?” Hannibal laughed gently, eyes still adoring.

Wait. What?

“Hey! Look. Are you blind all of a sudden? I just broke every rule, pretty much, and I ruined, I wrecked, I broke your precious, perfect room. All the things you love that you collected for years and liked looking at every day, I broke them so bad you can’t put them back together.”

“Why is that?” Hannibal still held back from him, but did not try to stop him.

He wasn’t even looking at the broken things. It was so strange.

“Why? You can see why! Stop pretending you can ever forgive me! I’m the worst boy in the whole world, I’m *trash*, I’m not worth a second of your time, never mind being loved by you. You’re too perfect! You’re too wonderful! It’s impossible, and I’ll – I’ll do whatever I have to do until you see that. And send me away because that’s all I deserve.”

He had even forgotten that earlier, he had pretended once again to believe Hannibal’s promise of keeping him forever; it wasn’t a lie, but a hopeful way to try and make himself go along with the happiness.

“No.” Hannibal’s own eyes were shining with tears and for the first time, Will realized he was struggling hard to contain himself. “I’ll never send you away.” Something was tearing him apart, and if he didn’t know how bad he’d been, how this could not possibly be true, Will would think that Hannibal was upset because he didn’t like Will being upset or saying those things. Thinking they were true.

“Yes, yes,” Will nodded, suddenly dizzy and nauseous, losing his center of gravity.

The whole world was chaos, nothing made sense, he was so scared. He had to be alone so he could feel normal again. Didn’t he? But losing Hannibal was even scarier and he’d gone so far to make that happen without thinking it through right. Now, it had to be too late. He shook like a leaf and cried, barely able to remain standing. He did try not to just collapse, because that would be weak.

“No.” Hannibal went swiftly to him before he could fall on the floor and maybe hurt himself on the rough landing. “No, sweetheart, no.”

He hugged Will close and kissed him, all over his whole face, and rocked him in his arms the way Will liked. He babied Will and said he loved him more than any silly material things. He was more worried for Will than anything, and he was trying to help him never have to feel this way again or doubt Daddy’s love. Could Will try to listen this time?

“I’ll try,” he whispered, and couldn’t resist Hannibal’s embrace. The older man carefully led him to a chair where he pulled Will into his lap again and kept hugging and kissing him, his voice shaky with his own emotions that shocked Will.

“I want to fight you, my mind is screaming at me to not let you hold me or kiss me, but my body and my heart won’t let me hit you and run away, like I want to. And I can’t resist you.” Will cried, “I’m so confused. I’m insane. I’m a mess. I’m an inconvenience and an embarrassment.”

“No, no,” Hannibal shushed him gently, “Never. You’re dealing with what was done to you many years ago. For the first time, you’re looking at these instincts and understanding how they are controlling your behavior against your conscious desires.”

“But...why...don’t you hate me now? I really tried...”

“Yes, you were terribly naughty, weren’t you?” Hannibal chuckled and only kissed him more, hugged him so warmly, covering Will’s senses with his perfect wool suit and the spicy, manly scent of his cologne, the power of his big arms and hands on him when he felt this small.

“I was the worst ever.”

“Your worst ever makes me love you more.”

Will cried again, “You can’t.”

“I’m in charge here, and I think I will decide what I can and cannot do, while doing the same for you.”

“What do you mean?”

He rubbed his face obsessively into Hannibal’s shirt, whining, hiding from everything, trying to hide from himself. Trying to disappear and not feel anything ever, ever again unless it was Hannibal.

“I mean that...you can break my things if it helps you to break through your own delusions of inferiority. You are precious, not those vases and pages and paintings, the splintered wood and glass, the paper, you think that is what I prioritize in my life? You know better, but won’t allow yourself the realization. I’m teaching you that in time, you’ll be able to believe me.”

“I’m sorry, so sorry, I don’t even know why I disobeyed you so rudely or hurt your nice things, your room, your beautiful room. I’d want to kill anyone who did that to you. Why did I?”

“Because, if I’m correct, as a child, when you let your father down, he would take away the privileges and treats you most enjoyed and were looking so forward to. He would turn from you and not give you his attention or time. He seldom even bothered scolding you, and never touched you. Any time he acknowledged you, beyond smashing your hopes and hurting you by the implication you did not merit even a scolding’s worth of his precious time, he might casually remark on what a disappointment you were.”

Will nodded, silent, still pressing himself tightly against Hannibal, struggling to breathe.

“Alright, sweetheart, alright. He’ll never hurt you again. Do you know why I never killed him, nor tried to encourage you to join me in doing so? Surely you wondered, even if you never asked.”

“I did wonder, but I, I don’t know why...”

“Because, my love, he doesn’t deserve it. Not one moment of your time, your thoughts and feelings or regard, not an interruption of our happiness and this life we’re making in which you are learning you have tremendous value and strength and bravery. And you can live the way you want to, and have my love, and he can’t stop that. I don’t want to instill the concept that your so-called, or shall we say, former, father is worth even that, even a death at my or our hands, even becoming a dinner for some symbolic dance of victory on his grave, and his ultimate humiliation. He doesn’t deserve your retaliation because he deserves no part of you.”

Hannibal hadn’t expected Will to be able to respond. He held his boy, kissed him and just sat with him a while longer, making soft, casually pleasant remarks that it was a lovely day and the weather would be nice when they went out later. He knew a restaurant that was on a boat and he would take Will there. They were going to have a marvelous time. Hannibal was going to take care of him from now on, and there was no need to consider any other former influence. His “father” was trash, was a disappointment, was not his father anymore, had lost the right many years ago. Hannibal was his Daddy, and they were to be together forever, and Will was not allowed to leave him. Daddy would help Will to keep moving on from the pain of his past.

If Will broke a rule or did something else quite naughty, well, Daddy might be frustrated with him or even angry, but he would never punish him by withdrawing his attention, or without a very good reason. Instead, Will would be punished with Hannibal’s hands and all his love, so he could feel it.

“You see? You are and always will be safe,” Hannibal smiled when Will’s body stopped convulsing and his crying slowed from wild to lesser sobs, and finally down to mere sniffles again. “Your body is drained, baby. My sweet, perfect baby boy, come here, now. Don’t go over there, the broken glass, the sharp pieces of wood, darling, no, no. Come here, stay with me.”

He led Will with a firm arm around his waist, taking him upstairs to the bathroom. He sat Will on the counter and gave him a square of mint- chocolate with the instruction to let it melt on his tongue and focus on the taste, or Hannibal’s face or voice, but not anything else.

The top layer of green-colored mint was creamy, and Will always loved the taste when it blended into the bittersweet dark chocolate. The flavor was like the sound of Hannibal’s voice, so combining the two sensations was easy. Both were refreshing and soft and sweet, calming.

Will didn’t know he had cut himself with his path of destruction, but he realized it when Hannibal dabbed the wounds on his arms and hands in alcohol and bandaged them, making it as painless as he could, so it was only a tiny pinch of discomfort each time he cleaned them. He kissed a few bruises that came from slamming into surfaces in the library, from Will’s disregard for his own safety while tearing the room apart, and then reminded him softly that the only one who was allowed to mark, scratch or bruise this skin was Daddy.

But then came the reminder that he wasn’t angry with Will. He was going to put his darling baby to bed for a nice little nap now. Will didn’t argue. Argue? God, he hoped he never had to again. He had never wanted to defy his Daddy in the first place; it was involuntary and he had not been able to stop himself. In the aftermath, he smiled with infinite gratitude for being

under Daddy's control again. He let Hannibal carry him to bed and slip him under the covers, handing him his favorite plush dog and kissing his forehead, rubbing his back.

Hannibal stayed there while he drifted off, and he told Will a story from one of the books they kept by the bed, a book about finding a book, actually. In the story, you went into an enchanted forest that you discovered in your own backyard one night. In this wonderful and beautiful, lush place, you discovered a magic book that contained your favorite stories and you could think yourself into the book to have amazing adventures with your most beloved characters.

Will had pictured all sorts of stories and characters when Hannibal read this book to him in the past. After all, one thing they had in common was enjoying stories and books, so he had ideas and often went to Neverland, Wonderland, Victorian England or the 1920's at a sparkling flapper party at a speakeasy, or to the lighthouse, or way up in the sky in a hot air balloon that traveled the whole world, some nights. This time, he made the story their love story, his and Hannibal's, and went into the memories of their time together, all the ups and downs and how they realized they needed one another, how much fun they had, and would continue to have.

In the dream, which had slowly drifted from half-asleep to fully asleep, he wasn't so afraid anymore. And opening his eyes again, he still felt less afraid. It was a huge relief.

Even when he woke up, Daddy was still there. Will stared in disbelief but couldn't work up the nerve to ask, what about the work? The thought of how he'd destroyed all those papers that were important and that Hannibal was going to have to do all that work over again hurt him so badly that when he really remembered, he just wanted to go back to sleep.

But Daddy figured out what was worrying Will and said no, he had a plan for what to do about the papers and it was going to be great fun, but it did involve work, and so it could wait until Monday morning, since he didn't have any morning patients that day. Will was to put the idea of ruining anything right out of his pretty little head.

"Stop thinking so hard, dearest, let yourself only feel and experience for a while. Before you know it, the dreadful feelings are going to subside. You'll relax. And do you know what, angel? I think that will be just about the time we are going out for dinner! How perfect. For now, I've made you something for lunch," and then he was hand-feeding Will a sandwich with the crusts cut off and giving him juice with a straw while mentioning it would help him to recover his physical strength. He gave Will fresh, yummy fruit and more kisses, more cuddles.

"Is this ever going to happen to me again, this bad, like today, what I felt and did?" Will asked, once he felt sort of alright again, and was sitting up, talking to Hannibal as he usually would, comforted and cautiously optimistic.

"No, it will never be this severe again. This was something you had to do once, sweetheart, and now it's over."

"Promise?" Will asked, reddened eyes and wan smile getting him another warm hug from Daddy.

“I do promise. Now tell me, darling, do you believe me?”

Will didn’t know how. He didn’t know if it would last, and if so, how long he could hold onto it. But he was much too tired, not physically now but inside, too tired to care or want to dwell on it.

He didn’t need to understand yet why the things Hannibal had told him about worthiness and not being rejected were true or would be his forever, like Daddy would, too. He only wanted to let the feeling stay with him, making him warm and secure, and that was it. Nothing else, just this. The rest, they’d figure out in time. And that, too, would be okay, if Daddy said so, and Daddy did.

“You mustn’t fib with me, but then again, you wouldn’t, would you? You never do.” Hannibal regarded him with the utmost admiration, making butterflies replace the nausea, making confidence bud in him, not fully blooming as yet, but a strong start. That smile, the handsome, reassuring, dominating and guiding smile with such warm, knowing and trusting eyes.

Will knew what he was doing again, fully.

He looked up and made eye contact with no fear, even when it felt so good and right, which sometimes scared him, but not now, and he answered truthfully, “Yes, Daddy. I do believe you. I really do.”

Chapter End Notes

More soon. ❤️

Tik tik boom

Chapter Summary

Will finally goes all the way dark and Becomes, under Hannibal's loving tutelage.

Chapter Notes

cw: canon-typical violence, supporting character death

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Abigail?” Will asked slowly.

He had opened the front door after a barrage of doorbell ringing brought him to it, still in his pj pants and t-shirt with a sleepy puppy on it, his hair mussed.

“Sorry, sorry, I know it’s out of nowhere and it’s breakfast time but- oh. Cute shirt.” The momentary distraction from her obviously anxious mood brought Abigail a warm smile, which in turn warmed Will’s heart.

He still had a soft spot for his prodigal/surrogate daughter, but he was also resolved never to be pushy about it again or appoint himself her new dad.

In the throes of encephalitis and his old, completely confused and self-hating personality, he had not been sensitive enough, nor giving, as he would wish to be as a father.

It certainly had to begin with being a trusted advisor, even a friend, a mentor, but taking the time to let her decide what else she might need.

He adjusted his glasses, brow furrowed as he belatedly remembered the shirt with its pajama-wearing bulldog pup, plus the piece of toast still dangling from one of his hands. It was about 8; he’d long since become accustomed to rising whenever it felt comfortable to, and more slowly beginning the day, enjoying each part of it.

The dogs came, excited by the doorbell, milling around Will’s legs as he and Abigail laughed gently.

“The inspiration, I take it?” she grinned, petting an eager Winston, then Buster, who believed – along with Zoe – all three dogs were the very same size.

“Yes, you caught me. I’m a devoted dog dad.”

“Not the only relationship that has you devoted, so I’ve heard from Dr. Bloom. And Freddie Lounds.” She made a sour face. “This face is for Freddie Lounds, not you and Hannibal. I think it’s nice and kind of makes sense you got together as a couple.”

“Thank you,” Will laughed. Her statements were making his thoughts pingpong all over, trying to figure out how she was and what had been going on in her life lately.

“I need your help,” she said earnestly with her large, vivid blue eyes and wind-chafed, pale skin, complexion still that of a midwestern girl. “Is Dr. Lecter home?”

“Um. Yeah, please, come on in,” he invited groggily as she did so half-way through the phrase.

“I’m in a - a state of complete shock,” she said emphatically, frowning and angry, though not with Will.

Her mood was fluctuating, moving quickly between friendly towards Will and unfriendly towards those outside this house and in her life, it seemed. She reminded Will of a newborn foal, darting on unsteady little legs. But eminently clever at the same time, of course.

If there was one aspect of her he understood best, other than the darkness she had metabolized, yet struggled to accept, it would be the challenge of being far too smart for one’s own good, far too young to make good decisions without guidance.

So easy to dismiss Abigail as “sociopathic,” “self-absorbed” and such, as Alana seemed to *loooove* doing because she was Just! So! Smart! About such things and so unbiased compared to delusional, poor Will, pouts for days. It must be so hard to be Alana, with so little solace for her self-important, self-congratulatory drudgery, save for a predictable slew of gift cards to Ann Taylor Loft every birthday and Christmas.

He wanted to protect Abigail from all such diagnoses and the accompanying stigmas she’d done nothing to deserve. Alana would gladly see this naive, traumatized girl institutionalized for some interminable and unearned sentence to make sure she was safe enough to survive and for others to survive her outside. Will’s bias was that of a father, but he tuned his behavioral radio to a calmer station.

Leading Abigail to the kitchen, they found Hannibal cheerfully cooking, in his comfort zone looking so wonderful it made Will’s heart skip a beat. He wore his tailored pajamas under a robe with his brown loafer slippers, and his hair was soft, loose, perfect. His eyes were almost the shade of the coffee he set before Will, but when the sun came in through the nearby window to shimmer over them, warm chocolate shifted to brighter honey amber.

“Abigail, welcome,” Hannibal smiled amicably, warm and mysterious as he was to most, but far more sincere in his kindness with her than most. With anyone except for Will, really. “Why don’t you come sit down? I did hear you two talking in the hall, but I was trapped here, lest the pancakes burn. Of course, now that you’ve graced us with your presence, you must eat.”

Calmly, he flipped the pancakes with a mere twist of his strong wrists, and Will smiled in pure adoration. Abigail sat down on the stool beside Will at the island counter and nodded appreciatively.

“I’ll make you some tea,” Hannibal enthused, delighted rather than annoyed at having another mouth to feed.

It was as if he’d been waiting for Abigail to come back around any day, and was ready to welcome her back into his and Will’s world with open arms. Will realized they felt the same about that.

“Okay, thanks,” Abigail smiled as the hazy sun turned her auburn hair almost full-on red. “Do you have anything caffeinated? I’m exhausted.”

“And somewhat jittery already,” Hannibal noted paternally, “A half-caff, I think.”

“Sure, Dr. Lecter,” she smirked.

Hannibal merely gave her another authoritative smile. He walked to the window and drew the gauzy blue curtain across it more fully, making the room less prone to scattershot sunlight, too bright for comfortable conversation.

“Depending on what kind of help you need, I might reschedule my morning patients. Would you like pancakes? Or I can make toast and eggs. I have sausage as well.”

Will glanced at him. The sausage happened, by an odd happenstance, not to be “special” meat this time, simply because Hannibal had used his last victim for a larger dinner recipe the night before, and had no leftovers for breakfast purposes. But Abigail would certainly have recognized both the scent and taste of the gamey cuisine if it had been the usual. Leaving the question as to how much she already knew of Hannibal’s proclivities, which were coming to be very much Will’s, and what she planned to do with the knowledge held so subtly in her arch looks back and forth between the men. Always analyzing.

Abigail sighed.“Okay…tea. Toast. Do you have raspberry jelly by any chance?”

“As it happens, I just made a fresh jar of it earlier this week,” Hannibal said, because of course he had, and adorably found the jar in a cupboard nearby, neatly unscrewing it with a sound Will found grounding. A sound of Hannibal’s effortless competency in running their household and covering each and every need that might arise. A sound of Will continuing to feel completely taken care of at all times.

Similarly, he enjoyed watching Hannibal dip the small, round knife into the jelly and spread it on two perfect, pre-buttered triangles of toast made from homemade bread. Soon, the pale and golden toast was covered in a soothing spread of thick, happy-looking, bright red and presented to Abigail as Hannibal gave her a pleased look.

He showed no surprise at seeing Abigail in the kitchen, no more than she had shown at seeing Will there in the house.

“Well, I don’t want you to miss out on work just for my problems,” Abigail winced, then nibbled her toast. “What time are you supposed to leave?”

“It’s not precisely as if my appointments are a thrilling prospect,” Hannibal chuckled, “Though we will keep that between us three. My first two appointments have no pressing crises of recent time. I’ll reschedule them and plan to go for my late afternoon and evening appointments after lunch. Please. Abigail, tell Will and I everything, not leaving out any details of how we may help.”

Hannibal placed a teabag in a mug and started the kettle boiling, then prepared a plate of pancakes and sausage for Will, with a pat of butter sliding down the warm, golden softness, the smell of savory and sweet making the younger man’s belly rumble. He laughed to see that Hannibal had drawn a fancy, artistically perfect heart on his pancakes in maple syrup.

Abigail gave Will an “is he for real” look, causing Will to shrug and grin, silently answering in the affirmative.

“Freddie Lounds is going ahead with the book we co-wrote,” Abigail began, irritation seeping back into her brittle tone. “Supposedly co-wrote. That skinny little witch took everything I said and twisted it around to fit her own narrative and make me into the psychopathic, tragic midwest-gothic heroine of my own horror movie. I’m the villain. The reader is clearly supposed to find my survival, resilience and words about my dad or what I want to do with my life, anything, really, that came out of my mouth in the past few months, and just find me to be creepy. I read the manuscript and then threw it at the wall. Then I called Freddie…”

Abigail had another few bites of toast, then cupped her tea in one hand for stability when Hannibal gave it to her. She turned to Will with a knowing look. They had both feared this would be the result of Abigail’s petulant insistence on letting Freddie co-write the autobiography. Abigail wanted to have her own voice and dispel the rumors of her “creepy,” “like dad like daughter” tale as painted in the press to date. As corroborated by Alana multiple times, with kinder, more condescending wording.

But Freddie was far too greedy and selfish to care a fig about what the girl actually wanted or needed. The bottom line said she’d make a fortune selling this book as a story about a daughter of a serial killer who seemed instinctively driven to the same warped, frightening journey. It would be a bestseller and catapult Freddie to a better stratosphere of journalistic respect. Sickening.

“And I asked her to get rid of the book since it went against what we agreed and was mostly total bull– lies,” Abigail amended when Hannibal gave her a “language” look. She rolled her eyes. “Anyway, Freddie said she was publishing it this way and she was making my name for me, so I should be grateful. Interview requests would be pouring in. Right, to continue her portrayal of me as Sociopathic Cannibal Barbie! Please. You have to help me figure a way out of this contract, or to destroy that freaking manuscript.”

“Given the latter, Ms. Lounds would merely write another of the same lacking merit.” Hannibal sat down with his own plate of breakfast, looking thoughtful. Calculating. “The most obvious measure seems to be in-disposing Ms. Lounds, destroying the manuscript and

all extant copies, and having you write your own, real autobiography in your voice, sans her cruel distortions. And arranging matters with the publisher so that your version of the book appears to be sent from Freddie Lounds herself."

"In…dispose?" Abigail raised her eyebrows. Not exactly shocked, but a bit surprised. "Like I in-disposed Nicholas Boyle and Will in-disposed my dad?"

"Sorry," Will sighed.

"It's okay, you had no choice." She spoke with such casual dismissiveness. There was, of course, a hint of sociopathy around her manner of discussing her father.

But Will believed it was more complex than that. Abigail had long been forced to find ways to survive what she was forced to endure by her father, that ghastly legacy, and part of that meant shutting down her more sensitive daughterly emotions, along with anything else that might make her too overwhelmed to get through a given day, a given night of coercing another victim to her father's hunting lodge of horrors.

And then, being locked up in the antiseptic white, cold and unfeeling hospital with almost no one but Alana and Freddie fucking Lounds for company – Will would probably behave in an equally frigid manner if not more so, if he had to put up with that for three months.

He felt relieved by her honest forgiveness, but driven to help her find enough peace in life that she could relax in her feelings again, move and be natural.

"Something like that," Will contributed. "The other option is to take her to court, which guarantees nothing. She might even find a way to legally publish it before our day in front of a judge – as an unauthorized biography with exclusive interviews, for example."

Abigail scowled. "Some people think those books are more real and lacking filters than authorized bios. Ugh!" She shuddered. "Okay. Tell me about option A."

Hannibal neatly finished his pancakes and sausage, resting his knife and fork on the plate, patting his mouth with a napkin. "Will?"

"Um, I'd say best bet is promising Freddie I'll sit down with her for a no-holds-barred exclusive interview. Tell her, just for kicks, and to pull her in, Frederick Chilton would kill for the opportunity– of course he wouldn't, he's a pathetic coward," Will laughed, "And lure her to my house in Wolf Trap. I have a space for taking care of it there, and it's remote enough that no one will hear a struggle. Freddie wouldn't get far even if she managed to escape me before I'm done."

Hannibal was impressed. "Will, it delights me to hear that you're ready to take this part of your education to the next level. I rather pity Ms. Lounds, but fleetingly, and with amusement." He also looked as if he somewhat envied Freddie, in a way, to be Will's victim.

Abigail nodded grimly. "What can I do to…assist you?"

“You can go back to the hospital, only for now, temporarily, say, another week or so before Hannibal works out a clean bill of mental health for you and signs you out to our care. He’s been working on that for a while behind the scenes. So long as that’s what you want.”

“Where would I live?” she asked, sipping her tea curiously.

Will looked at her black turtleneck and maroon corduroys, fashion gifts a la Alana. She’d been deprived of her own reality and choices for far too long. It was time for his maybe someday-daughter to fly free at last, like the beautiful bird she was. He was proud of her bravery, her defiant preservation of self.

“I have several properties in the area, which have unoccupied, quite nice and comfortable living spaces. Blank spaces, a place you can make your own. Pick all the decorations yourself. You might choose your favorite of the homes, enjoy some independence. You are an adult,” Hannibal elaborated firmly, making her smile, grateful. “It’s time you had the chance to live as such.”

“Wow! Thank you, that’s…perfect,” Abigail said, her smile wobbly as tears pricked her eyes. “I don’t know how to thank you both. I haven’t cried real tears in so long…I think I forgot how to feel.” She batted her wet cheeks and shrugged self-consciously.

“It’s okay,” Will soothed, getting her a box of tissues. “We’re here. And we’ll take care of everything for you.”

“Exactly. Now, all you need do is return to the hospital and put on your very best act of still liking and trusting Ms. Lounds, being sure to mention it to everyone you see. You’re a formidable little actress in your own right, as I recall.”

Abigail laughed. “I learned a lot of that from the best.”

Hannibal nodded and gave a small bow of gracious acknowledgement as to his tutelage in small lies and managing more complicated, long-game deception.

“It’s a new day, Abigail. Be happy.” Hannibal patted her cheek.

Abigail gave them both a hug, then said she had to get out of there before her feelings got any more “embarrassing and spazzy.”

Once their young protege departed with a full stomach and a brighter prospect of the future, Will and Hannibal enjoyed a good, long planning session for “poor Freddie’s” demise.

Will smiled a wicked smile, pleased he would begin this part of his joining with Hannibal by disposing of an evil bitch he’d hated since the first time she put his name in print. Time for her to suffer the consequences. He was going to savor every moment of this, and then he and Hannibal would savor the feast made of his first official hunt.

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It went off without a hitch, except for Freddie almost making it into the woods on one silly little attempt to flee Will’s clutches. He laughed, dragging her back to his shed by the hair

and reminding her “no one out here for miles but us. No one to hear you. Make all the noise you want. You won’t be running again, of course.”

Will had the time of his life breaking and ripping her, tearing and cutting to his heart’s content, careful to preserve the organs as per Hannibal’s instructions. He was able to remove the key ones as requested for that night’s celebratory menu, and place them on ice in his cooler, proud when he kept the heart, liver and tongue entirely intact, looking perfect for his darling Daddy waiting so trustfully for him to blossom and do what he must.

After burning the rest of her and scattering the ashes in the woods to be slowly absorbed and destroyed by the elements, he took a cheerful shower, scrubbing all the blood and viscera off, with a grin down at the stunning crimson shade of the water running off his naked form to trickle down the drain.

Hannibal had also taught him well about laying out plastic over floors and surfaces during such frolics. Will found it almost insanely easy to get rid of all other evidence, until it was one hundred percent as if Freddie had never been there at all. There was nothing to remind him except the ache in his sore knuckles, deep, prideful pleasure in his soul, and the cooler he brought with him when Hannibal came to pick him up with a delighted smile, the window rolled down.

“Darling,” Hannibal smiled, blushing with happiness to see his boy so strong and blissful after the kill. “How well you’ve done. Come along now, we have so very much to do in celebration.”

Will blushed as well, loving the praise. He put the cooler in the backseat and Hannibal slid his seatbelt into place, kissing him. “You are high on it, aren’t you, sweetheart?” Hannibal noticed how hungrily, wetly, almost savagely his wild boy kissed him back and cupped his face, admiring Will’s eerie calm, broken only by breathless sexual desire and romantic devotion.

“The thrill, the simple peace of your superior justice,” Hannibal went on.

While he spoke in his excited, but nurturing tone, full of approval and appreciation underlaid with lust, Will kissed his neck, tugging his collar down rather naughtily, sinking his sharp teeth in as Hannibal indulged him. Running his fingers through Will’s still shower-damp curls, Hannibal smelled him deeply, shuddering in pleasure at his boy’s feral bites and sucks on his sensitive neck.

“It sometimes goes directly to one’s libido,” Hannibal laughed softly, bringing Will’s swollen cherry lips to his own again, holding the younger man’s beloved face in both of his big hands.

His, his Will, always, forever, to keep. This was everything he’d ever wanted for them, he said, and only the beginning of the bloodshed they’d use to paint the earth in their own joined artistic vision, snapping the bones of reality into place much better than the rude pigs of the world would allow, without them intervening. He reminded Will of the medicinal properties in venting his natural rage on a worthy victim.

“You’re no longer repressed and locked in a cage, are you, precious? Hmm, my angel…” Hannibal twisted the key in the ignition as Will mouthed obsessively at his face, neck and lips. “I must get you home. You have vital needs that are to be met, to my great satisfaction, soon to be your own. And we can’t linger here with our trophies.”

Will leaned back and smirked. “I’m so horny, Daddy.”

“You are the most gorgeous, devilish angel, the sweetest demon, my love,” Hannibal said, sighing as he began the drive home. “Resisting you even for a moment is a task of Herculean proportions.”

“Then…don’t…” Will’s gaze darkened even more as he leaned down when Hannibal turned onto the main road.

He rubbed his face against his Daddy’s thighs through his elegant, smooth suit pants. “I remember the first time I put my head here in your lap. The night in your office, when I broke down. And you took such good care of me. You’ve guided me and loved me relentlessly. Something else I remember...is the first time I sucked you off while you were driving because I couldn't wait till we got home. I did okay for an amateur, but I like to think I've gotten more skillful since then...thanks to you...”

Hannibal didn’t respond, his breath catching and turning to a husky gasp as Will unzipped and unbuttoned, freeing his lover’s half-hard cock to his deliriously voracious eyes. His ever-expert and strong Daddy somehow managed to drive home relatively calmly, except for stuttering moans and more petting and tugging on Will’s curls when they stopped at a red light.

Will took his time as it was a long ride. At first, he was almost gentle, letting Daddy in as the thick cock he was so addicted to filled him and he lowered his mouth to take gradually more, inhaling and tasting salty heat and precum. He wished he could cockwarm Daddy for the whole drive home, but the angle was too awkward, so he settled for giving a very slow, prolonged, teasing, but thorough blow job, not neglecting Hannibal’s balls as he paid blissful attention to every part he could pleasure.

He made it last so long that Hannibal’s knuckles went white on the steering wheel, and then made it last longer. By the time Hannibal came, they were parked in their garage at the Baltimore house, and it was what seemed to be countless streams of sticky, thick release running over Will’s tongue, dripping down his throat and from his lips.

“You let me edge you, Daddy,” Will said proudly, red-faced and only a tiny bit sated. They were nowhere near done with one another for the day and night. This was another special rite of passage and they would make it into a tremendous festivity.

“You did very well, darling…” Hannibal heaved more deep breaths as Will licked his lips and swallowed every drop, then kissed and licked him again, all over his rigid, still twitching cock.

Will sucked him again hard and fast, making the pleasure course powerfully through Hannibal, pulling his mouth off before it turned from ecstasy to pain.

“Do I get an A+ for the day?” Will teased like the brat he was, the adored and cute vixen who owned Hannibal’s heart.

“You get to go inside the house at once, you naughty coquette,” Hannibal rasped out, amusingly mixing his normal, dominating tone with the hoarse breathing of his recent orgasm. He grabbed Will’s soft curls again and pulled hard, growling, “And go to the playroom. Strip for me and lean over the bench. How wicked and badly behaved of you, taking my cock while I was driving, out in the open, almost.”

Hannibal clucked his tongue. He was teasing, of course. Will was in the *good* kind of trouble, where the spanking was done just for fun and the role play of Daddy disciplining his brat. “What’s to be done about that?”

“I guess I’ll pay the price, Daddy,” Will pouted, scrambling out of the car in his excitement. “Do you want me to get the cooler?” he asked, dipping his head back into the car, so he wouldn’t be so hasty as to not help out enough.

Hannibal laughed, still struggling to return to anything like his senses, pleasure all he could feel, soul-deep happiness as he’d never felt it, now his boy had fully become and treated him to such a drive.

“No, it’s alright, baby, I’ll bring the cooler,” he answered, enjoying the sight of Will walking with sprightly enthusiasm into the house, bound for the basement and their special room.

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“Pretty, wicked, terribly bold little imp,” Hannibal accused in a wanton growl when he had a naked Will bent over the stiff bench for his free use and enjoyment. His hair was already messy and his shirt pulled off absent-mindedly in the fervor of his discipline.

Will was crying happy tears all over the top of the bench, clinging to it and moaning for more. His plump, adorable ass was covered in lash marks from Hannibal’s belt, and the older man caressed the red, marked, soft flesh with possessive ardor. “How well you take your punishment, my dark angel. Are you ready to behave now?”

Laughing hysterically as more tears cascaded down his cheeks, Will replied, “No, not until I get every bit of punishment you’re in the mood to give me.”

Hannibal took his time as Will had indulged himself on the road. He sat down on the bench, lifting his boy’s lower body easily to lay over his lap and his second raging hard-on of the day. Stroking Will’s ass lovingly, he murmured, “I’m in the mood to bestow pleasure and punishment all at once, Will. And I suspect you–” He spanked Will so hard with the brunt of his palm that the younger man jolted forward and had to be dragged back to his proper place, trembling and whining beautifully. “Share the sentiment. Is that right, boy?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Will whimpered, in ecstasy with his legs shaking almost convulsively, soothed by Daddy’s big hands before the next slap landed on his sore, well-punished behind. “Oh! God, but even if I didn’t, I’d do it because you want it. I will always do whatever you want, anything you say. And you can use me for whatever enjoyment suits your whims.”

The words broke apart on more hectic breaths as Hannibal stroked his hair and massaged his aching back, humming in approval. “Good boy. You certainly have earned an afternoon full of treats. More fun to be had in this room after dinner later, as well. For now…”

Will shivered and moaned helplessly, loving the suspense of what Hannibal might do next to him. And his eyes rolled back, mouth falling open in delicious enjoyment when Hannibal chose to lube up two fingers and slide them into Will. It was easy, given the plug Will had been wearing since he came downstairs. Part of the routine, their ritual, come down, strip, open and prepare himself, then stretch out on or in whatever device, contraption or furniture he’d been commanded to occupy.

It was its own potent arousal, keeping himself ready for Daddy at nearly all times, day and night. Now, Hannibal hushed his wanton cries and slowly, too slowly fucked his tight hole, slick and opened, but still clenching on him with insistent heat drawing him deeper in, then deeper. He alternated harsh spanks with thrusts from his fingers, teasing Will’s prostate for what seemed an age before one of Will’s little moans of “Daddy” made him snap, heart melting with joy at what they were to each other. He had to give Will exactly what he needed and had so completely earned.

“Daddy is so very proud of you, darling,” he purred, clutching Will’s ass in one hand and deeply fucking Will with three fingers of the other.

Since Will had been naughty *and* nice enough to earn multiple orgasms, to say the least, Hannibal saw no reason not to begin the rewards now; in fact, it seemed like perfect timing. Will needed it precisely now, so intensely – *yes* –

He pummeled Will’s prostate expertly, pleased at how the boy never even tried to rut on his thighs at the same time. Will not only knew he was only allowed to come on Daddy’s hands, mouth, cock or a toy Daddy used, but also, he much preferred it. He saved all of his pleasure for Hannibal alone, above even himself. It *all* belonged to Daddy.

Will was still shaking and so soft, moaning and clingy the way Hannibal adored having him, as Hannibal guided him gently into his warm arms. He curled the boy against his bare, warm, hairy chest and carried him to the decadent bed. There, he commenced aftercare as Will kept floating in subspace, smiling dreamily. He came down with Hannibal’s patient guidance, the older man always striving to avoid Will crashing. There was lavender ointment on Will’s reddened ass where Hannibal had spanked, belted and scratched him thoroughly. It hurt, and that made it easier to come back to reality with Daddy. The pain kept Will tethered to the heavenly place Daddy sent him to with his punishing and pleasuring, so he could be cogent without ever losing his joy.

After hand-feeding Will chocolates and cuddling him quite excessively, murmuring more silky praise, Hannibal laughed when Will looked up at him with pleading eyes. “Did you take care of me long enough, Daddy? Can I suck you again?”

“Oh, Will,” Hannibal chuckled. “Of course you may, my pretty love. In fact, you can get me ready, as I fully intend to fuck you. How would you like to have Daddy’s cock soon, hmm?”

No need to ask if Will was too tired or throbbing with pain, both of which only motivating the boy to seek the hard fuck he'd been promised. It was Will's favorite way to begin a lovely, long nap, of course.

Hannibal held his boy down, centering and anchoring him completely as he entered Will with thick, hard, slick thrusts and groaned. "You're always so perfect, tight and velvet, exquisite, the best thing I ever felt or touched. How I need you, Will," he gasped, the words stretched over his waning, deep tone as bliss covered his body from the inside out.

"I need you, Daddy. Fuck me however you want, please."

The request, so polite and sincere, coming from his half-awake, delirious and well-punished, gorgeous brat was enough to make Hannibal feral. He flipped Will over and thrust back in to the hilt all in one go, then laid most of his weight on top, enough to hold Will securely, making him feel completely safe while knowing that would always be as true as Daddy's love.

He fucked all of his intense love into Will with rough pounds, drawing another orgasm from the boy that essentially knocked him out, Will smiling with his eyes closed and his breathing evening out into slumber. Hannibal adored how the boy looked like this, being fucked and used while he beautifully sank into sleep, still pleasured and moaning from within his deepest dreams.

There was simply nothing for it but to keep fucking his perfect boy with long, bone-deep, mind-meltingly euphoric slides of his huge, throbbing cock inside Will's tight walls, until with a wild, hoarse groan Hannibal came. He loved the feeling of breeding Will, letting the warmth of his claiming seed spill so far into the perfect delights of his lover's tight little body.

This was an ideal day, one of their very best, and one Hannibal would always remember. When he had taken every ounce of pleasure that could still be taken from Will before he was too sensitive to go on, Hannibal withdrew with a sigh of regret and covered them both with a soft, royal blue blanket, holding Will close as he joined in the lovely nap.

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Dinner was fantastic. Will was moving a little slow after the long spanking and fucking he'd taken, but knowing it was only a preview of the treatment he'd get later, he didn't mind one bit. What was the hurry in anything, after all? Life belonged to them. *Life is ours.*

He helped out as much as he reasonably could with the cooking after such a busy and hard-working day, until Hannibal smiled, besotted, and told Will to set the table, then rest and enjoy the meal. Let Daddy take care of everything else, the whole remainder of this luscious night of celebration.

Will sighed as he sat across from his lover at their long, elegant table, which nearly overflowed with Hannibal's most painstaking, elaborately macabre decor. Heaps of black grapes and thorny, dark purple roses, pomegranates sliced open to let their gleaming insides fill the air with aromatic sweetness, plump, glistening seeds on show.

The younger man wore a lace lingerie he'd donned after his bath, and over that a bathrobe of Daddy's, feeling all covered in the smell of the man he so obsessively adored. And he loved how Hannibal couldn't keep his eyes or mind off him for a second, even as they delighted in the fine meal he'd made of the annoying tabloid journalist who wouldn't ruin anyone else's day or reputation or life ever again.

The three courses of flavorful, gourmet cuisine melted on their tongues, followed by slow, savoring sips of rich, full-bodied red wine, and their eyes danced together with a burning desire.

It wouldn't be long until Hannibal lost his cool again, and Will wondered with a dizzy, lazy curiosity, if Daddy would be patient enough to carry him off to the basement over his shoulder like a vandal, while Will pretended to "struggle" and fuss. It was just as likely Hannibal would be too wild to wait and might throw the plates and silverware to the floor to fuck Will on the table. In either case, Will highly doubted they'd make it to dessert before he was consumed instead. That was so much sweeter, after all.

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It was quite some time before they were disposed for anything but more naked writhing and grinding, moaning and clawing, but later on, they settled in cozily together so that Daddy could read to Will, always a favorite late-night ritual.

The Secret Garden was open on Hannibal's lap and his glasses perched on his nose, his face set in concentration, when Will looked over to the side table beside his water glass. His phone had vibrated, reminding him to turn it off.

"Oh, it's an invitation," he yawned, snuggling into Hannibal's side as Daddy's strong, big arm came around him and pressed him into manly, spicy cologne and warm skin under soft pajamas. He glanced at the text from Beverly and then shut the phone off with another contented yawn.

"Would you want to go out some night, uh, with me and my friends?" Will asked, blushing. "Me, you, Beverly, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller. I'm afraid that I've talked about nothing but you since we got together, and they are dreadfully curious to get to know you. Right now, you are an impenetrable enigma, by the way. Your reputation at the FBI is equally respectable and provocatively unknown."

"If it would please you, little minx, I'll gladly attend whatever intriguing social ritual your friends concoct. After all, it would not kill me to let loose from time to time."

Will laughed at the image of a club-going, techno-dancing Hannibal that immediately entered his mind's eye. "I will call Bev tomorrow and see what they had in mind," he decided, pleased at how easily Daddy agreed to spend time with those he once considered an unworthy bore.

They were Will's friends, and now he would instead strive to impress them and be in their good graces. It was part of courtship which Hannibal, the ultimate proper gentleman, would never neglect. Part of loving Will, which was the very last thing he'd ever neglect.

“That sounds perfect, my love,” Hannibal approved, and flipped the book open to continue the tale of Mary’s adventures, his gaze divided between the words on the page that soothed Will into another peaceful doze, and the beautiful face of the boy himself.

Chapter End Notes

Next time: Night out on the town for Hannigram and Team Sassy Science! Danger looms, as Will's stalker makes his presence known...

It would sound pretty ominous if we thought the stalker had a chance in hell, ultimately, against our boys. See you soon! 🖤

Fic playlist: https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3CPPGzHKmX2xP7OOa9LKDZ?si=aeec83a887a84c16

Find me on socials:

Twitter: @earthsickwoyou

Tumblr: some-sick-deja-vu and earthsickwithoutyou

can't give in / won't give up on this love

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal's night out with Team Sassy Science comes to a halt when Will is kidnapped. Hannibal reacts just as calmly as you'd expect (!), and dedicates himself to hunting down the villain who has taken his boy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“What are you….” Will tilted his head slightly and clutched the railing of the front steps so that he didn't actually trip right down them.

“Is that a philosophical inquiry?” Hannibal stepped off the motorcycle he’d just driven up on, wearing head-to-toe black leather.

He pulled off his helmet and smiled up at Will with twinkling eyes.

“Wearing.” Will’s mouth had gone dry and he pinched himself to make sure he wasn’t dreaming. “What are you wearing?”

“Oh, that,” Hannibal chuckled. “I’m wearing ‘casual attire,’ as you said we are meeting your friends at a nightclub.”

“I said we’d go out for a few drinks, not that you needed to look like the coolest motherfucker over forty who ever walked into something called a ‘club.’ *Jesus Christ,* Hannibal…”

“Is that approval, or would you prefer that I change my clothes?” Hannibal gave him a wry smile.

He decided to let Will’s rather naughty slip into foul language go this time, given how flattered and excited he was by the boy’s response to his appearance.

Will sighed like he was staring at a poster of a rock star on his bedroom wall as a teenager. Hannibal’s hair was especially soft and sexy, mussed by the helmet. His muscular thighs looked divine in the tight leather, which was to say nothing of his ass, and Will knew he’d never get through an evening in public with anything resembling proper conduct, if he let his eyes wander to the older man’s crotch too often. He snuck one peek and almost had to bite his own hand to muffle a scream.

“*Nobody* would prefer that you change your clothes,” Will said emphatically.

Then the younger man treated himself, sliding his glasses on and slowly approaching his lover.

He circled Hannibal gradually, making sure he fully checked out every inch of his broad, powerful body wrapped in soft, slightly shiny leather like a really, really special gift just for him. A present which everyone else in the world would surely drool with envy over…if they had any taste.

“Mm*hmm,*” Will noted intellectually.

He cupped his chin and put on his “professor” face, studying his man with the utmost academic attention. “It’s approval, definitely approval.”

Laughing, he swung his arms around Hannibal’s neck and played with his hair. The light scent of leather intertwined with his spicy cologne and made the younger man near-feral with desire. Holding off was a sweet form of torment, as always.

“Leather daddy,” he whispered, after all it was only early evening and he didn’t want to offend any neighbors who might be tending to their lawns without any wish to hear about their sex life.

“I’m happy you like it, mylimasis,” Hannibal said breezily. “And you look stunning. Of course you do.”

He played with Will’s collar, gently tugging it with a sly and yet tender expression.

Everywhere Will went, he remembered just who owned his heart and body, and it only felt better with each day that passed. Will finally felt healthy and happy and damn, he didn't even mind going out for the night.

Would he eventually get social fatigue and need to leave? Oh, absolutely. But doing the social thing for a couple of hours no longer made him feel disgusted and horrified like it used to.

For their night out, Will wore a silky, low-cut white t-shirt, showing off his throat entirely, making no secret of his daytime collar. He also had on a long, black jacket and matching pants, overall looking the part of the wicked prince to match the leather-clad king of dark elegance.

“Thank you,” Will grinned, taking a cool-looking black helmet from his lover’s outstretched, gloved hand and putting it on.

Hannibal clasped the strap under Will’s chin, and Will climbed astride the big machine with its purring engine. To say the motorcycle felt arousing, warm and vibrating between his thighs, was an understatement. The older man’s fingers, clad in those should-be-illegal black leather gloves, flexed and tightened on the handlebars. Will wrapped both arms around Hannibal and held on as tightly as he could. In this and in everything, it was all he planned to do for the rest of his life.

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The club was only *mildly* obnoxious, even by Will's standards, despite the throb of music that could only be referred to as "techno," an unfortunate crowd pretty much filling every inch of the space, and a lot of silly flashing lights on the dancefloor.

A few minutes passed, after greeting his friends and sitting down at a table with a round booth, before Will realized he still fucking hated this kind of place, but walking in here after a sexy motorcycle ride with "leather" Hannibal had him feeling…some kind of way. He'd really just forgiven and started to ignore every feature of the club which normally would have made him turn around and walk right back out again.

Namely, he was in a really good mood, already unreasonably turned on for the public setting (would Hannibal have it any other way?), excited and amazed at how stunning his lover looked, walking elegantly, nonchalantly into this place and catching every single person's eye.

Hannibal didn't just bewitch Will with his seductive prowess and unfailing romantic devotion; he made every moment Will spent luxuriating in his presence into a wonder, both soothingly safe and full of mysterious, exhilarating possibilities.

Will was grounded, and he was aloft in the clouds, knowing his state of mind would be impossible to explain, even to his friends. It was simply Hannibal, and being with Hannibal was not like being with anyone else in the world. These were secret feelings and experiences which only Will got to have.

The love he inspired in Hannibal was also getting to be less of an unknowable and bizarre emotion, too. Of course, Hannibal loved him. He had always loved Will, and in his own way, Will had taught him what love was again, after many years of forgetting that it existed in any meaningful way.

Will was worthy and had so much to offer in a relationship, so much to give and share; he could see that now that the scales of blindness had fallen from his eyes.

It was so obvious, he thought only a childhood of neglect and subtle emotional abuse such as he had endured could have conditioned him to take this many months to fully absorb and accept the simple fact of being Hannibal Lecter's soulmate.

How could his formerly broken self-love and impaired confidence not blossom and flourish under these remarkable conditions? Hannibal guided him so perfectly; Will had come into his own as a man and as a killer, a whole person living his best life, all from being Daddy's good boy. The most devastatingly complex truths, wound like red ribbons around them, binding them for life and far beyond the mortal realm. Will felt it in his bones.

"So, you guys come here often?" Zeller joked, tossing a crumpled straw wrapper at Price, who caught it and threw it back.

They had matching Tom Collinses, to no one's surprise, while Beverly was sipping a margarita with an arch and satisfied look. It was hilariously obvious she had chosen the club, but Brian and Jimmy went with the flow, just peppering any situation with their usual banter. This, too, had come to be a comfortable expectation.

Will now understood that these three friends offered him genuine kindness, and though he was choosy in companions, it was far from impossible for him to have a pleasant social life.

“Come here often? On *purpose?* Not exactly,” Will admitted. “You guys?”

“Beverly picked it,” Price answered with a sour look that had nothing to do with his lemony cocktail. “But hey, what do we know? I’d usually be home watching *Jeopardy,* and Zeller would already be asleep…”

“I would not, Grandpa,” Zeller objected, “Unless I was with you, in which case it’s a guarantee I’d fall asleep out of sheer boredom.”

“He hates losing to me in *Jeopardy,* I always guess right,” Jimmy said with a pleased look.

“Oh, right, sure.” Brian laughed. “One of my favorite Final Jeopardies was, ‘What is a braggart with delusions of *Jeopardy* championship glory?’ Jimmy Price for 3,000–”

“Shut up, you two, at this rate we’ll never hear from Will and Hannibal,” Beverly interrupted. She smiled, her expression revealing she was sincerely happy for them and definitely wanted to know more. “*Sooo*…how has everything been going with the romance?”

“The romance,” Hannibal replied smoothly and proudly, “Has been going splendidly, Ms. Katz. I, for one, could not be happier in my choice of lovers.”

He took Will’s hand under the table and gave it a warm squeeze, sending a flood of pink into the younger man’s face. Butterflies still swirled in his stomach when Hannibal continued by playing with his locked bracelet.

Hannibal’s eyes still often flitted to Will’s neck and the beautiful collar around it proclaiming exactly who owned him, the reminder and symbol enough to catch everyone else’s eye while not being severe enough to make mentioning it appropriate or necessary. The fine line was very provocative for the two lovers.

Will’s phone vibrated and he took it out, leaning in close to Hannibal to murmur, “I have to take this –” he laughed at the older man’s shocked response. “Only because it’s about your birthday present. Let me just square this away, and I’ll be right back. It’s too loud in here.”

Whether his slight disapproval arose from Will’s apparent abdication of manners, or having to make conversation alone with Katz, Zeller and Price for a few minutes, Hannibal recovered quickly.

With a resigned smile, he squeezed Will’s arm and nodded. “You’re too good to me, my darling boy. I don’t need anything for my birthday but you.”

“All the same,” Will grinned.

He winked, then slipped from their booth and went outside to redial the designer he had hired to take care of a certain special gift for his lover.

Leaning with his back against the wall of the club, Will still struggled to make out a word of what the woman said about the engraving he'd requested.

"The font?" he repeated. "Hang on, let me move a little further off, I can't hear you at all –"

He walked thoughtlessly down the street a bit and turned into an alley, where finally he could hear what Maria Winthrop was telling him about the present. Considering the font options she suggested, he paced, using his free hand to stroke his jaw.

It was a lovely evening, pleasantly nestled between cool and warm, the crescent moon a lazy sliver behind drifting, silvery clouds. Will could still hear the music and voices from the crowd waiting to get into the club, only a little muffled by the short distance he'd walked to finish the call.

"I mean, Parisian Vintage seems like the obvious choice, but I'm leaning towards Champagne," Will mused.

Laughing, he admitted, "You know, I never expected to learn so much about small differences between cursive fonts, but *caring* this much about them is an even weirder phenomenon. I want to pick the one that really expresses and fits Hannibal, just right."

He dragged his finger along his lower lip, pondering how each writing style would look, carved into gleaming, quarter sawn tiger oak.

"Hmm? You're right, I should go with my instincts. And I guess…my instincts are saying, Champagne. Yeah, I'm sure now, it's going to look amazing. Thanks, Maria, I appreciate the call. Talk to you soon."

Satisfied with the gift's progress, Will pocketed the phone and walked back down the alley, headed for the corner that would turn back onto the street where the club was.

The person who had been trailing him, slowly stalking him with mounting impatience for several weeks, was very good at what he did. Will's instincts as an agent, and a cop before that, ensured that he was a hard man to sneak up on, even amidst his own dreamy, romantic reverie about celebrating Hannibal's upcoming birthday.

The harsh blow to the side of his head caught Will completely by surprise, and his eyes went wide before he crumpled helplessly into the arms of his captor.

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What the hell…

Will regained consciousness slowly, as a dark, cold and dreary room came into blurry, then more precise focus.

He was chained to the floor, bound by his wrists and ankles, and the metal, too, was freezing. His clothing remained intact, thank God. Unfortunately, the first few thoughts a man of his experience in law enforcement had when kidnapped were about the most unpleasant ones imaginable.

Although his jacket was gone, most likely to make sure he remained uncomfortable in the chilly, slightly damp environment, Will's collar and bracelet were missing. He couldn't feel them underneath the new manacles claiming his skin, leaving new bruises on his tender flesh that would infuriate Hannibal.

It drove Will to a fury, too, but most of all because his precious bracelet and collar, marks of Hannibal's possession of him, had been taken away.

This made him sick to his stomach, more than the shocking trauma of getting knocked unconscious, the throbbing pain still residing in his skull, and the fear of whatever was to come.

His silk t-shirt was damp with cold sweat, sticking to his shivering body; his jeans felt stiff and unbearable to be stuck in for hours on end, chained to a floor. But *everything* felt horrible because he'd been stolen from Hannibal, and nothing would be remotely tolerable again until he got the hell out of here and back into the arms of his lover.

Will was itching everywhere and had the sensation his skin was shifting restlessly all over his bones and muscles, defying the very fact of his presence here. Wanting the freedom of movement that was impossible, so much that he keeled over, dry heaving and yet fighting against his own sick responses with all his might.

He made himself breathe, in and out, as steadily as was possible, even when that wasn't very steady at all, and he sounded more like a wheezing madman.

It would do, and he'd stop melting down until he could face this disaster as the temporary annoyance it was. There was no time for such weakness.

As for his new prison, Will was unable to determine much about its location or nature based on its drab, totally bare bones appearance. There was nothing in the room except himself and his chains. No sound, except a vague, distant, slow dripping, like a leaky faucet upstairs.

He could just barely make out the drip-drop, but there was nothing else to pay much attention to, aside from his shackles, the rough floor and a terrifying emptiness that felt absolutely calculated and designed. But *whose* design? And why Will?

The place also smelled of nothing but what he'd describe as…old water and cement. Either abandoned…or under construction of some kind. The frame of the building, from what he could tell, had an antique, sturdy look to it that told him this was no shabby factory with broken windows and dusty machinery upstairs, nor a poor and forgotten hovel.

If he had to guess, and he did, based on the structure of the space, he'd conjecture he was in the basement of someone's summer vacation house, in…the country, since he couldn't hear any car horns or traffic.

He heard horses' hooves instead, now learning to tell the distant sound apart from the closer drip-drop from the faucet (?) above him. So. Somewhere with a stable which was pretty close to the building he was in. But he couldn't come to any further conclusions as yet.

Not a bad amount of clues, though, considering how little he had to work with. Will decided he may as well give himself some credit for such small victories and keep his newfound confidence as intact as he could.

The next task after soaking up every scant detail of the environment was attempting to get out of the restraints, but this proved a painfully fruitless battle. Hours went by, dragging like so many pins and needles scattered over his itchy skin, tormenting him with the awful suspense of why he was here, who took him, and how to get back to Hannibal, which was all that mattered.

And Will, with all his savvy, still hadn't been able to wrest free, either from seeking tools to pick the lock or trying to break his wrist to get at least one of them off. That would have been enough, but the new cuffs around his wrists were just too thick and tightly locked on him.

"You can't," a male voice piped up suddenly.

The echo in this empty room accentuated the cruel, eerie tone, and then a man stepped out of the shadows, presenting himself with a wolfish grin before Will's exhausted eyes. "I made sure there's no way to turn your wrist – or your ankle, for that matter, enough to break them. You're stuck, for now…but it's temporary, I promise. It's only until you realize that you belong here, with me. And then, we can go anywhere we want together."

The kidnapper's attempt at a "sweet" and convincing smile made more chills go through Will, colliding with his rage as it reignited. The vacant so-called affection of a murderous narcissist and-or sociopath was written insultingly across the face of a very handsome man, perhaps a few years younger than himself. A man Will recognized.

"*You,*" Will said in a gravely tone full of miserable anguish and rage. He tried to stand up, immediately yanked back down by the chains in a flash of pain that made him growl.

His wrists felt like they'd almost broken, which would indeed not have freed him, just left him with unusable hands and too much pain to think properly, and his tailbone hurt so much it was a miracle the fall hadn't broken that. Waves of pain shot up his spine, turning his next accusation into a startled shout.

"You bastard! I remember you. You were at the party, at the mansion. The masquerade."

"I am truly touched," the man smirked, putting a hand on his heart.

His eyes, which were a pretty cornflower blue, yet devoid of any humanity or even genuinely emotional monstrosity to render them soulful, came into better view when he tugged a string hanging from the ceiling, turning on a bare light bulb overhead.

Will blinked in shock at the sudden illumination. He finally saw more of the room, but the light only made it easier to see his captor, as there was truly nothing more in view past what he'd figured out with no light: just a cold concrete floor underneath him and four gray walls, a high ceiling with some pipes running overhead.

Shivering, pridefully fighting his teeth's chattering, Will snarled, "You stared at me, which was against etiquette. I had a bad feeling about you from the second our eyes met."

"You know, Will…" The kidnapper traipsed around the room, displaying theatrical relish, smiling with undaunted swagger. "That's not what most people tend to say after seeing me naked. Much less *fucking.*"

What a low-life, nouveau riche scumbag. I can smell the false sense of entitlement pouring off his gym rat body.

Will realized that his thought process had been irrevocably marked by his time with Hannibal, and the snobby sound of the realizations in his mind, echoing in his lover's elegantly disdainful voice, slightly comforted him.

"Is that what this is about, a sexual conquest?" Will demanded. Another nauseating moment, even if it was hardly unexpected.

He sat awkwardly on the floor, as every change of position in his limited space and range of movement seemed to make another limb fall asleep or some part of him ache.

The freezing air was already having an effect on his sinuses, too; he coughed and it felt painful in his throat. This creep had altered the temperature in the basement to make it this way, Will knew, and he was damn sure the upstairs was nice and toasty-warm. A device used to tempt Will into cooperation, surrendering to the man's desires and design in order to escape this awful cell of a room.

How much did his kidnapper know about his empathy disorder, which Hannibal had helped him to realize was one of his greatest strengths, like his superhero power? Even through his history in law enforcement, the captor must realize that Will would see through such stereotypical tactics.

Still, he was unfortunately well-aware that these tricks were often employed, despite being obvious and predictable, because they usually still worked just fine. Being confined and kept in a small space against one's will, when this was combined with physical discomfort, well, it did things to the human mind. He had to hope his mind was strong enough to outsmart the overwhelming, cutting simplicity of this nightmare.

His throat hurt like crazy, actually. Belatedly, he remembered brief moments of consciousness when the man dragged him in here, remembered screaming before he'd felt a needle in his arm.

The puncture mark from the needle stung now in a stark reminder of the incident.

"The party," Will sneered, "Made it seem like getting laid wasn't really a problem for you. Isn't this a lot of work for you, an established lothario, to steal someone else's boyfriend? Or is all of this pathetically well-worn, direct to discount bin dvd thriller bullshit part of the fun? Exactly how boring is your life?"

His bold mockery was aimed directly at the man's huge ego, where, ironically, most people like this asshole were weakest and fussiest about being wounded. It was similar to the way the cruelest assailants would howl in pain if someone stepped on their goddamn foot, after they'd spent days torturing others.

But Will got the feeling this "admirer" of his was not even adverse to pain; he was powerful and competent physically, and Will would therefore be better off continuously shooting verbal darts at his disgustingly overblown sense of his own importance, his presumably irresistible attractions. *That* was the Achilles heel. He could feel it in his perceptive analytical mind, as if it was painted in red on the wall behind this inane stalker.

"It's so much more than a conquest." The man crouched down to Will's level, too far off for the agent to make a lunge at him, but close enough for Will to observe more details of his features, form and clothing.

Will's desperate eyes quickly canvassed the man in every nuance, trying to find some clue to his real identity and where they were.

His captor wore a plain white set of scrubs, leading Will to guess he must work as an orderly or nurse at some kind of hospital. A name tag read "Matthew," revealing that the man wasn't trying to hide his identity from the prisoner. On the contrary, he was pleased as punch with himself and how he'd pulled off this whole plot, and absolutely certain of his own future success.

"Yes," Matthew nodded, grinning as if pleased with Will's ingenuity, silent as his conclusions had been. "I work at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, formerly under Dr. Frederick Chilton. We're between permanent administrators now, thanks to you and Dr. Lecter framing Chilton for Lecter's crimes as the Chesapeake Ripper. Oh, I know all about that."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Will scowled, "But you may as well skip your misinformed, Tattlecrime-inspired, 2am-in-your-mom's- basement-back-home, tabloid website theories and answer my original question. Why the hell did you do this to me? What do you want?"

"Well! You, of course," Matthew said with a smile that never reached his eyes. Greed, lust, and genuine admiration resided there, but there was no empathy on his part, no capacity for tenderness or compassion. "You amaze me. At first…"

He stood and stretched with a casual yawn, then strolled the room again, hands in his pockets. "It was your beauty that caught my eye. You're absolutely stunning, you know, Will. Second, you were with Dr. Lecter, and you were at *that* kind of party. I was surprised, having met the good doctor several times when he came into the institute to meet with Dr. Chilton for whatever reason, perhaps consultations regarding Dr. Gideon. He didn't seem the type to be caught dead at a BDSM party, however high end and luxurious, however exclusive. But he was domming you as if he'd forgotten everything else in the world. Your spell is that strong. Then, I found out who you were."

“And?” Will glared at him, still searching his enemy’s clothes for any sign of a sharp object. He could get Matthew to come close and swipe it, if only such an object existed.

That fucking stupid name-tag on his shirt. Just come a little closer…

“I can admit that I was jealous,” Matthew continued, as if he really thought Will cared about this shit.

He was proud of himself, like they were making a “how we met” video to be shown at their wedding. Will would love to rip his empty heart out of his chest and stomp it into pulp on the floor. Leave *him* down here in this freezer. Hatred filled his dark, intent glare as it remained fixed on his kidnapper.

“By the way,” Matthew explained, “Our paths had come so close to crossing before our first encounter at the party. You visited the institute as well, but it was just two weeks before I was hired. Cruel fate kept us apart, but not anymore, not for another second. Now, you’re going to be mine, even if you can’t quite see it yet. Trust me.”

“Is that a joke? If it isn’t a joke to you, please know that the mere concept is hilarious to me. You can be jealous all you want,” Will snapped, his voice rough and wan, but forced out of him by his determination and rage. “It won’t change the fact that I’m taken.”

Dammit, he knew he’d have to get Matthew to come closer to somehow get hold of that pin, but not only was he genuinely fuming, it was too soon for the man to believe he’d say or do anything to lure him in. Plus, while it had been common sense to briefly toy with the idea, it was a weak one to start with, given his own shackled state. It would be one thing if he had the pin in his hands for a while to hide and suddenly stab with in some key, excruciating, just-right spot on the fool, but in this scenario, there was no real way to make use of the tiny would-be weapon.

He might as well go off verbally instead, and keep trying to put a dent in the man’s mistaken bravado, making it a growing vulnerability.

“Nobody wants to be jealous, baby,” Matthew said with a smile colder than the room. “It’s the worst feeling in the world. And that’s why you’re here. To be mine. I want you to know me first, let me show you the world through my eyes.”

“Is your *world* an ugly cell bought off of Villains’ Lairs R Us.com?” Will grimaced as he hurt his wrist again, pressing a vein painfully when he made another attempt to get these damned manacles off.

“This is temporary. You know how Stockholm Syndrome works. There’s conditioning involved. We’ll proceed by layering experiences on top of each other…”

Matthew gestured with his hands, shifting them in ascending layers. His eyes shone with excitement, still empty of any care as to Will’s consent. “Until you become attached to me. From there, it will turn into love. I got rid of that trashy collar he had on you, as you'll notice. And someday, baby, you’ll even look back at this conversation and laugh at the mere thought you didn’t always adore me.”

“There’s only one thing to remember about this day, you vile pig,” Will practically spat the words at him. His features twisted into a hateful smirk of his own, far deadlier than this amateur could fathom.

“Mmm? And what’s that, baby?” Matthew looked charmed that Will was at least engaging with him. And patient to wait until he tortured and tricked his prisoner into “love.”

“It’s that I fucking *warned* you, here and now. You’re already dead. You think you can take me away from him? I can’t even imagine the narcissism you must be deluded by, to see for yourself what he is and think you’ll survive this. So do what you want, it won’t matter. He’s coming, and soon. You’re going to be choking on your own blood, *hoping* it kills you, but I doubt you’ll be that lucky. Hannibal is very good at prolonging the agony endured by his victims. And he won’t be concerned with keeping any part of you as a culinary trophy. You’re too disgusting.”

“Is that so?” Matthew laughed. “Ouch. You won’t think that for long, though, baby.”

“It *is* so, as a matter of fact, you depraved, clueless, boorish asshole. You think you’re going to have me for yourself when this game is over, but your blood is going to *paint. these. walls.* It’ll do wonders for the decor, honestly. So don’t call me baby.”

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Hannibal had gone quite mad within a single hour of Will’s disappearance.

He outpaced the FBI just barely at every turn of their preliminary investigation, finding and taking key evidence from the alley where Will had been taken, using the first tiny shreds of clues to propel him forward on a path of rescuing his beloved and indulging bloodthirsty revenge on the one who had taken what was his.

Most infuriatingly, he found Will’s bracelet, pried open roughly and left broken on the street. Will's going-out collar had been wrenched off and left behind as well. This was not a difficult message to interpret. He picked it up, hellfire raging in his eyes as he closed his fist tightly around it, then put it in his pocket.

The kidnapper had worn gloves; there were no prints on the bracelet or collar. Furthermore, the only blood in the alleyway was Will’s.

It was only a small amount, as if spilled from incidental wounds when Will was struck – most likely to the head unless he’d been choked out to be rendered unconscious, and dragged to the villain’s waiting vehicle. His elbow, possibly, hitting the wall when the blow knocked him forward, scraping his perfect skin, causing him pain neither approved, nor given by Hannibal.

Pain for nothing but this evil man’s greedy desire to own what could never be his, and which would cause Will to suffer. It could not be endured. Hannibal could barely think of it without being in danger of going off on a sloppy tirade of violence that would land him in prison rather than in Will’s arms.

The captor, stealing Hannibal's boy, endangering his life and treating him roughly…the things Hannibal would do to this man made every horrific act he had committed to this date, before and after becoming the Ripper, laughably plain and merciful by comparison.

After he was unable to discern further clues from the scant evidence, the next thought that came to him on the first sleepless night was to consider his own enemies and Will's. Still, something about the abruptness of the capture, combined with the smooth getaway, spoke of personal, probably sexual and-or "romantic" obsession committed by an experienced criminal who was now far out of his depths.

This line of thinking suddenly made memories of the masquerade party slam back into Hannibal's brain. That shameless young man who had stood and stared as Hannibal disciplined and pleasured Will, despite the clear rule that Will was marked, taken, and not to be propositioned by another.

This act of crude defiance had slipped from Hannibal's set of immediate concerns, but he had always intended to circle back to the guest list in order to find out the man's name and avenge the intolerable rudeness.

No time like the present.

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A thorough examination of the guest list was not necessary. As soon as he gave a description of a tall, muscular but wiry man, late twenties, with black hair and blue eyes, the society's president recognized that he must be referring to "that upstart so-called legacy, Matthew Brown."

"Legacy?" Hannibal leaned over Charles Baldwin-Fitzgerald's shoulder in the extravagant library of Chateau Thérèse-Leduc.

The tall, balding man with the aristocratic face and wide-ranging interest in taboo gatherings nodded with a sour frown, typing quickly on his laptop, searching through files.

"I knew it was a mistake, letting him into the party, but his father was a college chum of Maude's. It was apparently 'impolite' not to at least give Matthew a chance. I may have been outvoted, but clearly, I was right. He brought nothing but trouble to our elegant and upstanding affair."

Hannibal fought the temptation to impatiently roll his eyes. Even he, with his own eclectic sexual hobbies, would not go so far as to call a mansion orgy 'upstanding.' Furthermore, he'd got the point already, and Charles was now simply talking too much.

"That's him," Hannibal said urgently, as Charles finally finished his unnecessary monologue and revealed the society's short file on Matthew Brown. "The insipid pig. And that's his home address."

"What's he done to anger you?" Charles asked, looking worried.

Hannibal was good at hiding the true depth of his wrath, which a man like Charles could not even fathom, but his unsettled, frustrated state – a scab over a wound in danger of gushing at any moment – was impossible to conceal.

He played it off as mere irritated tension, to the best of his abilities.

“Don’t worry about it, I simply want to have a word,” Hannibal lied with one of his most smoothly trustworthy smiles.

Of course, as not only Lithuanian aristocracy, but also a leading figure in the high society of the region, Hannibal had all the power compared to a mere cretin like Matthew Brown, to whom Charles certainly owed no such loyalty, and *of* whom no one most likely cared at all.

He didn’t usually risk getting “found out” and connected so easily with a future victim, but this wasn’t like his pre-planned murders. He hadn’t pulled Brown’s name from a rolodex of past offenders, *no,* this despicable ruffian had kidnapped his Will.

By now? Hannibal’s heart barely even seemed to beat outside of Will’s presence, breath filled his lungs, but he had no idea why, and the idea of his boy in danger, compounded by the rage of someone else trying to claim Will – Hannibal was so far outside the realm of his previously calm and cool self, it was dizzying, sickening, but this was also the only thing that held him together.

He was free-falling in a new and lawless galaxy, emotionally, but his killer side knew where he’d land, and he was ready, past ready to shed Matthew Brown’s blood. As much of it as he could while keeping the villain in agonizing conscious awareness of his excruciating pain. How unfortunate for Matthew that Hannibal was such a skilled surgeon.

But the ego of a fool will lead them into all sorts of absurdly doomed scenarios. This will be his last mistake. Possibly the last time I let Will out of my sight again as well–

Steering his wayward, but no less determined thoughts back to the present moment, he kept charming more useful little facts out of Charles until he knew all that was needed regarding the disreputable young man known as Matthew Brown.

Hannibal didn’t have time to come up with his usual, elaborate cover stories about why he gave a damn about some upstart high society reject, relying on Charles’ automatic trust and distraction from many other projects which the man was working on, to cloak the strangeness thereto.

And Hannibal found himself so shockingly upset, so beside himself as he had not been since – Mischa – he could not actually think of one. He had almost, *almost* forgotten the one skill which normally occupied him effortlessly like a second skin, and which composed his fraying person suit: lying, as if no truth could be truer.

He couldn’t bring himself to care about deceptions of this small sort, and he was already connected to the kidnapping. Everyone at the FBI and local police knew of Will’s disappearance, and so the violence to come must be disguised as self defense if needed. The

noble Dr. Lecter, swooping in to rescue his brave lover. Will was FBI, when it counted, despite his long work break, and Hannibal was a respected, revered therapist.

Why would anyone think *they* were the brutal killers in this, when Matthew Brown's reputation consisted of nothing more than a garish tapestry of wasted potential, inane con-artistry and now kidnapping this sweet boy whose big blue eyes defied anyone to imagine him capable of the very things that best defined him in so many ways?

Despite Hannibal's clear plans (the only really clear thoughts he had at the moment) to kill Brown with gruesome methods, the reliable fallback of burning a corpse could be so wonderfully convenient in these matters.

Charles basically only wanted the latest gossip, anyway, and easily accepted Hannibal's vague answers before going back to his latest, ambitious project: overseeing the creation of a garden maze especially designed for the next elite secret society orgy, coming up that summer.

Hannibal now had Matthew Brown's contact information, which included his phone number, workplace, and home address. While he didn't expect the young man was stupid enough to keep Will at the BSHCI or his own house, these places might yield clues, if he hunted them down carefully enough and managed to control his nearly unmanageable temper along the way.

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A thorough search of Brown's apartment revealed nothing but a sleazy, ill-kept place teeming with takeaway containers and bluntly neglected, as if the man had been too absorbed in planning, then carrying out the kidnapping, to clean up, and then eventually, too busy to come home to this pigsty.

There was a laptop, but it was a decoy, full of innocent-looking folders and an innocuous search history whose worst feature was a vested interest in Tattlecrime.com. While it was a sad testament to the current state of humanity, almost anybody who one passed on the street these days had a *Tattlecrime Magazine* subscription or at least trolled the website when they were bored. This simply wasn't incriminating enough to anyone but Hannibal, who saw past the typical.

Since there was no more Freddie Lounds, Brown must have been disappointed at the recent lack of repulsively exaggerated articles about Will Graham. The red-headed reporter had been doggedly fixated on the repetitive theme of Will's supposedly "suspicious behavior" during the Ripper case.

However, the new powers that be at *Tattlecrime* had obviously decided to focus on any dirt they could find on "the actual Ripper," Frederick Chilton, so that poor Frederick took the brunt of almost all of their wickedly insulting, trashy articles of late.

However, every single print issue that featured Will Graham was conspicuously missing from the boxes of *Tattlecrime* magazines in Brown's bedroom closet. After furiously ransacking the disgusting wretch's room, turning up plenty of skimpy black silk boxers, tubes of

overused hair gel, and bottles of overpriced, heavy-scented, tacky cologne, Hannibal found an old photo album which appeared to be from an abortive educational stint of Brown's in college.

Charles had mentioned that Matthew was "a disgrace to the family name, dropped out of university despite having a legacy scholarship, started partying his way through his inheritance and embarrassing the Browns at every turn until he was disowned and forced to get 'a real job.' Maude's too kind, wanting to give a brat like that a chance to rejoin our set. His parents know better than to let him back in."

Brown's rap sheet of drug-related arrests and assault charges meant he had no chance at a truly decent career, but he was strong, fast, clever by pedestrian standards, and knew how to turn on his brand of greasy charm.

It was no wonder Frederick had hired him and temporary interim administrator Alana Bloom kept him on, bereft of many alternative hiring options: Matthew would work for a low wage and was fascinated enough in the criminal inmates to be dedicated to a job anyone else would find deeply unpleasant. It had been hard getting nurses or orderlies to work in the hospital after Gideon's shenanigans, after all.

Among the photos, Hannibal discovered that Brown had been dating a posh-looking tennis player, a blonde girl from the Vesper-Monroe family. A millionaire heiress. There could be little doubt that Brown had run a scheme on her in an attempt to swindle her of every dime and then disappear. Hannibal had met dozens of Matthew Browns in his own life as a wealthy and powerful man from a prestigious family. Matthew Brown was common as dirt, yet inferior to it.

The plan must have backfired, since Hannibal knew the young lady from various arts and charitable events in the city, and she had gone on to marry someone else on her own level.

Be that as it may, Hannibal was intrigued by some of the locations in these photographs of the former college-sweethearts couple. Families like the Vesper-Monroes had multiple homes, a getaway or investment property in every vacation spot within a few hours' drive, several of which were locations which would provide excellent hiding places. Several were properties only used by the family every few months and otherwise vacant, save for cleaning staff who could be easily relieved of their duties by an enterprising, murderous predator like Brown.

And Matthew had nowhere else to go. Hannibal's research into the man's shoddy excuse for a life had revealed too many burned bridges for him to utilize a property belonging to his own family, and there was no evidence of friends and relationships after college.

Even in his fleeting university days, the pictures were always of Matthew drunk and carousing in a crowd, or else hanging all over Marissa Vesper-Monroe. In some photos he even wore and proudly showed off a ring featuring her family's crest, which Hannibal was sure she'd taken back during the break-up and given to her current spouse.

With such a limited amount of social connections over the years, it bore reason Brown would try to hide Will at one of his ex-girlfriend's family getaways, leaving nothing more than the

remaining question of which one it was.

He made a quick phone call to Marissa's mother, Simone, who happened to be on the board of the opera house's fundraising committee. Being a member himself, they were on quite friendly speaking terms; and of course, she had a little crush on him. It was no effort at all to twist this to his own advantage.

One phone call and a coffee shop meeting later, Hannibal had a list of all the family properties, having vowed to Simone he would hire his own private investigators to scour them in search of any miscreants who might be squatting there.

He had, he explained, his suspicions of such problems, due to a trail of evidence left behind by a con artist she might remember…

In fact, Simone remembered Brown well and immediately believed Hannibal's account of his apparently renewed interest in the Vesper-Monroe family's riches.

"Matthew Brown saw far too much of our private world, unfortunately," Simone recalled, stirring her ginger tea with a quietly horrified look.
She'd been distressed at hearing his mere name, then disgusted to hear he might be lurking on her family's land, looking to make another theft or try some act of vengeance on them for ousting him from their ranks before he could trick their daughter into marriage.

Hannibal returned to his motorcycle on a sunny day whose fresh air and cheerful weather went completely unnoticed; his laser focus was entirely devoted to the map in his hands. Where was he going?

He stared down at all the circled golf courses, vineyards, vacation homes and stables. There was nothing for it but to begin with the places likeliest to have empty basements that were seldom used. Servants' quarters, he decided, making particular note of the family's lavish lands in Chestertown, Maryland.

With eighty acres of pastures and wooded trails, the historically preserved site had been in a state of refurbishment for some months, in preparation for a big reopening event that coming summer. As it was, the family had not been staying in their stately home on the property in about a year, and this meant the servants' residences would be empty, too.

His face turned from barely concealed panic to steely and unstoppable determination. The pieces came together; he had not been a criminal mastermind for over twenty years without knowing how a lowlife thug operated.

The tank was full, the day was young, and Will had been missing for forty-eight hours. He must get to Chestertown as quickly as he could without being arrested for speeding.

Nothing could slow him down. Kidnappers notoriously lost patience with rebellious prisoners who wouldn't cooperate, particularly if the motive for the abduction was personal obsession rather than financial gain via a ransom.

Matthew would be doing his best to twist Will's mind and heart, his own warped brain believing it was actually possible his prisoner would fall for him amid the isolation, and if he combined cruelty with sympathy in just the right measures.

These shallow, predictable devices would be useless on Will, and the best Matthew could hope for would be Will turning on his charm and pretending to cooperate long enough to get free and murder his captor on the spot.

Hannibal was not at all comfortable depending on that. His clever boy would be sure to try all that he could, but Matthew was a trickster, a malevolent sadist, driven by selfish and delusional ideals of dark romance.

There was no guarantee Brown would not treat Hannibal's darling Will with increasingly vicious conditions or horrible vengeance, should Will rebel too much at the wrong time, or nearly escape only to be recaptured.

And then, the land he was on, too huge and isolated for an injured, possibly dehydrated Will to navigate and escape alone, unless he got very lucky – without access to weapons except whatever he could steal from Brown. Will's chances didn't look good enough for Hannibal to be any less than panicked and in a murderous rage such as he had never known.

He knew that no one was braver, nor more clever and deadly than his beloved, but there were circumstances under which Will would be too limited as to options to utilize his skills. But, he fiercely insisted to himself, talking over the tumult in his own mind, no matter.

Matthew Brown was not going to touch another hair on Will Graham's head; he was not going to lay a hand on Hannibal's boy or harm him further. Hannibal had to tell himself he would reach Will before any such thing could happen, even as visions of terrible assaults and accidental deaths from Brown's instability or unpredictable temper haunted him.

Hannibal had not slept, he had barely eaten or taken care of himself whatsoever, dead set on Will's rescue above all. Yet he was the sort of hunter who could go for a long time without sustenance aside from his own brutal devotion to save the one he loved and rain hell down on their enemy.

Matthew Brown might be enjoying himself at the moment, thinking he'd bested the Chesapeake Ripper, for surely he'd stalked them enough to find out Hannibal's true nature. Hannibal's natural hackles had been raised several times recently, and he'd been particularly vigilant about watching the perimeter whenever he and Will hunted. He'd had the unshakable feeling they were being watched.

But for all his intellectual limitations, Matthew's sick fixation on Will and polished experience in crime had clearly allowed him to creep along the edges of Hannibal and Will's world, never quite being seen until now.

He wasn't the first to try and outwit the Ripper and surely would not be the last; however, Hannibal was certain Matthew Brown's fate would be far worse than any other whom he'd torn asunder in his years of grisly murder.

His hands pressed firmly to the controls as the land and wind whipped past him, his bike swerving and tilting seamlessly with the flow of highway traffic.

Not much longer now, beloved – just hold on. I'll save you, as you've saved me more times than you know.

Chapter End Notes

Next time: Hannibal to the rescue! 😍 The Murder Husbands reunite and Matthew regrets his life choices...

Giving him something he can feel

Chapter Notes

cw: threat of torture, but doesn't happen (Hannibal to the rescue!); canon-typical violence

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will looked up from his annoyingly pathetic, defensive stance on the hard, gritty cement floor. In the dim light of the one bulb overhead, he saw Matthew looming above him, a long plastic sheet held stretched out in both hands.

The prisoner's only defense to this horrible sight was to scramble back, uttering a weak and hoarse "wait, don't."

"Will, love, please don't worry. This is for your own good."

Matthew tilted his head and watched as Will slid to the furthest he could get away from his insane, smitten captor. His features swiftly evolved from concern to amusement.

With his wrists and ankles bound in heavy manacles, chained to the floor, Will could only move his butt back a bit while sitting. It was too painful to strain his worn-out, aching body any further, and he no longer had the energy.

Matthew had rendered him a shadow of his normally strong self, giving him only the bare minimum of daily sustenance to ensure his survival. Will was constantly starving and suffering dehydration, all of which meant he had almost no ability to fight back.

"This your next attempt to defeat my love for Hannibal and make me quote-unquote *yours*, you stupid son of a bitch?" Will's voice was a rasp, but he glared so harshly, it seemed to make the words louder, more emphatic.

"I won't stop until I succeed, my dear Will."

With a sickening smile, contented to torment his would-be lover for "however long it took" to break his mind and keep him trapped in Stockholm Syndrome, Matthew tugged both ends of the plastic sheet. It made a snapping noise and allowed Will to see that it was of medium thickness, impossible to bite through.

Will's clothes were filthy and tattered; as part of the torture and mind-bending attempts, Matthew had only allowed him to wash a few main areas each day. Everything was engineered so Will would become increasingly desperate and accept being dependent on Matthew.

“I know how it works, fostering Stockholm Syndrome this way,” he snarled. “You’re wasting your time. The method requires you to break me down until the whole world only contains the two of us, and I become devoted to you. I’ve been down here for how long? By my count, about two and a half days. You’re gonna do this for months?”

Matthew clucked his tongue affectionately. “Are you done now?”

He knelt, holding the plastic sheet out taut in front of Will’s grimly haggard face.

“Now, this is going to hurt me as much as it hurts you, but you have a small point, my love: we can’t stay here forever; we need to leave the area soon so I’m not caught. So…if we can fast-track my courtship a little, that’s probably for the best. Hence, here we go.”

“Here we fucking *don’t* go, you arrogant prick!” Will scowled, kicking his legs around pointlessly, jerking at the wrist restraints with the tiny reserve of energy he had left.

It was mostly frightened adrenaline, and the effort of seeming braver, with a higher tolerance for pain than he really possessed. Which was also exhausting.

It would only take a few days more, if that, before Will was so weak that he’d lose the ability to put on an act or pretend anything. Hannibal would save him before that; Will was certain of it. More certain than he was of anything or anyone else in the whole world.

“I’m going to begin cutting off your oxygen in short bursts at first, and then closer to the end of the session, it’ll be longer. Don’t be anxious about dying, sweetheart, I know how to do this properly.” Matthew looked like a crazed ghost or vampire in the low lighting of the sallow basement.

His skin was pale, his black hair slicked neatly back, his face showing his complete lack of empathy for Will’s ordeal. Everything was only about what Matthew wanted. His angular features and painstakingly toned figure could have been attractive, but his cruel selfishness and morbid sadism created a monster of him. Not the monster Will loved, but the opposite, the worst kind.

“I can’t wait to watch Hannibal kill you,” Will declared frostily, shaking uncontrollably in fear but keeping his sass intact. “This is truly idiotic. Don’t you have any hobbies, Matthew? This is gonna get old really fast.”

“Look how beautiful you are when you tremble for me, baby.” Matthew gave him a signature, poisonous smile and then moved towards him with the plastic sheet, about to wrap it around Will’s face.

“Stop,” Will couldn’t help sputtering at the last second; this was too horrible, he didn’t think he could endure it. He knew he had to get through this and back to Hannibal, but he was so fucking *terrified–*

Matthew stopped short, inches from Will’s face, at noticing that his prisoner had suddenly broken out into a sweet, sunny smile. A few moments passed as Will maintained his visual focus on a point just above Matthew’s shoulders, behind him. At first, Matthew probably

assumed that Will had gone mad, all the way, from the trauma of anticipating this torture. But a second later he discarded the theory, since Will did not look crazy or out of touch with reality. Just *overjoyed*.

He was too slow to question his own invulnerability, which he'd blown out of proportion in his self-perception. Matthew thought he was a superhero with infinite strength, but how wrong he was.

Two leather clad arms wrapped around Matthew's knelt form and yanked him violently up into a stand. Before the kidnapper could even process what was happening, who was doing it, or fight back, Hannibal had already – with practiced expertise – wrapped the plastic sheet twice around his face. He patted the last end of plastic down, helping it adhere so that Matthew was completely tracked, quickly suffocating.

Will stared at his handsome, lethal hero, his Daddy, his world, his true love. Hannibal looked unhinged and feral, but his eyes softened when they met the wide blue ones of his lover.

"I want him to feel what he was going to do to you, baby," Hannibal said with a growl in his voice that affirmed his animal state of mind. "But that isn't enough suffering for you, Mr. Brown. Sorry to say."

Hannibal remained well-spoken and sarcastically polite, but his expression, his tiger-like eyes of golden red and his vicious movements told of his ravenous need to destroy their enemy.

He let Matthew writhe around, desperately trying to escape, batting at Hannibal, at his own plastic-covered face, trying to bite through or claw a hole to breathe out of. His jerky, panicked movements and smothered, awful cries would have evoked Will's pity, if Matthew hadn't been such a ruthless and destructive bastard.

Instead, Will enjoyed this thoroughly. The sight of Hannibal before his eyes would have been enough, but to watch the Ripper enact his justice was a treat that almost made the ordeal worthwhile.

Hannibal was such a lovely beast. He grunted as Matthew flailed around, easily maintaining the position with superior strength. "Not enough, Matthew," he said gruffly.

Then, quick as he'd done everything else, he drew out a hunting knife with a curved, long and shiny blade, then shoved the entire length of it into Matthew's abdomen, over and over. And *over*. Blood oozed through the kidnapper's white t-shirt, soaking it as Matthew made even more wretched, nauseating sounds in his last throes.

Soon he was forced silent as his air ran out with Hannibal holding the plastic fiercely in place, keeping him in a headlock as he punched the knife into him wildly, far past the point of making sure the wounds were mortal.

Hannibal dropped the knife as Matthew's life was in its last, dimming flickers. He turned the man around and punched him in the face with all of his strength. Will gasped as Matthew fell back onto the hard floor, the plastic now smeared with dark red blood, his chest no longer

moving. Will's stalker merely jostled one leg randomly, then the leg stopped, becoming as immobile as the rest of him.

"I'm sorry if you wanted a go at him, mylimasis," Hannibal said in his uniquely conversational, domestic manner. "You deserved it. I really had no control of myself this time."

Approaching Will, he was covered in sweat and blood, his hair a mess, his smile for the younger man like an angel's, despite the devil he was. And Will gazed at him, remaining still and pliant so that Hannibal could unlock his bindings, having snatched the keys from Matthew's mangled corpse.

God, you're beautiful.

"No, you did right," Will assured him, staring at his familiar, precious face, flawlessly chiseled and shining, splattered in red. "He hurt me. This one was yours. Thank you, thank you, I *knew* you were coming! I *told* him you'd save me and he'd be sorry. It was all I had to get by on…"

Hannibal shivered as rage crossed his face like a shadow. "To hear you speak so weakly, and refer to what he did to you….If he wasn't already dead, I'd do worse to him than I already did. I was practically merciful, out of my desire to get to you, release you...hold you in my arms again."

By now, he had Will's painful, hard and cold manacles undone, and Will was suddenly aware that he needed help to stand and get his bearings back. There was never a need for pride or embarrassment between them; he reached his arms out, smiling resplendently, his flushed face streaked in tears.

"Take me, then."

Will's tears had began in agony and now, complete euphoria overwhelmed him even more.

Hannibal gathered Will against him, sitting on the floor with Will in his lap, as a starting point. "Trying to stand right away would be a mistake," he advised tenderly, kissing Will's forehead, then each red mark on his wrists.

Angry flinches and moans of sadness kept defining his discoveries of Will's injuries.

"I'm okay, Hannibal, I'm really going to be just fine, please don't worry." He snuggled against Hannibal's chest.

Ironically, given the way he'd tried to calm and reassure the beast a moment before, as soon as he caught a waft of Hannibal's sophisticated cologne and felt those big, powerful arms wrapped around him, he broke out in sobs.

"Darling," Hannibal sighed, deeply moved. "Does it hurt terribly? What can I do, sweetheart?"

“F-finally. The right person calling me ‘sweetheart.’ I’m sore, there’s – s-some bruises, cuts and marks from the manacles. No worse than some of the worse days I’ve had in the field working for the FBI. I’m crying because I missed you *so, so, so much*…”

Hannibal slowly rocked him, humming a lullaby to soothe him, then murmuring, “Baby, Daddy is here now, taking care of you. No one will ever hurt you with Daddy around, I hope you know that.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Will whispered tearfully, finding comfort, relief and bliss at surrendering into his most submissive state of mind.

He wanted this. To have Daddy nurture him and take care of him, pamper and spoil him, speaking words of love, never leaving him alone.

He wanted to collapse against Hannibal and give his body a break from all of it, the hunger, thirst, horror, the gut-wrenching, mind-shattering, heart-breaking misery of not being with his Daddy. So he did what he wanted to do.

“Shh, there now, my sweet baby boy.” Hannibal’s husky voice rumbled in his chest, against Will’s ear. “Daddy is going to take you home. First, I’m afraid I’ll have to burn this place to the ground. A shame for the family, but they can rebuild. I killed Matthew with my bare hands, and we don’t need this coming back to us.”

“No, not now that we’re together and we’re happy again.” Will kissed Hannibal’s chest and tightened his heavy, sore arms around his lover as much as he was capable of doing.

“I’m going to take you back where you belong. First, you’re to drink some water and have something to eat. Here you go.”

The same man who had issued a brutally grotesque death to Matthew mere minutes ago now slipped a hand to the inside pocket of his leather jacket. He brought forth a few energy bars, plus a flask of water.

“You’ll need much more than this soon,” Hannibal said as he stroked Will’s curls and watched the younger man gulping the water down before tearing his teeth into the first energy bar. “It’s not cold out, but your experiences may leave you feeling cold out of shock. I’ve brought a coat for you, which you may take or not, depending on how you are doing.”

“K,” Will said, after swallowing another round of chocolate-cherry granola and downing the rest of the water. “Mmm, nothing granola ever tasted that good.”

“My poor, poor, precious baby boy.” Hannibal hugged Will close again, his most precious possession. “When we get home, I’ll make you anything you want for dinner. Then I’m going to give you such a wonderful bubble bath and hold you, love you, make you all squeaky clean again.”

Will giggled. “It’s gonna hurt, though,” he pouted. “When you have to tend to my wounds.”

“Oh, Will,” Hannibal laughed gently. “It won’t hurt badly, I’ll go slow. You know that Daddy knows exactly how to give you what you need. And you have witnessed what happens when anyone tries to take my angel away, steal you from me.”

“Can I have storytime when you tuck me in?” Will asked tenderly.

“You can have *extra* stories.” Hannibal’s chin wobbled a bit as his eyes filled with tears. “And Daddy is going to get you so many new treats, sweet boy. If you think you were spoiled and petted before…”

“You’re so good to me Daddy.” Will rested his hands lightly on Hannibal’s chest, staring up at him in utterly transcendent amazement. “I can’t remember much about my life before you. It wasn’t even a life, really. Just existing. I love you so much, so, so much…”

“Oh, angel, I know. I love you, too. You are the most perfect boy in the universe, and you’re only mine to keep forever.”

Will was happier, with the awkward positioning on the hard floor, feeling his lover’s embrace and kisses, hearing his throaty voice and faithful, adoring promises, than he had feared he would be again. This was so much better than being alone and chained to the floor, so that this temporary embrace seemed like heaven incarnate.

“I know, I know,” Hannibal said again with a loving chuckle as Will got so wrapped up in cuddling him that he tried to resist departure. “You’re tired. But we must leave now, okay, beautiful boy?”

“If you say so, Daddy,” Will nodded, gorgeously obedient.

He let Hannibal assist him in the now stiff and difficult matter of straightening up. “Owww, that feels…bad but good. I’m standing up for myself.” The little pun made Hannibal tap his nose and then kiss it.

“That’s right, precious. You’re standing up for yourself, but you’re not alone. Lean on me. Once I get you up the stairs, darling, I will carry you to the car. We will work on getting your movement back in regular order. I’m infinitely glad you did not suffer any further injuries.”

His jaw twitched as his eyes flashed pure, malicious hatred, layered over the remnants of terror that he might lose Will.

“To fully understand how I feel, you must know that Daddy would be upset even if you fell down in the hall and bruised your knee. I’d never stay away from your arms long enough for missing me to hurt. And I can’t fix what already happened. It’s my cross to bear, knowing I ought to have noticed Brown sooner, caught and killed him before he could lay one disgusting finger on you.”

“Then I’ll help you carry the cross, Daddy.” Will softly kissed his bloody lips and let Hannibal guide him slowly, step by step to the stairs. “Don’t think about the bad memories,” he said, flinching but continuing with determination on the journey up a flight of stairs to freedom. To home.

“Matthew was an idiot, but he knew how to watch us without being seen. I don’t want you to feel guilty about it, just…be with me in the present…and let the rest go, except for the times we were happy. Like now.”

“We’ll be happier each and every day,” Hannibal said sincerely, a lump in his throat.

Will’s legs, too-long kept in one position, tried to lock up on him. He yelped as Hannibal gripped him closer, making sure he did not fall.

“Ahhh, it hurts, Daddy.”

“Oh, darling. I know. I’ll make all the pain go away forever and ever,” kissing Will’s cheeks, leaving small traces of blood from his lips, Hannibal added sweetly, “And ever.”

Then, he hopped Will up the last few steps, until they reached the top at last.

Will melted with a kittenish sigh as Hannibal carried him in bridal position and sat him on a chair in the kitchen. He turned a light on, hurriedly gathering flame accelerants and ensuring that a blaze would envelop the house down to its crumbling frame by morning.

“Now that’s done,” Hannibal said with great relief, “We’re done here as well. We’ll put it all behind us.”

“Okay, Daddy.” Will looked up at him with pure, open-hearted innocence and worship. “Let’s go.”

After carrying his boy outside, Hannibal set him down and gestured to him with a book of matches.

“Would you like to do the honors? I did steal your thunder with Matthew.”

“No you didn’t. Whatever you decide to do is always right. That’s why I try to be a good boy and follow your rules carefully.”

“You’re too tired for arson this evening, aren’t you? That’s perfectly fine, let me.” Casually, like it was an afterthought, he struck the match against the back of the box and drew forth a single, accusing, bold flame. And he tossed it onto the front porch of the house.

“That’s done,” he concluded tartly, though the rage in his eyes had not fully died down.

When they got to the motorcycle, Hannibal placed Will’s jacket on, as his darling was shivering, and then strapped his helmet on. “Can you hold onto Daddy nice and tight? If you want, I can stop, once we’re far enough away, and rent a car to take you the rest of the way home.”

“I think I’ll be fine.” Will yawned, put his arms out again and wriggled his fingers. “C’mere, Daddy. Just wanna go straight home with you to stay.”

Hannibal tested out Will’s ability to hold on and found that his boy was able to do it steadily. “Alright, then, angel. Right home it is. You know that good boys always get what they want.

And you are the very best boy of all."

***

"I was looking so especially forward to celebrating your birthday," Will said at bedtime.

He frowned as it dawned on him that he'd been in captivity on his beloved's special day. "I ordered a gift for you, and I still want you to have it."

Hannibal sat beside him, facing Will, holding and stroking his hand. "We'll still celebrate, darling. I have the only gift I need right here."

"I guess the place I got it from will keep it on hold until I call, and then we can go pick it up," Will said, feeling better with Daddy's reassurances. "It's too delicate for mail."

"My goodness gracious," Hannibal said with an especially "Daddyish" smile, his voice soft and sweet as he leaned forward. "What could it possibly be? Just give me one little hint?"

"No," Will giggled, "Of course not, it ruins the surprise. A good surprise this time. That's going to feel very right, isn't it?"

"Yes." Hannibal climbed into bed now and put his arms out. Will came to him and nestled into his lap.

To Will's immense relief and happiness, Daddy had assured him that they would soon replace the daytime collar which had been damaged during the kidnapping.

Will tried to explain his feelings, finding them complicated and his own mind too tired out to analyze them. He could just say them, instead.

"Not having your mark on me, your collar claiming me as yours…that was so much more of a chain around me than the actual chains. I'm so glad I'll have it back. I'm not even me without it."

"I am deeply touched by that." Hannibal brushed their lips together calmly, though even at that, his blood soon heated from the reality of having his dream: Will Graham, in his bed every night, giving his kisses freely because it was Hannibal he loved. "You know that you'll always be my special boy."

"I know," Will said with an adorkably besotted grin, blushing.

He was fresh from an indulgent body bath and a hearty meal, during which he discovered Hannibal knew how to make burgers and fries – the best ones ever.

Will's teeth were brushed, hair combed, and he wore his favorite pajama set with the dog pattern. It had a matching t-shirt and short shorts, and fit him to a tee. Which of course, despite the cuteness, was most definitely Hannibal's ulterior motive for purchasing them.

Now, every inch of Will was content, despite a lingering soreness in his back, his wrists, legs and ankles. In a few days, that would be gone, too. But for now, Daddy had to take extra

special care of him until he recovered all the way.

Will was not exactly mad at that.

In fact, he'd definitely lean into it and milk it for all it was worth. But Hannibal would know that and let Will play him like a violin, spoiling and coddling him to excess. It made them both equally blissful.

Will's muscles were more relaxed after the steamy bath, but he was still beyond exhausted and drained. At the same time, well…he didn't have to admit how tired he was. There was a little stack of his favorite books on the nightstand, and he couldn't pick just one. He wanted extra story time, as Daddy had promised.

"Tonight, I'm giving you absolutely anything your little heart desires," Hannibal smiled, kissing Will's brow and taking a book from the pile. "I promised extra story time, so you can stay up just for that. Then you have to get a good night's sleep, though. Alright, darling?"

His heart was flooded in tremendous love and he nodded, "Yes, Daddy, I promise to go to sleep after you read the fourth story."

Will looked up at him, in his reading glasses with his hair soft, no shirt, an arm around his boy. Effortlessly handsome, wonderfully cozy and secure. Hannibal wasn't the strict, cool-mannered Dr. Lecter here, nor the Ripper, at the moment.

But he wore no person suit. Will had performed the greatest of miracles in opening his heart and teaching him to find comfort in the love he used to fear. To delve into passions that unlocked both of their defenses, and to be vulnerable in order to be fully alive, with each other.

"I still think you are the most handsome, kind, smart and talented Daddy in the whole world," Will confessed, blushing, "Even more than before we were together, when this was beyond my wildest dreams. I'm so very lucky to be yours."

"I feel humbled, even to be worthy of being yours. You've made my empty life complete, precious boy." Hannibal caressed Will's face and then gave him a gently more instructing look. "A precious boy who must go to sleep after the fourth book, that is."

Hannibal knew that Will was too exhausted to stay awake longer than half of the first book, and he soon heard Will's soft snoring, interrupting *The Tale of Peter Rabbit.*

They would have to finish it the following evening, Hannibal decided. Will loved the way he did the grumpy farmer's voice and described the mischievous bunnies bouncing. And Hannibal loved nothing more than the carefree and happy sound of his boy giggling and snuggling closer against him, enthralled by his reading.

Such thoughts were restorative and delightful after their ordeals over the last few days. He thought Will was right; he never wanted to think about his darling boy, taken from him and hurt, ever again. Perhaps he could learn not to dwell on it. Even so, he knew his heart would

always be a little heavier, and he would be excessively protective of Will without being able to help it.

He lay down, bringing Will along with him, to which Will's only response was to sigh joyfully and find his favorite place to nuzzle on Daddy's warm, hairy chest.

Hannibal knew he was incredibly lucky to be with someone who actually understood, accepted and…usually adored…his strangeness and obsession. They shared more than he'd thought he ever would with anyone. There was only one Will Graham, however; so he could understand why a Hannibal without Will was so closed off to intimacy.

Will was his, Hannibal was Will's, and the best part was how it all fit together, like the boy's sweet, perfect body fit into his tight, longing embrace. It's ours.

***

The next few days passed by with Will taking extra rest time and ridiculous amounts of Daddy's overflowing affection. After a while, under his doctor's supervision, Will recovered very well, and was able to venture out again.

So long as he was with Hannibal.

Hannibal insisted on accompanying him everywhere, not letting Will out of his sight. He was not brooding and wallowing in the past or overthinking on the matter of Will's safety.

This was, instead, instinct-driven and so emotional that Will would never object. So, off they went, starting with the store where Will could finally pick up the birthday gift he had ordered.

Daddy said he would not peek at the present or try to guess what it was until they got home and had their celebration that evening. After getting that done, they would have a fantastic lunch and perhaps shopping or a museum. "We can let our whims guide us in that regard. I arranged for us to pick the dogs up around seven.

"Perfect," Will affirmed cheerfully. "Sounds like an amazing day. I don't even mind going to crowded stores if you're there. Much."

In the Bentley's passenger seat, Will chose a radio station, dragging his words as if he was worried about such an issue, but trying to be brave. He wanted Daddy's attention yet again. Sometimes, Hannibal really believed he was insatiable.

Hannibal looked stunning in one of his best three-piece suits, royal blue with a striking maroon tie, and his hair was perfectly styled. He looked like a Very Serious Person, but Will knew everything about what was underneath.

He shot Will a snobbishly indulgent look, since as always they were playing. If Will wanted yet more praise, reassurance, nurturing and guidance, Hannibal would never deny him.

If Will's thirst for his attention was unquenchable, perhaps it was for the best. Hannibal's desire to play with, love, tease, and take special care of his boy was a never-ending font. Not everyone would be so happy to be deluged, but Will was ever greedy for even more.

“I would never take you to a crowded store, Will, don’t tease me. As if I would expose you to any discomfort, not to mention that all of the stores I frequent are too exclusive to have crowds.”

“You’re way too fancy to bring me anywhere that isn’t super expensive. I’m not fancy, but I like the way you are, Daddy. And I was just teasing. I always trust you to protect me, no matter what.”

His adorable, angelic smile, artfully disheveled chocolate curls, and twinkling sapphire eyes with such happiness contained in their gaze all made Hannibal feel weak.

“Since I’m bigger and more mature, more experienced in the world, I know what is best for you,” Hannibal reminded him breezily.

“Aw, I know that, Daddy. Always.”

“And that means you can’t have anything except the best. I won’t let it anywhere near you. Once we’ve made your mysterious stop, I’ll take you to Belvedere Square.”

“Ooh lala,” Will grinned, settling on a pleasant classical station.

He knew Hannibal would enjoy it and that made Will happy, too. Of course, the music was beautiful, though certain pieces much more so if he associated them with romantic memories with his lover.

“I would never have set foot in the boutiques of Belvedere Square before you,” Will laughed, and Hannibal held his hand while they stopped at a red light, turning out of their neighborhood and towards the highway.

“Hmm. You would have hated it back then. Scowled and pulled your scruffy flannel right over your head. But now? You love it.”

As Hannibal drove, he kept needling Will, “Admit it. I know you love it.”

“I love *you*,” Will announced, scoffing at the suggestion that he’d become a fan of posh shopping, of all things.

“And when I take you shopping and you know you’re going to get lots of presents…”

“That’s, you know…*okay,*” Will said with a feigned aloof expression that made Hannibal’s smirk grow.

By the time the older man turned onto the street in downtown Baltimore where Will was picking up the present, they’d been sitting in cozy quiet, listening to the music. Will watched the road go by, the flashes of grass turning into the gray concrete of the city.

The day was warm, sunny and encouraging, and Will felt like he had a new lease on life. Everything was just perfect; he just wished that he had his going-out collar back. His neck felt empty and aching, not from any bruise or soreness, but from its absence and how it affected Will’s heart.

Still, of course they'd replace the broken collar, and Will could be patient while Hannibal decided on the best choice of jeweler.

Lost in thought, Will had forgotten their joking argument from earlier, but apparently, Hannibal had not.

"We're here," Will noticed, sitting up straighter and adjusting his glasses.

"You love it," Hannibal whispered, laughing when Will rolled his eyes and groaned.

Hannibal quickly rounded the car as always, holding Will's door open while the younger man got out and said drily, "My lover, Mr. Gotta-Have-the-Last -Word."

They held hands to cross the street, infinitely proud to belong to each other in the light of day, for all to see. Hannibal's hand was always just so big, encompassing his with the most soothing grip that said wordlessly, he'd never let Will go. Since his lover's familiar, casual gestures of public affection still impacted him profoundly, he was ready to be forgiving when they reached the correct sidewalk across from the Bentley, and Hannibal explained his last word preferences.

"If only I wasn't right so often, nearly always, in fact, there would be no need for me to have the last word." Hannibal shrugged and let out a sigh. "If anything, it's a terrible burden, but what can I do?"

"Ridiculous man," Will laughed, unable to resist how cute Hannibal was when he bantered affectionately, so relaxed when they were together.

"I can't deny that." Hannibal kissed the back of Will's hand, noticing that the younger man's gaze swooped upward right before he nodded. "Is this the place?"

"That's right, hotshot," Will said with a triumphant smile. "And this place sells all kinds of stuff. You'll never guess what your gift is. Not until you open it at the preordained time."

"Ah! All of my well-formed plans of discovery are once again foiled. Very well, darling. I shall have to content myself with being the boyfriend who waits in the store while his boyfriend picks up a shopping order."

"Mmm, you're good at it," Will snickered, but it was true, if slightly funny. Whether because he gloried in asserting his claim on Will in public, or because he had a cheesy, dorky, irresistible fondness for when they did normal and harmless "couple things," or probably both, Hannibal really was great at hovering politely nearby while Will tried clothes or jewelry on, et cetera.

Will went up to the counter and handed the clerk a receipt, giving Hannibal a bit of time to look around in curiosity. He really did wonder what in the world Will had commissioned for him, just that no matter what it was, he'd love it.

His beloved was right that the elegant store was diverse. Sunlight streamed through its large front windows, illuminating a lovely display of glass, wood and silver ornaments, pens,

paperweights and plaques across shelves that spanned two walls. One area consisted of engraved musical instruments, such as a handsome guitar, and the other wall hosted intricate music boxes.

“All set,” Will remarked cheerfully as he strolled back to his lover with a medium-sized, rather heavy box, emblazoned with the store’s logo, cherished. “Mind getting the door?”

Hannibal chortled and took the box, unwilling to let Baby strain himself carrying such a large item around. “Will, it would be a cold day in hell. *You* may get the door.”

“Don’t you dare go guessing,” Will warned as he held the door open.

Hannibal managed to flash him an amused, smug look and get himself another eyeful of his lover’s outfit as he easily carried the box outside.

Like Hannibal, Will was wearing a suit, but his was arranged in the more laid-back (and revealing) style which the older man preferred. Instead of the many buttons of Hannibal’s gorgeous three-piece, Will’s was a breezy, light material and a soft blue-gray shade. Tailored precisely to Will’s measurements, the trousers showed off his slender waist and round ass, both for Daddy’s pleasure and to let anyone else looking on see, and know this was all Hannibal’s.

“Pay attention, would you?” Will laughed, “You’ll get hit by a car, staring at me. Careful!”

“No, I never would,” said Hannibal, breaking from his lustful trance with a smile, still holding the box as they lingered on the sidewalk outside the store. “Because when admiring you, I always stop whatever else I may be doing first, and place myself in a safe location. Best to avoid accidents; you are, after all, perilously sexy, my love.”

“Anyone would think you didn’t dress me this morning, surprised as you look,” Will declared, blushing. “Ready now?”

Hannibal took a few more seconds to gaze upon Will’s long neck and strong, smooth upper chest, shown clearly by the open collar of his crisp white shirt. “Ready!”

Will couldn’t keep the stupid-ass smile off his face, but he guessed this was how his face seemed to be most of the time now…nothing to be done but give in. Back at the car, Will made an executive decision.

After Hannibal loaded the mystery box in the trunk, Will stood with him there, starting to unbutton his lover's suit jacket.

“Will, really? Here? Now? I’m always amenable, but we might be arrested–”

Will snorted a laugh at his lover’s silly, surprised expression. “You really would fuck me anywhere, even if it landed you in jail. No, I want this heavy jacket off, and to see you more relaxed. It’s going to get up to eighty today and you’ll be burning up in this. Vest too…there.”

Grinning, he undid the top button on Hannibal’s shirt. “Perfect. My work is done.”

“This is certainly more comfortable,” Hannibal admitted. “What would I do without you?”

“Melt, I suppose. God, you look good…” Will kissed him suddenly, tossing the jacket and vest into the trunk, then putting both arms around Hannibal.

Their warm mouths moved sweetly together, tongues meeting and teasing. “Just a small taste,” Hannibal murmured, nibbling Will’s lower lip, “We’ll save the rest for later. I’m going to devour you all night, beautiful boy…”

Will moaned, giggling as he realized Hannibal was right; it would be a bad idea to get worked up this early in the day, out in the city. Their errands would never get done and they were liable to be caught fucking in some inappropriate, semi-public barely-hiding-place.

“What is it?” Hannibal inquired when they were back in the car.

He secured Will’s seatbelt as usual and pressed another gentle kiss to the mouth that drove him constantly wild.

“I was thinking about the time, early on, before I even knew all of your proclivities…” Will leaned back, watching as Hannibal rolled up his shirt sleeves, forearms flexing as he started the car. “And we had a nice time in that restaurant, in the empty function room…a wedding, bar mitzvah or quinceanera could easily have interrupted us…”

“Part of the thrill. When I *do* taste you, Will, it is going to be thoroughly. Every now and again, when at least seventy-percent prudent, that will happen while we are out.”

“You may be prudent about *some* things, not sure if sex is one of them…” Will pulled a face and rolled his window down.

The light, warm breeze ruffled his curls as the sun glowed against his exposed throat, catching Hannibal’s eye.

“I don’t even know how I’m expected to function sometimes,” he sighed. “Sex with you is an area in which I can seldom use my mind so much as my heart and body. Only with you.”

“Aww. Daddy.” Will squeezed his hand, then gave it back so Hannibal could get back on the road. “I’m glad we taught each other how to stop *thinking* quite so much all the time.”

***

Although tempted to take his boy at the nearest opportunity, Hannibal seemed particularly motivated to pursue the day’s errands without delay. Will felt his intrigued curiosity growing as Hannibal led him into a posh outdoor mall with all those lines of stores (with sparsely tasteful displays and names that were impossible to pronounce) that he so enjoyed frequenting.

“You look like you have something in mind, specifically, despite calling this a lazy shopping expedition we can make up as we go…and the only other errand we have left is getting the dogs, so what…is making you do that face?”

Hannibal chuckled, “Which face is that?”

He paused outside a store, and Will imitated Hannibal’s “sneaky scheming” face. They both laughed so hard that – for the first time – Will saw his lover double over with amusement. It was so cute that he had to give Hannibal a big hug afterwards.

“Well, well,” the older man declared, holding Will’s waist possessively as he kissed him, briefly, in a provocative manner for the setting. “It appears you’ve caught me, but you were bound to find out my secret eventually. Follow me, and all will be revealed.”

Will hadn’t paid attention to the store Hannibal had stopped in front of, but his lover obviously knew precisely where they were. It had to be the priciest jeweler’s shop on the whole strip of obnoxiously over-priced establishments. Even if Will hadn’t gathered as much by glancing at the pricing on some of the rings and necklaces in the window, he might have guessed just by the lady behind the counter, who had an epically foreboding face.

His heart thundered as Hannibal went right up to the foreboding lady with a pleasant smile. This was surely another present, but what?

“Buongiorno, Livia,” said Hannibal with the charming, smooth pronunciation of a native Italian. “How are you today?”

“Better now,” said Livia, whose demeanor changed at the sight of them. Instead of the disgruntled headmistress of a dungeon-like Victorian boarding school, she was now all sunshine and roses.

She gave both of her customers a red lipsticked grin and explained, “I have been so excited, Dr. Lecter, to see you give this to your dear one here. And they’ve just finished it up this morning.”

“Would that be the entire order?” Hannibal inquired enigmatically as Will continued staring at him, wondering what the entire order consisted of.

“Oh, yes, Doctor! You just wait right there, I’ll go and get the you-know-what. He can try it on and see if it fits.”

Will glanced around the exclusive shop, with its comfy, velvety chairs for couples who stayed for a long visit, and big vases of fragrant white orchids on marble pillars placed here and there, just in case anyone forgot that they were in the lap of luxury.

“I can’t even complain because I refuse to tell you what your present is, either,” Will lamented, lacing his fingers through Hannibal’s as they waited at the shining glass counter.

Diamonds, rubies and emeralds shimmered as gold gleamed in the display beneath the glass. It was beautiful and quite a sight.

“No, that’s right, you can’t complain,” Hannibal said proudly.

“Except that it’s supposed to be us celebrating your birthday, but you’re giving me jewelry.”

Hannibal considered this for a few beats before replying nimbly. “I take your point and I have a solution. Darling, I would like one of my birthday gifts to be spoiling you excessively all day and night while showering you in presents and attention.”

“That’s not how…” Will blushed furiously and felt his lips tugging right into the lovestruck dork grin again. “You’re impossible, really.”

“I love you too, Will.” Hannibal squeezed his waist and kissed his flushed cheek.

“Here it is, gentlemen,” Livia said as she emerged, carrying a flat, but wide and long, jewelry box. “I think it came out looking extraordinary, don’t you?”

She lifted the lid off the box, revealing a locking choker with four strands of perfect, gleaming, genuine pearls.

As Will’s jaw dropped, Livia murmured, “I think he likes it. Shall I go and get the rest of your purchases, Doctor?”

“Oh, yes, please – thank you, Livia.” Hannibal’s cordial expression changed to a tender one as he weighed Will’s response to the gift.

“A new day collar,” he said softly, “To replace the one that got damaged…it’s just stunning, Hannibal, I can’t believe this.”

“Does it please you, sweetheart?” Hannibal leaned in, brushing a kiss to Will’s cheek as his soft fringe of silvery hair tickled the younger man’s skin. “Please be honest. I am aware that it might be a bit too ‘loud’ for your preferences, and I want it to be something we both like.”

“There is no way to announce too loudly that I’m yours,” Will smiled, tears glazing his eyes as Hannibal lifted the choker out and fastened it around his lover’s slender, swan-like neck.

“The effect of the pearls against your soft, vulnerable skin is even lovelier than I dreamed. Is it comfortable?”

Will nodded, “How does it look?”

Livia conveniently reemerged, and got them a mirror right away before setting two more jewelry boxes down on the nearest counter.

“Absolutely stunning. He looks exquisite in it, Dr. Lecter, as you knew he would.”

Will wanted her to shut up with the compliments, actually, but she was only trying to be nice. He simply had a certain proclivity of his own…towards having compliments lavished on him only by his Daddy.

“That he does.” Hannibal came up behind Will so that they could admire the collar together. He smiled at their happy reflections and trailed a finger over one strand of glossy pearls.

While Will was somewhat transfixed by the collar, which – while definitely not subtle – looked handsome and striking under his open shirt collar, Hannibal added, “A beautiful,

special boy like you should have the most perfect pearls to wear. You are more than exquisite, my dear."

"You did give me another pearl necklace, with a matching bracelet," Will smirked, "Which I love. But this is my everyday something-special. It feels like your hold on me."

"Exactly. Let me show you a little more about how that works…and looks." Hannibal excitedly produced a beautiful, gold bracelet bearing an antique floral pattern.

On the back of the bracelet, where the clasp opened and closed, a single, small golden key hung…distinctive for the tiny pearl in the middle of it.

Livia was helping another couple who were looking at engagement rings, so Will felt safer saying certain things quietly. Nobody in earshot…

"Daddy, it's so perfect," Will sighed in wonderment as Hannibal put the bracelet on, demonstrating that he would carry the key to unlock his boy, always.

With a proud, authoritative smile, Hannibal secured the lock on Will's collar for the first time, then replaced the pretty key on his bracelet. It looked so elegant encircling his strong wrist, and Will couldn't get over the fact that Hannibal had marked himself with Will, as much as he'd enacted the reverse.

"One more thing." Mischievously, Hannibal handed Will the last jewelry box (Jesus Christ… the last one for now, at least!). "Open it, pet, it's yours."

Will explored within the delicate pink tissue paper and discovered a thinner strand of pearls, long enough to be worn under his shirt if he desired. It featured a single charm, which was a shining, golden heart, emblazoned with the inscription, *Mine*, in swirling cursive.

"Oh, wow," Will said, torn between absolute awe and a tinge of nervous humor. Being spoiled like this always made him shy at first. "In case anyone's ever in doubt?"

Hannibal's smile remained serene as he secured the necklace on Will so that it dangled beneath the choker. "How absolutely ravishing you are, Will."

Will slowly got used to the fact of so much gold and pearl on his neck, on his skin. The gifts felt expensive, and much too good for him. But it was all for him. And they did look amazing.

Plus, as he turned the heart charm over, Will discovered another inscription: "*My heart belongs to Daddy*," and underneath, their initials, interwoven in the same cursive.

"Too presumptuous of me?" Hannibal coyly met Will's gaze in the mirror.

"You know it's not. There's nothing else I'll ever want to be but yours."

He grinned again, and then had to express quite a lot of self-control when he accompanied Hannibal to the register. The older man loved to hear the insane prices of his gifts to Will

recited in Will's presence…because Will always got turned on by the mere idea of Hannibal spending that much on him.

These prices made his senses swim in the disorientation of total disbelief. *What?*

"6,000 dollars for one necklace?" he whispered to his lover as they departed, waving goodbye to Livia. "For me? Hannibal, be careful you don't take too much from your accounts…you don't have to spend that much. Or anything at all, really."

"I would have paid much more than that if I saw a more expensive collar that was better than this one. And if I had spent several thousand more, Will, I would still possess total financial security. Mine is not the type of fortune it's possible to burn through in a single lifetime."

Will was getting hornier at Hannibal's casual references to his wealth and ability to spend it as he pleased, knowing that these days, almost every dime he spent was on Will, in one way or another.

"You're turning me on big time," Will said wickedly into Hannibal's ear as they made their way down the sidewalk.

Other shoppers bustled past them as generic soft rock played on speakers above them. Hannibal whispered, "Will, are you telling me you can't wait till we get home?"

"I will if you order me to, Daddy," Will sulked, sticking his bottom lip out. "You haven't taken me in my new collar and necklace yet."

"Yes, sweet boy," Hannibal reasoned, "Which is exactly why I don't trust myself to fling you against a dressing room wall and have my way with you, knowing I can't take as much time as I like, taking you apart, piece by piece."

"True…okay, I'll try to be strong. And I'll especially try not to focus on your whole sugar daddy thing that…hey, what's *this* now?"

Hannibal turned with an "innocent" expression and explained, "It's the lingerie store, darling. Since you're so erotically inclined at the moment, I thought it might be a fun idea. Choosing some charming new apparel for me to lick, rip and bite off of you. Especially, choosing them while you're so sensitive and needy."

Will was so glad Hannibal's murmur was very quiet. "You mean like going grocery shopping when you're hungry and getting all the yummiest food?"

"That's right. Won't you indulge me, mylimasis? I'm afraid that I cannot pass this store without buying you something." He looked at Will with adorable supplication, breaking his lover that easily.

"Okay, fine," Will laughed, already blushing to think what "somethings" they'd be leaving with. He knew that there was no chance Hannibal would limit himself to only *one* sexy negligee for his special boy.

The two men scanned the store, with its large selection of gender neutral teddies, thongs, sheer bras, thigh high stockings and more. Will felt another wave of sexual need crash over inside him, only from seeing Hannibal this eager and delighted to buy and dress him up in all that lace and silk.

“So,” he ventured, swallowing past his horny fever as best as he could. “What goes with pearls?”

***

“Worth every single penny.” Hannibal sat down with Will on the soft rug, in front of the gently crackling fire. The library had come to be such an intimate haven since Will moved in.

He just wanted to *look* for a few moments, especially when Will’s cheeks turned darker pink.

“I mean.” Will bit his lip, gesturing at his new outfit, which Hannibal had purchased him during their outing. “Anything for you when we celebrate your birthday…”

“Ah. I see.” Hannibal played with the cord which fastened Will’s short, champagne silk robe. He raised his eyebrows, tracing Will’s impossibly perfect jawline until the boy hesitantly met his incisive gaze. “Is that all, my love?”

Under the robe, Will was very much aware he was wearing cheeky boyshorts of sheer champagne lace, with heart cut-outs on the sides.

“No. Um, it also goes perfectly with, you know. *Pearls*.”

“It does indeed, that is why I knew you must have it. And I must have you in it. In all sorts of interesting ways. In a little while…after my presents and yours.”

Will gaped at him. “Firstly. You should stop giving me presents during your own birthday party. And two…yes, I am completely distracted by the way this fabric feels against me where I was already so sensitive, needing you so badly…” He moaned at the sensation of soft lace gently rubbing his cock and balls, and cupping his ass. “I have to try not to pay too much attention to it, or we won’t get present time. I mean, the kinds of presents you open.”

Hannibal gave him another smirk as his eyes sparkled with pure sin.

“Oh, for God’s sake!” Will laughed, covering his face up. “I guess I’m also a present for you to…open…which I think we should save for last…”

Hannibal’s lips were all over Will’s hands, and then his own strong hands pried the boy’s slender, lovely fingers away from his incomparable face.

“I agree with you, sweetheart. But you mustn’t hide from Daddy. I adore it when you become overwhelmed, and I intend to take such wonderful care of you this evening that later, you will think back on this moment and realize you did not yet know the definition of ‘sensitive’ or ‘overwhelmed.’”

“Why do you have to say things like that as if you’re describing a dinner menu or something? So totally calm and cool…”

As usual, Will was on fire for Hannibal. But he felt vindicated when the older man leaned over and said in a gritty, low tone, “Not for long.”

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Will muttered, eyes squeezed shut. “Oops, sorry. Cursing and hiding from you again. Didn’t mean to.”

Hannibal stroked his hair gently and smiled at him sweetly. “That’s alright, pet. I forgive you. We can take care of your punishment after presents.”

Will’s toes wriggled and his skin ached for Hannibal, all over. “Let me get your present now, the one that came from a store…”

Flustered, only now remembering to be nervous about the sentimental offering, Will simply placed the neatly wrapped gift on the floor, watching as Hannibal slowly slid open the red velvet bow.

“I can hardly wait to see what you’ve conceived of,” Hannibal said, and he felt it in his heart with a sudden jab of bliss, as if the dagger of Will’s love which was forever buried in his heart had been pulled out and roughly shoved back in.

The thought of Will going to all this trouble to give him a special gift, and then feeling worried about whether Hannibal would like it? Will would perhaps never know how Hannibal cherished him at the very moments he doubted himself the most. Perhaps that is what love means, after all.

“Oh, Will…” Hannibal carefully removed a gorgeous theremin made of the smoothest, most striking wood, glazed in a finish like silky caramel.

He examined it with reverence, running his hands over the top, noting each of the neat little controls and how well it was made. “This is incredible, darling.”

Will bumped their shoulders and bit his lip again. “There’s an inscription for you on the back.”

Hannibal turned the theremin around and read the words engraved there in subtle, but clear cursive, similar to the font he tended to use on any monograms or inscriptions for Will, such as the new jewelry.

“*i carry your heart with me(i carry it in*
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)”

“Our poem,” Hannibal breathed in amazement. “ee cummings.”

“You told me that it reminds you of us, and I agree. So I hoped you’d like my choice.”

With love from Will was also engraved beside an elegant heart.

Hannibal stared at the instrument, such an inspired and welcome, thoughtful gift in and of himself. Never in all of his former pining and idiotic repression had he dreamed that Will would have a romantic inscription carved into wood for him. “This is…beyond special to me.”

Brushing a few tears away, he added, “As are you.”

Will laughed gently through his own tears. “Nobody would guess that we’re a couple of heinous killers, the way we’re acting tonight.”

“You say ‘heinous killers’ like it’s a bad thing,” Hannibal smirked, and Will ruffled his hair into an attractive disarray.

“I have a few more small tokens of my regard to offer you.” Hannibal said this with such tender emotion that Will couldn’t try to put up a fight (a feeble fight, anyway).

With bliss etched gorgeously on his face, Hannibal almost darted into the next room. He returned holding three more small boxes, with the small pink bows on them that Will recognized from the jewelry store they had visited earlier.

In his own black silk robe and matching briefs, with the robe left open to show off his broad, manly physique and his damn chest hair, and not to mention how tight his briefs were…Will couldn’t imagine someone more beautiful in every way. The bright, excited and sneaky smile he wore was a familiar one; Hannibal often wore it when he’d spent a particularly inappropriate amount of money on a gift for his lover.

But now, Will sensed a slight undercurrent of nervousness. He wondered what that was about, as he gamely opened the first little silver box to reveal a locking anklet of white gold with pearl embellishments, a lovely match to his new day collar.

“This is so pretty,” Will marveled, immediately slipping it on to see how he looked with his throat, his wrist and even his ankle encircled by Hannibal’s possessive marking. “I love it. I can’t believe you…”

“Two more, regardless of who’s birthday it is. I can’t help myself when it comes to you, baby.” His voice was warm, his lips warmer as he kissed Will’s.

Pressing a longer, necklace-shaped box into Will’s hands, Hannibal nodded, “penultimately.”

“I’m going to do things to you upstairs very soon, particularly because you felt the need to say ‘penultimately.’” Will lifted the lid from the latest box, discovering…

“Is this a *belly chain?*” Will asked, turning it this way and that, as if it were a science experiment of some kind.

“You know how I love to drape your gorgeous little body in endless jewels and finery.” Hannibal nipped Will’s ear with his teeth. “You will wear this for me when we go upstairs.”

Will shivered in pleasure at the command. “Of course I will. Thank you, Daddy. You make me feel beautiful enough to actually wear something like this.”

With its slender, white gold strands and dangling pearls, the belly chain was obviously another item from the same collection as his other gifts.

“Did you manage to get me every single item in this series?” Will asked. “There was a time when the only jewelry I wore was a digital watch that needed new batteries.”

“And don’t I know it,” said Hannibal with affectionate amusement.

“For this next gift, I’ll need you to stand up,” he said, somewhere between another command and a plea. The “need” carried great meaning.

Will started to form a theory about what was happening, but then it happened before he felt anywhere near ready. He stood up, starting to tremble as his heart and thoughts raced. Could it be?

In a tone as shaky but sure as Will’s emotional state, Hannibal explained, “I did get you just one more piece of jewelry, in order to make your collection complete. I felt that our special night would not be the same without me giving you…this.”

He knelt on one knee in front of Will, who instantly burst into tears, before Hannibal had even opened the small velvet-covered box to reveal a diamond and pearl engagement ring.

“Will Graham,” Hannibal began, barely holding back his own tears as he took Will’s left hand and softly kissed it. He looked into Will’s eyes, deep, life-changing emotion rippling through both of them. “Will you do me the greatest honor in the world and be my husband?”

“I–” Will felt like he was blubbering wildly, but he was so shocked and delirious, he wasn’t sure if he was level 8 or 9 of ugly-crying. “I– of course, I….yes, I’ll m-marry you!”

Hannibal slid the ring on his finger and let out a deep breath. “I hoped you would say that. With every fiber of my being.”

“*Daddy*...” Will tugged Hannibal up to sit on the couch with him and kissed his face obsessively, dissatisfied with how close they were and needing more.

Sharing the sentiment, Hannibal grabbed his waist and pulled him onto his lap before laying a smoldering kiss on Will’s mouth.

“There’s nothing I’d rather do than marry you,” Will said as tears still made his voice shaky. “There’s nothing I want to do with my life except spend it with you. I never thought…you would love me, but you…you…”

“I *more* than love you.” Hannibal dabbed at Will’s reddened cheeks and nose with a tissue, rubbing his back. “I need you in order to keep breathing. I adore you. And you’re to be my own. My precious boy. Forever and ever…”

“And *ever,*” Will smiled, repeating the pattern of words as Hannibal had done on a previous occasion. The day he rescued Will, or perhaps Will should say…one of the times Hannibal rescued him, out of many.

Will started to breathe more evenly, sniffling as he recovered from the initial shock of the proposal and landed right in a vast ocean of fathomless happiness. Limitless possibilities. Hand in hand, heart in heart.

“I belong to you, Daddy. I’ll always try to be your good boy, and I know you’ll take such amazing care of me…protect me and keep me close. You make me feel…I just feel…my heart could burst, *I love you*,” Will kissed him again, feeling the new, tiny weight of the ring on his finger with ecstasy. He held Hannibal’s face in both hands and delved into deep kisses, boyishly impetuous.

Every eager “I love you,” and each time their tongues slid together as Will tugged at Hannibal’s robe or his hair, Hannibal reciprocated a second later. “I love you, *love* you…” Will was lost in a frantic bliss and could not come back down. “Your ring on my finger…”

Breathless, with wet, kiss-swollen lips, Will leaned back and showed Hannibal the ring. “It feels so right to be yours forever…I love the ring, it’s just…*you’re* just–”

Hannibal hugged him and cried a little himself, in between soothing Will, who was still getting used to ever being happy, never mind experiencing flawless joy on this level.

“My ring on your finger,” Hannibal said in a low, unmistakably obsessive tone. He held Will’s hand and stared at the large diamond, encircled by pearls. “It means so much to me. Additionally, it…greatly arouses me. I think we can help each other. You are clearly beside yourself, in trying to experience our joy without collapsing into a crying jag. Is that correct, baby?”

“Yes, it all feels too much and too wonderful, I feel almost like I can’t have you or marry you, but I know it’s real. I – it’s hard to fully believe it, I’ll get there…” His lower lip wobbled, and Hannibal kissed it softly.

“I have the solution, angel. But you must be on best behavior and obey Daddy’s orders exactly, as now we are going to celebrate our engagement. I want you to feel how much I adore you, so I will be using my body to do so, while controlling yours. Behave yourself, and you’ll eventually feel much better than calm.”

“I can be on best behavior, Daddy,” Will said with another adorable sniffle.

Hannibal almost didn’t know where to begin. His fiance was so divine and lovable, from his flushed, tear-streaked face to his reddened lips and how he quivered in the shock of happiness. How Will moaned in knowing what was to come, very shortly. Then, of course, there was the matter of Will’s sensuous and teasing attire…it had become too difficult for Hannibal to go on not taking him, roughly, at great, great length, since he knew exactly what lay beneath the sweetly elegant-looking robe.

All mine.

And then, Hannibal knew the exact best place to begin. It was going to be a long night, and he anticipated using every bit of his strength until he physically could not give his boy another orgasm. They could start slowly, he decided, since they had all the time in the world. He wanted to take Will to the paradise which only they could create and share, and this reminded him of how they first got there.

"Take off your robe," he ordered Will gruffly.

He shrugged his own off, and Will shivered more at the sight of how enormously hard Hannibal was, the thick shape of his cock completely visible in his silky briefs.

Will had removed his robe, murmuring, "*Oh, God*," and he then stood in front of his Daddy wearing most of his new presents.

"Turn around for me, show me how they look from all angles," Hannibal instructed.

His eyes drank in the sight of Will's lace boyshorts, which were see-through, showing the boy's own huge erection, plus his cute, thoroughly spankable ass. Hannibal had to bite the inside of his own mouth to keep from taking Will on the floor, then and there. He wanted to drag this out for ages, and so…he forced himself to pretend he was patient.

After allowing his lusty gaze to travel over Will's flat belly, then his gorgeous pecs and hard, rosy nipples, Hannibal focused on his boy's face.

"You're beautiful," he said matter-of-factly. "And greatly provoking."

"Thank you, Daddy. I only provoke because you seem to like it."

Hannibal smirked naughtily. "Excuses, excuses. I want you to put on the belly chain so Daddy can see you in all of the special gifts from today. Do you need help with the clasp?"

"I got it," Will said as he carefully managed to attach the two clasps at his hip.

The monumentally expensive diamonds and pearls draped over Will's very *biteable* abs, a sight which caused Hannibal to squeeze his own knees in a vice grip, letting out a shaky breath.

"You're indescribably sexy, and I want you *badly*. Do you want me?"

Will nodded eagerly, "Yes, Daddy, always."

Hannibal grinned. "That's a good boy. Now, come here."

Will started to cross the room, but Hannibal held up a hand. Will stopped short and waited for the next order. It was one of Hannibal's favorite orders, and among the first he had given to his future husband. Will would do anything Hannibal wanted, anything at all, and he loved knowing that. But Will looked so good doing *this*, Hannibal could never quite get enough.

"Don't walk. I want to see you crawling to me on your knees."

Chapter End Notes

Much love and thanks to all who cheered on and enjoyed the story. 🖤🌹

End Notes

Thanks for reading! 🖤

Fic playlist: https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3CPPGzHKmX2xP7OOa9LKDZ?si=7de1533d41984450

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